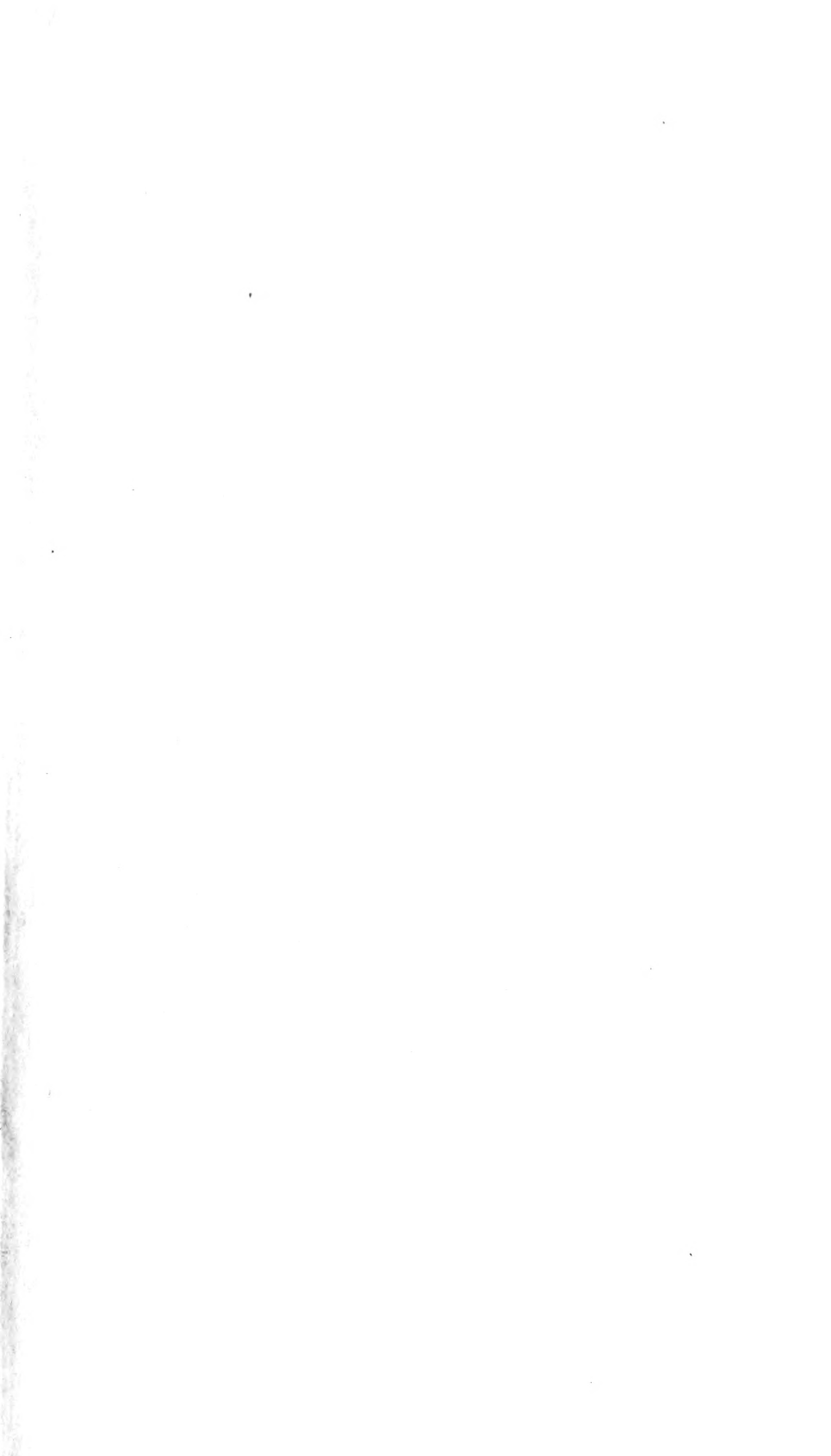


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THE  
LIFE AND EXPLOITS  
OF THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN  
DON QUIXOTE  
DE LA MANCHA.

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VOL. I.

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S. GOSNELL, Printer,  
Little Queen Street, Holborn.





CERVANTES.

*Publijhd Jan: 1801 for W. Miller Old Bond Street.*

THE  
LIFE AND EXPLOITS  
OF THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN  
DON QUIXOTE  
DE LA MANCHA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL SPANISH  
OF  
MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA,  
BY  
*CHARLES JARVIS, ESQ.*

NOW CAREFULLY REVISED AND CORRECTED :

WITH A NEW TRANSLATION OF THE

*Spanish Poetry.*

To which is prefixed

A COPIOUS AND NEW LIFE

OF

CERVANTES;

*INCLUDING A CRITIQUE ON THE QUIXOTE;*

ALSO

A CHRONOLOGICAL PLAN OF THE WORK.

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EMBELLISHED WITH NEW ENGRAVINGS, AND A  
MAP OF PART OF SPAIN.

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IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR WILLIAM MILLER, OLD BOND STREET.

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1801.

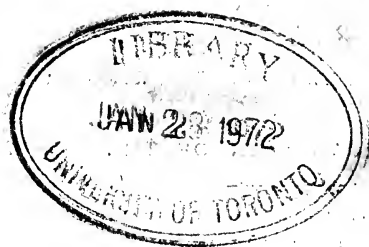
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# P R E F A C E

OF THE

EDITOR.

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IN publishing a new edition of Don Quixote, little, at least in this place, need be said of the excellence of the work itself. Its peculiar merits will be discussed hereafter. Time, however, has put his mark upon it, and that is no bad criterion, by which to judge: more than two centuries have elapsed, and Don Quixote is still universally read.

The translation of Jarvis has been chosen, as being the best hitherto written. It has been now carefully revised, and such errors, as were apparent, corrected. The poetry of every former edition has been, in many points, very defective, particularly in respect to fidelity of translation. That, which accompanies the present edition, is entirely

new ; and, if its poetic merit be thought inferior to any former, its general conformity to the original will be found more correct.

The title of this work, as given by Jarvis, is certainly not that of Cervantes ; but as his translation has been kept, it was thought right not to alter it. In Spanish it simply is, EL INGENIOSO HIDALGO DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA, THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA. Such, at least, is the opinion of the Spanish Academy, who find fault with some editions for prefixing VIDA Y HECHOS, THE LIFE AND EVENTS, a title, they say, as improper, as if the *Odyssey* of Homer was called *The Life and Events of the prudent Ulysses*. They then notice the incorrectness of the quarto edition of 1738 by Tonson, from which it is probable Jarvis took his title.

The division of the chapters has been a little altered according to the best Spanish edition ; namely, that published at Madrid in

1780 at the expense of the King, and under the inspection of the Spanish Academy. Cervantes certainly divided the first part into books, but from having discontinued it in the second, it is evident he disapproved of that mode, so that, had he published a second edition of the whole, he would probably have altered the first part. Such, however, is the reasoning of the Spanish Academy, which has induced the Editor to adopt that arrangement.

The Life of Cervantes, prefixed to this edition, is founded upon that published at Madrid. It would be improper to call it a translation, because a faithful translation would occupy four or five times the space; and yet perhaps it has little other merit: every thing, however, has been taken and condensed, that was thought at all interesting, and such new matter added, as occurred in the perusal of other works. The Spanish Life is written by Don Vincente de los Rios, member of the Spanish Academy, and in

Spain it is reckoned a work of great celebrity.

In an age, when works of infinitely less value and estimation are published with all the embellishments that art and expense can bestow, it would be unjust to the memory of Cervantes, and a disgrace to the national taste of England, not to have a fine edition of *Don Quixote* ; yet none such has hitherto appeared. The old quarto, such as it is, is not to be had, and there is no other worthy a place in the library. The present edition in no degree interferes with any other, nor would it have been undertaken, had there not been such an evident want of one. In rendering it worthy the Public, no expense or pains have been spared. In the designs and engravings the first artists have been employed. The names of Heath, Fittler, Neagle, Byrne, Collyer, Milton, Anker Smith, &c. are of themselves sufficient evidence of the excellence of the plates ; and in adding the name of Armstrong, it is not too much to

say, that he is a young man, whose skill in the use of the graver, both as to delicacy and strength, connected as it is with excellence in other branches of his profession, bids fair in time to place him on a level with the first artists of the age.

The head of Cervantes is taken from that of the Spanish edition ; and though not immediately painted in his lifetime (for none such exist), is most probably a copy from one, that was.

All the other designs of the Spanish edition have been carefully looked over, and such as were thought to possess sufficient merit have been taken for the present edition, after having been corrected and improved by an English artist. They amount to about eight, and are the productions of Joseph del Castillo, and Antonio Carnicero. The rest have been designed by Stothard, Thurston, and Jones, except the beautiful one of Zoraida discovered by her father in the arms of the Captive, which was from the sketch of a man, whose

talents in the purest and most sublime part of Art do honour to England and to Europe.

In all the designs the costume of the different characters and countries has been particularly attended to.

To the end of the life is added a chronological plan of the work, which, at the same time that it shows the method Cervantes followed, will point out various errors and contradictions both in his geography and chronology.

This edition is also enriched with a map of that part of Spain, which contains the travels of Don Quixote, with the places pointed out by reference, where his various adventures happened.

THE  
LIFE  
OF  
*CERVANTES.*





THE  
L I F E  
OF  
C E R V A N T E S.

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**N**OTHING perhaps is more difficult than to ascertain, with any thing like precision, the truth of any detail of a man's life. The events themselves, unless they be of a more prominent and marked nature, and the character of the man himself either notorious or held in estimation, very soon become enveloped in doubt and obscurity; and, when the motives of them are endeavoured to be investigated, our knowledge can hardly ever be more than conjectural. The motives of a man's actions are seldom apparent to others, and often either unknown or disregarded by himself.

That eager desire of inquiry into the life of any one, whose writings have afforded either instruction or amusement, inherent as it is in the human breast, has often given rise to very interesting biographical productions; but in many of which, could they be analysed by the touchstone

of truth, fiction, too probably, would form a very striking feature. Nor are their authors to be blamed on this account. They must take the facts as they come to their hands, and infer the motives as a knowledge of the human heart directs. But the various and often contradictory ways, in which different people will relate, as fact, any event of perhaps only yesterday, make the uncertainty of such accounts too probable, and justify the severe satire in the quarrel about Sir Peter Teasel's wound, whether it was "a thrust *en second* through the small guts, or a bullet lodged in the thorax."

The lives, also, of literary men are not often fertile in incidents; such at least as are likely to be remembered long after they happened. Passing their time within the walls of their own study, free from the bustle of the world, what happens to them is often unimportant, beyond the circumference of their own circle. When, therefore, the long space of more than two hundred years has elapsed, since he, of whom our inquiry is made, lived, our information must, in general, be both scanty and uncertain. In the present instance, however, there are two circumstances, which will render this account more varied; Cervantes was a soldier, and he was a captive: not merely a prisoner of war to an European nation, but a slave to the Moors.

Amongst the learned and ingenious men of

Spain, none deserve greater praise than our Author. This illustrious writer, who would have graced a more enlightened age, and whose valour, talents, and virtue entitled him to every reward, passed his life in poverty and neglect. He was even despised by his own nation, whose peaceful days he had dignified by his works, and in whose victories he shed his blood. The singular and unfortunate destiny of Cervantes was such, that his cotemporaries persecuted him while living, and were equally unjust to his memory. They even neglected to publish any account of his life, while the events of it were recent, and they might have executed it with ease and fidelity. Hence the principal actions of it are involved in the confusion and obscurity of those times: hence the difficulty of the present attempt.

Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra was the son of Rodrigo Cervantes by Donna Leonora de Cortinas, his wife: he was born at Alcala de Henares on the ninth of October, one thousand five hundred and forty-seven. The place, however, of his birth, like that of Homer's, has been questioned.

His parents carried him very early to Madrid, where he was educated under the care of the learned professor, Juan Lopez. As theology, jurisprudence, and medicine, were at that time the only lucrative professions, it was natural that his parents should have wished him to have

chosen one of them. But the inclination, which, like Ovid, Petrarch, and Tasso, he owns to have had almost from his cradle for poetry, induced him to prefer this pleasant, though unprofitable, occupation to one, by which he might have acquired greater wealth. It does not however appear, that his father thwarted this passion, nor can he, like them, complain of being compelled to a profession he disliked. It is thus that Ovid lamented :

At mihi jam puero cœlestia sacra placebant,  
Inque suum furtim Musa trahebat opus.  
Sæpe pater dixit—Studium quid utile tentas?  
Mæonides nullas ipse reliquit opes.  
Motus eram dictis; totoque Helicone relicto  
Scribere conabar verba soluta modis.  
Sponte suâ carmen numeros veniebat ad aptos,  
Et quod tentabam dicere, versus erat.

While yet a boy, sweet verse my genius fir'd,  
The secret Muse her pleasing task inspir'd;  
My sire oft cried : " This useless trade give o'er;  
For Homer left behind no golden store."  
Mov'd at his words, I Pindus' hill resign'd;  
And strove to write by metre unconfin'd.  
In vain—the Muse spontaneous verse bestow'd,  
And all I wrote in tuneful numbers flow'd.

Ariosto too, in one of his beautiful satires, exclaims :

Ahi lasso! quando ebbi al Pegaseo melo  
 L'età disposta, e che le fresche guancie  
 Non si vedeano ancor fiorir d'un pelo;  
 Mio padre mi cacciò con spiedi e lancie,  
 (Non che con sproni) a volger testi e chiose;  
 E m'occupo cinque anni in quelle ciancie.

Ere yet my cheeks were fledg'd with rising down,  
 When, smit with love of verse, I sought renown  
 On sweet Parnassus' hill; my sire's command  
 Compell'd me to forsake that happy land,  
 And chain'd me five long years to hear disputes  
 Of brawling lawyers and litigious suits.

While he was still a boy, he assisted at the dramatic representations of Lope de Rueda, who possessed the singular talent both of writing comedies, and reciting them with a natural grace. This amusement was consonant to the disposition of Cervantes, and, most probably, still farther induced him to dedicate his time to this species of study.

Our author continued at the school, or rather under the tuition, of Juan Lopez, till the year 1568, when he was twenty-one years of age, and was much beloved by him: he considered him as the best and most forward of his pupils; and in a description of the funeral of Queen Donna Isabel de la Paz, published by him in that year, he inserted a small poem, by Cervantes, on her death, whom he calls his dear and beloved disciple: and also an elegy in the name of the whole

school, which was dedicated to Cardinal Don Diego de Espinosa. It is most probable, that the first of these poems was a school exercise in Latin, as the elegy is particularly mentioned to have been composed in the *vulgar tongue*.

This first effort of Cervantes did not possess much merit: for though poetry was the pursuit, of which he was most fond, he was by no means warmed with the true poetic fire, and his prose works consequently are by far the most excellent. Men are too often guilty of the folly of neglecting to cultivate the talents they possess, and endeavour to shine in those, they have no pretensions to: at least they are not satisfied within their proper sphere, but are ambitious of gaining credit in those subjects, to which the taste of their age most inclines. The species of writing most esteemed in those days were romances, and amatory poems, in which the authors concealed themselves and their mistresses, under some fictitious or allegorical name. Though the Spanish nation at that period produced men, who were skilful in various arts and sciences, it abounded also with innumerable poets and romance-writers; and Cervantes himself, hurried away by the prevailing taste, or fascinated at that early age by the graces of poetry, united all his efforts in compositions of this nature, without paying the least attention to the cultivation of that singular genius for prose, in which his in-

vention and wit afterwards rendered him so famous. Besides the verses published by Juan Lopez, he composed a great number of romances, sonnets, and poems of various sorts; amongst which was the "Filena," a species of the pastoral. Cervantes himself owns, in his "Viage del Parnaso," that all these were his, and they were most likely the first productions of his pen, by which he acquired the title of a poet, even before his captivity.

Hence arose the distress and poverty, in which our Author was afterwards involved. An early and violent inclination for books of amusement and poetry, particularly the latter, generally absorbs all the energies of the mind. And a taste for this kind of literature, though noble, disinterested, and even useful to society, is, for this very reason, the more flattering, seductive, and pernicious to the individual interest of a literary man; nay more so than some other passions much more common, although less decorous.

Such was the taste of Cervantes. His passion for poetry absorbed him to that degree, that he had neither the power, nor even the wish, of seeking a remedy for that poverty, in which he was involved from his cradle. He left his means of living to chance, and dedicated himself to the Muses. His application was so great, that he read even the ballads, that were hung up in the streets and alleys; and he thus acquired that

great degree of information, which is apparent in all his writings, particularly in his "Canto de Caliope," in the account of Don Quixote's library, and in the "Viage del Parnaso." The knowledge he thus obtained was indeed singular, but on this very account so injurious to our author; who, to obtain it, left his true genius uncultivated, and employed the most useful years of his life, which should have been dedicated to the pursuit of some lucrative profession.

The veil was at length drawn from before his eyes, and he determined to leave Spain. The vexation of finding himself grown up without any means of living according to his rank, added to a secret regret and disgust, that his works did not obtain an approbation equal to his wishes, were sufficient motives to a young man of such talents to induce him to leave his country, through the hopes of improving his fortune. In 1569 he went to Italy with this idea, and first obtained an establishment at Rome as valet, or rather chamberlain, to Cardinal Julio Aquaviva. He remained there till the war, which broke out against the Turks in 1570, presented him with the means of engaging in a more noble profession, and one better adapted to his birth and enterprising mind.

The island of Cyprus gave rise to the war. The Sultan Selim, wishing to take it from the Venetians, sent a large army to attack it. The latter sought the aid of almost every Christian



prince, especially of Pius V. who appointed Marco Antonio Colona, Duke of Paliano, commander in chief of both army and navy. Cervantes instantly enlisted under him, and served in the campaign, which began towards the end of 1570 with the relief of Cyprus, and an attempt to raise the siege of Nicosia. The dissensions of the different generals, and consequent inactivity of the army, did not, however, prevent the Turks from taking Nicosia by assault.

The year 1571 is memorable for the victory obtained over the Turks in the gulf of Lepanto. In this action Cervantes gave many proofs of his valour, and lost also his hand and part of his left arm, of which he boasts in many parts of his works. After this action the army retired and wintered in Messina. Cervantes of course went there also, but most likely did not serve in the campaign of 1572, on account of his wound, although he often refers to it in the novel of "The Captive," as if he had been present. The honour Cervantes thus acquired determined him to continue in the army, notwithstanding the loss of his hand; and he often boasted in his writings, that he had no other profession than that of a soldier. With this view, on his recovery, he joined the Neapolitan army under Philip II. and remained with it till 1575.

As he was going into Spain in the beginning of this year in a galley, called the Sun, he was

taken by the famous corsair, Arnautè Mami, on the 26th of September; and on the division of the captives he fell to the captain's lot. An African captivity, a misfortune in those times so much dreaded by the Spaniards, is certainly capable of some degree of alleviation, if the master happen to be both rich and humane. But even this consolation was denied to Cervantes. Arnautè Mami was an Albanian renegado, so cruel to the Spaniards, and hostile to Christians, that we must pass over the account of his bloody atrocities, nor shock humanity by the recital. It is sufficient to observe, that his tyranny was the most severe and insupportable of any in Argel. This situation would have broken the spirit of any one but Cervantes; on him it produced a different effect, and his mind was always employed in some daring attempt to escape from his oppressor. It is difficult to believe, that a slave should be able to form and encounter such dangerous and extraordinary enterprises, under the very eye of a barbarous and sanguinary master: but the event proves, that Cervantes even owed his safety to the boldness, with which, though in vain, he constantly endeavoured to escape.

The Alcayda Hassan, a Greek renegado, had a garden about three miles from Argel, and near the sea, which was taken care of by a Christian slave, who had made a very deep cave in the most secret part of it. In February 1577, Cer-

vantes escaped from the house of his master, and concealed himself in this cave; and had also the generosity to offer it as an asylum to others. Their number in a few months amounted to fifteen, all men of some consequence. The subsistence and regulation of this subterraneous community depended entirely upon Cervantes, who risked more than the rest in performing this office. The gardener was of course acquainted with the secret; and it was necessary to intrust it to another captive, called El Dorador, depending for his prudence on the hopes they gave him of obtaining his own liberty.

They resided many months in this voluntary dungeon before an opportunity for flight offered itself. But, on the 1st of September, a native of Majorca, called Viana, being ransomed, they agreed with him to arm a brigantine, and send it to the coast, from whence they might embark for Spain. This man was brave, active, and well acquainted with the coast. He equipped a vessel as soon as he arrived at Majorca, and sailed for Barbary. When night came on he approached the shore near the garden, having previously examined the place. But at the very moment of landing, some Moors happened to pass by, who distinguished, though it was night, both the Christians and the vessel, and began immediately to call so loudly for assistance, that Viana thought it most prudent to put to sea again, in order to

prevent a discovery. In the mean time, Cervantes and his companions, ignorant of what had passed, were consoling themselves with the hopes of a happy and almost immediate escape. These hopes, however, were too soon blasted, and in a way impossible to have been prevented, because unforeseen.

The slave El Dorador, to whom Cervantes had intrusted so much, was a man of a most malignant disposition. He concealed, under the appearance of good faith and candour, the deepest dissimulation and most depraved intentions. Interest was his ruling passion: this made him a renegado, when he was young; this again induced him to become a Catholic; and a third time to change to a renegado: for with this pretext he presented himself to the King, discovered to him the secret of the slaves, the situation of the cave, and the skill, with which Cervantes managed the whole enterprise. The King instantly ordered a detachment of soldiers, and sending the informer for their guide, he commanded them to secure the gardener, and the other slaves, particularly Cervantes, as being most guilty. The soldiers executed their orders, and brought them to the King, who confined them all in his bath, which is a sort of prison, except Cervantes, whom he kept in his palace, in order to ascertain the author of this attempt.

When an ambitious or avaricious man thinks

thinks he has it in his power to gratify his ruling passion, no one is more cunning. It happened, that there was, at that time in Argel, a person called Father George Olivar, commander of Valencia, who was a particular friend of Cervantes : and the King, in order to get this man into his power, and obtain a considerable sum for his ransom, endeavoured to make it be believed, that he was the principal author of the plot. With this view he examined Cervantes very often, but could never draw from him, either by promises or threats, any other account, than that he himself was the sole contriver of the plot, and therefore alone to blame. The King at length gave up the attempt, but appropriated all the captives, not omitting Cervantes, to his own use.

Interest triumphed over vanity in the mind of the King ; hence Cervantes and the other slaves escaped with their lives ; because the King hoped to obtain a considerable sum by their ransom. He was, however, obliged to return some of them to their old masters, and Cervantes became once more the property of Arnautè Mami. Scarcely had he got back, when he was again impelled, by the misery he suffered, to make fresh attempts. Four times by failure he endangered his life, yet he neither despaired nor desisted ; and he at last formed a project, the magnitude and difficulty of which do credit to his courage and perseverance.

To escape by flight had been hitherto his only object ; but the misfortunes, which he had experienced from the repeated failure of these attempts, made him determine upon the bold and daring enterprise of raising an insurrection in Argel ; and at one blow to destroy the power of these pirates in the Mediterranean. This conspiracy was also unsuccessful from the pusillanimity of a few, who were engaged in it. Cervantes, however, conducted it with so much skill, that, when the Argellines discovered it, they began both to respect and fear him. “ The better this lame Spaniard is guarded,” said the King, “ the safer will be my capital, my slaves, and my ships.” Fear took such strong possession of this prince, that at last he did not think himself secure, unless Cervantes was in his own power. But as he had been obliged to restore him after the discovery of the first plot to Arnautè Mami, no other means of obtaining him now remained but by purchase : and he in fact gave five hundred crowns for him. The King immediately sent him to the bath and loaded him with irons, but at the same time treated him with a degree of kindness, he had not hitherto experienced. Cervantes himself, in “ The Captive,” after mentioning the tyranny and cruelty, with which the slaves were in general treated, adds : “ One Spanish soldier only, called such a one de Saavedra, happened to be in his good graces ; and though

he did things, which will remain in the memory of those people for many years, and all towards obtaining his liberty, yet he never gave him a blow, nor ordered one to be given him, nor even reproached him with so much as a hard word: and for the least of many things he did, we all feared he would be impaled alive, and he feared it himself more than once."

Such is the respect and estimation, in which an heroic spirit and a daring soul are held even by barbarians, that Arnautè Mami, nay the King himself, distinguished Cervantes from the other captives by a benignity and mildness so opposite to their natural character.

These various attempts to obtain his liberty did not prevent his applying to Spain for his ransom. And in order to effect it, his mother, now a widow, went with Donna Andrea de Cervantes, his sister, from Alcala to Madrid in July 1579, and paid into the hands of Father Juan Gil, and Father Antonio de la Vella Trinitarios, three hundred ducats for that purpose. These Fathers arrived in Argel in May 1580, and began to treat for the ransom of the different slaves. It was more difficult to obtain that of Cervantes, because he belonged to the King, who asked a thousand crowns for his freedom. This was the cause of long delay, and he probably never might have been redeemed, had not the King, Hassan, been ordered by the Grand Signior to resign his

kingdom to Jaffa Paza, on whom it had been lately bestowed. Upon this he decreased his demand to five hundred crowns in gold, and threatened, if he did not immediately receive that sum, to take Cervantes with him to Constantinople, and had already put him on board his galley. At length, through compassion and the fear of losing every future opportunity, by borrowing some money, and employing part of that, which he had for the ransom of other captives, Father Gil procured Cervantes his liberty in 1580; and in the beginning of the following year he arrived in Spain.

On his return from Africa our Author again dedicated himself to the study of polite literature and to the Muses. As the sacrifice he had made of this early inclination had not proved favourable to his interest, he embraced with delight the tranquillity and calmness, which he supposed attached to a literary life. He recommenced author, and passed his time in the composition of ingenious and useful works. He considered the pleasure he derived from this kind of life, as more than equal to the hardships he had undergone, and as a recompense for the disgrace he had suffered.

The first work he published was "Galatea;" a pastoral novel, well suited to the reigning taste, and adapted to display his agreeable and rich style of writing. It was published at Madrid in 1584.



Love, the ruling passion of that age, was the foundation, on which all the poetry and novels were raised ; and by making use of feigned names the writers of those times could avow their passion in a secret and mysterious manner, at once the most flattering, and least dangerous to those women, who were the objects of it. Cervantes followed this plan in the *Galatea*, in which he described the customs and manners of the shepherds, whom he supposes to inhabit the banks of the Tagus and the Henares. He himself had not yet arrived at that period of life, when love ceases to inflame the human breast ; and this, together with his poetic enthusiasm, and the example of his cotemporaries, induced him to follow this plan. And it is not improbable, that the shepherdess *Amaryllis*, the mistress of *Damon* (by whom Cervantes meant himself), was not an ideal personage ; and that our Author availed himself of this mode of celebrating his passion, and at the same time of showing her the most delicate attention and greatest respect. However this might have been, Cervantes, not long after he had published this work, was married at *Esquivias* to *Donna Catalina Palacios de Salazar*, who was of one of the first families in that town. She had been educated under the roof of her uncle, *Don Francisco de Salazar*, from whom she took her last title, either on account of a legacy he left her, or because she was brought up

by him; it being the custom at that time in Spain to take the names of those, from whom they derived any fortune, or by whom they were educated. This marriage did not lessen the expenses, nor consequently the difficulties of Cervantes, for it added but little to his fortune. And in order still to gratify his passion for poetry, he applied himself to the theatre, and wrote several comedies, which were performed at Madrid with considerable applause; and procured both support to his family, and gratification to himself.

As he wrote thirty comedies, we may fairly conjecture, that he was at least ten years connected with the stage. He took up this employment from the time of his marriage, that is, directly after he had published the *Galatea*; and on his secession, from being engaged in other works, Lope de Vega supplied his place. This was about 1594.

Although Cervantes is said to have written thirty comedies in ten years, there are only eight now extant. The merits however of those, that remain, excite no regret for what are lost. There is neither interest, plot, spirit, nor probability, in them. The plot of the "Happy Russian" is this: the hero, after having been in the first act the greatest rascal in Seville, in the second becomes a Jacobin friar in Mexico. Being called, in this character, to the bed of a sick woman, he is unable to make her confess, because she

thinks herself too culpable to obtain pardon. The Friar, however, is so anxious to save her, that he proposes an exchange of situations, he taking her sins upon himself, and she his merits. The bargain is made, and contract signed : the dying woman confesses, and her soul is received by angels, while devils seize upon the Friar, whose body becomes covered with incurable ulcers.

What the employment of Cervantes was on leaving the drama, is now entirely involved in obscurity. It probably was such as afforded him a more comfortable, as well as a more certain, support than he derived from the stage. Probably, too, it was connected with the court, as he was obliged to relinquish writing for the stage, though he derived so much applause and profit from it. From this time, till the death of Philip II. in 1598, he lived in Seville.

The magnificent spectacle, which took place in that city on this account, must not be passed over in silence, from its connexion with our Author. On one of the days appointed for the celebration of high mass, a quarrel arose between the court and the Inquisition, because the Regent, not regarding the solemnity of the occasion and place, had covered his seat with black cloth. They thundered out excommunications on each other ; the priest was obliged to retire, and the celebration was suspended above a month, in hopes that the

King would settle this important point. The excessive bombast, with which the Sevillians praised the costliness of these preparations, and the length of time the various ceremonies lasted, provoked the wit and satiric vein of our Author, who ridiculed these events in some lines, that show, from the warmth of expression, and correct minuteness, with which the facts are related, that they were written by an eye-witness. The knowledge, that Cervantes had of the genius and manners of the Sevillians, is apparent in this and other descriptions, which he gives of that city. These are so marked and circumstantial, that nothing but personal knowledge could have produced them. Such is the description he gives of the various classes of citizens in his novel, called "*Rinconete y Cortadillo*," which he composed before the *Quixote*, and probably while he lived in Seville, where he remained from the time the Licentiate, Don Juan Sarmiento Valladares, was appointed "*Asistente*," till he was upon the point of resigning it to Count Puñonrostro; that is, from the time he left the theatre to the year 1599.

At this period Cervantes went to Toledo, where he pretends to have discovered the original manuscript of the Arabian Benengeli. He had been also at Cordova in his way to Seville, and has noticed many peculiarities of that capital in some of his other works.

This minuteness may appear, perhaps, at first trifling ; but nothing surely ought to be withheld from the public, that relates to a man of such wonderful abilities, especially when the account must, on the whole, be defective. One of the most important events, at least from its effects, was his residence in La Mancha on his return from Seville ; because we are indebted to this circumstance for the ingenious fable of the Quixote, which he projected and completed in that province. While living there, he accurately observed the most remarkable places in it, such as the lakes of Ruydera, the cave of Montesinos, the situation of the fulling-mills, the pass of Lapice, and other places, which he afterwards made the theatre of Don Quixote's adventures. He was resident there probably on account of some government commission ; and the inhabitants of the place, to which he was sent, arrested, imprisoned, and otherwise ill-treated him, but from what cause is now wholly unknown. In the solitude, confinement, and inconvenience of a prison, without any other assistance than his own astonishing genius, he wrote this inimitable work ; the difficulty of executing which, required great length of time, mature reflection, and continued labour. And from this it may be inferred, that his residence within the walls of a prison was not of short duration. The name of the town, where this happened, was Argamasilla, which he, on this

account, pretended to have been the native place of Don Quixote. He indeed omits mentioning it at the beginning of the work, either through moderation or anger; or, as he himself says, at the end of the fourth volume, "that all the towns and villages of La Mancha might contend among themselves, and each adopt him for their own, as the seven cities of Greece contended for Homer." He has, however, sufficiently revenged himself of the inhospitality of the Manchegans by immortalizing their name, and fixing it for ever in the memory of posterity.

This was the origin of the first part of Don Quixote. It was published at Madrid in 1605, and dedicated to the Duke de Bejar, whose protection Cervantes solicited in a dedication, and in some verses, which he prefixed to the work under the signature of "Urganda, the Unknown." The want of money was not the principal reason for seeking so illustrious a patron; but, knowing the nature of his work, he was aware of the risk he run in beginning such an undertaking.

Almost the only books of amusement among the idle and illiterate in Spain were those of chivalry; and though they were at the same time censured by the wise and more enlightened, even they did not altogether cease from the perusal of them. The confession of the learned author of the "Dialogue on Languages" is alone sufficient evidence of these facts. That sagacious critic,

who, when age and study had matured his judgment, censured with so much just severity this sort of composition, at the same time acknowledges, that he wasted the best part of his life in this pernicious reading. Being, when young, in some employment about the court, he devoured, as it were, every romance with such singular pleasure, that if by chance he took up a volume of genuine history, it was so disgusting to him, that he could not continue its perusal. Under these circumstances it is natural to suppose, that the Quixote, which by its title announced the adventures of a Knight-errant, would not, at first, be thought highly of by serious and well-informed men; nor indeed be admired by the mass of readers, as they would not meet with such wonderful and extraordinary events, as they had been accustomed to in other works of chivalry, and were unable to discover that delicate and pointed satire, which this book contains. Cervantes, feeling the merits of his own performance, and aware of the difficulty, which, from these circumstances, it would cost him to make it known, availed himself of so learned and illustrious a patron, whose testimony would be its first recommendation, and a kind of stimulus to others to read and praise it. The success of this plan evinced the solidity of our Author's judgment.

When the Duke de Bejar first heard the title and apparent object of the Quixote, he refused

to have it dedicated to himself, fearing that his reputation would suffer, if he permitted his name to be affixed to any book of chivalry. Cervantes did not plague him with petitions, which most probably would have been useless ; he submitted to his wishes, but only requested, that he would permit him to read one chapter of *Don Quixote* to him. Cervantes had foreseen the event of this stratagem. The diversion and entertainment, which that chapter afforded the whole audience, was such, that the Duke requested him to read the whole of the work. He was so delighted with its singular pleasantry and humour, which had overcome all his prejudices, that he bestowed the warmest approbation on its ingenious author, and gladly gave his consent to a dedication, which he had before denied. Notwithstanding, however, the protection the *Quixote* received from the Duke de Bejar, and the public applause it met with from all, who heard it read, it could not escape the asperity of a friar, who lived with the Duke. He attacked it in various ways, without even perusing it, and circulated a thousand falsehoods both of it and its author. It is more than probable, that this friar had such a power over the Duke, as to influence his conduct towards Cervantes, which certainly was not distinguished by a generosity equal to his rank, nor in the way that the necessities of so deserving an author merited. Cervantes has always been remarkable for his



gratitude, and the great praise, not to say flattery, that he always bestowed upon his benefactors; yet he in no one instance mentions the Duke. It has, however, been supposed, that in the ecclesiastic, who in the second part of the Quixote accompanies the Duke, he has taken this friar as his model.

It is certain, that the Quixote, on its first publication, was received by the public in the same manner it had been in manuscript by the Duke de Bejar. Even its title was an object of ridicule and contempt with the half-learned. Nor did the obscurity, in which the author lived, raise the curiosity of the wiser class: and thus one of the greatest efforts of literature Spain ever produced, was, for a considerable time, regarded with indifference.

Cervantes, well knowing, that those, who read his work, did not understand it, and that those, who could understand it, did not read it, endeavoured to excite the attention of all by publishing a small anonymous book, called the "Busca piè." This little work, which is now extremely rare, contains a critique upon the Quixote, replete with ingenuity and humour; insinuating that it was a delicate satire upon a variety of distinguished and well-known people, but without giving the slightest hint for discovering them. This critique was so well managed, that it excited universal curiosity. Every body in-

stantly read the *Quixote*, which, for the first time, acquired a high reputation, and all, who now perused it, found they could trace the satire, so ingeniously pointed out in the "*Busca piè*."

Nothing can be a greater proof of the genius of Cervantes, and his knowledge of mankind, than the method he employed to make his work known. Almost every mind is open to satire, and the public in general are always charmed with it. There is no surer snare, by which to entrap its good will. Hence the popularity of the "*Busca piè*," which led every one to the perusal of the *Quixote*, and thus its merits became known. The enemies of our Author read it in hopes of finding some excuse for blasting his rising fame, and others to satisfy their curiosity. Two things resulted from it. The general and particular satire, hinted at in the "*Busca piè*," could neither be confuted nor confirmed; and the superior merit of the *Quixote* was acknowledged with secret envy, or with genuine applause. It was, however, so universally read, that editions were multiplied without number, and all Europe joined in its praise. This of course roused the enemies of good taste, who assailed both the book and its author, with satire, abuse, and persecution in abundance. All these productions, however, disappeared with the age, that gave them birth, while the cause of them will ever live in the annals of literature.

Cervantes notices some of these satires, particularly one, which was enclosed to him in a letter, when he was at Valladolid; and from this incident we may conclude, that he possessed some place about the court. Philip III. for some reason or other, removed his court to that city in January 1601, and continued to hold it there till February 1606, when it returned to Madrid. The Quixote was published in 1605, and in the same year Philip IV. was born; at which time it appears, that Cervantes lived at Valladolid. The peculiarity of this satire, which was a sonnet against the Quixote, shows, that it was written immediately on the publication of that work, and consequently while the court was there. It is most probable that he returned to Madrid along with the court. The manners, indeed, of this place were best suited to his habits of life; and it was also at no great distance from Alcala and Esquivias, where his relations resided.

Subsequent to this period no certain information remains as to his place of residence; but it is most likely, that he continued at Madrid till his death, which is recorded to have taken place in the parish of Saint Sebastian.

Whether Cervantes ever possessed any permanent lucrative place under government, is now uncertain. He might, perhaps, only like to live near the court, from the hopes of obtaining some preferment, and in order to secure the pro-

tection and interest of some patron. And during the latter part of his life we are assured, that he received considerable assistance from the Count de Lemos and the Archbishop of Toledo.

The misfortunes, which our Author had encountered in his more active life, had a considerable share in determining him to return to the cultivation of his talents, and to that quiet and retirement adapted to his confined income, his habits of application, and his advanced age. We may therefore consider him in the latter part of his life as a learned man, whose actions require no other monumental record than his works, in the composition and publication of which he was chiefly engaged. While he lived at Madrid he dedicated himself entirely to literature: he cultivated it with the ardour of youth, and the circumspection of age. His fertile and exuberant imagination was employed on many more works than have been before the public; but good sense would not suffer him to print any but what he had put the finishing hand to. He preferred the merit of publishing those, which his judgment thought worthy of posterity, to the emolument he might have derived from more numerous, but consequently more hasty productions.

The acquisition of posthumous fame, so common to eminent men, was his ardent wish; and this increased as he advanced in years: he there-

fore chose to deprive himself of much additional emolument and applause, which he might have acquired from new works. For the space of six years he shut himself up without producing any thing, for the purpose of appearing with greater eclat. The first fruits of this seclusion were the twelve novels, which were published in the year 1613, with a dedication to the Count de Lemos, and which is written in an humble but not servile style, and contains much praise of his patron, without adulation. The estimation, in which our Author was held by this nobleman, and the Archbishop of Toledo, did not proceed from any fawning or obsequiousness on his part, but from their discernment, good taste, and love of literature. They had discovered the great genius of Cervantes, and were acquainted with his misfortunes and poverty. On that account, therefore, they were induced to assist and protect him.

Cervantes himself proved this, when his enemies attempted to lessen his genius, and injure his interest by means of the Quixote of Avellaneda. The confidence he placed in his two benefactors was the only shield he opposed to them. "So long," says he, "as the Count de Lemos, whose liberality and Christianity are acknowledged by all, supports me against the blows of my bad fortune, and so long as I retain the favour of the illustrious Archbishop of Toledo, I care not if there were as many books written against me as

there are letters in the couplets of Mingo Rivulgo. These two noblemen, without adulation or applause on my part, have, through pure generosity, taken me under their protection, by which I hold myself more fortunate than if Fortune had placed me on the summit of her wheel." This answer, by which he proclaimed the generosity of his patrons and his own gratitude, was worthy of Cervantes: thus he immortalized their names, and the Count de Lemos and the Archbishop of Toledo will live recorded, so long as good taste and the love of literature exist among mankind. While the fame of the contemporaries of Cervantes, who then despised him, is already lost in oblivion.

As these two noblemen have been already mentioned as the patrons of our Author, it may not be improper, but, on the contrary, both useful and amusing, to give some account of their characters. The good system of education and love for literature which, in the preceding age, had produced so many great men in Spain, was now daily losing ground. The nobility, entirely given up to indolence, kept buffoons and flatterers, and were more anxious to procure good masters for their falcons than for their children, who consequently entered the world with the same inclinations they observed in their parents. Still, however, some remains of the wise and manly conduct of former times were apparent: and the

Archbishop of Toledo and the Count de Lemos were most conspicuous. Their age, their rank, and their passion for literature, were nearly the same. Their magnanimity and fame were equal, though differently acquired. The first was a pupil of the learned historian Cordobes Ambrosio de Morales, whose house was dedicated to the education of the nobility, and was the school of virtue and learning. The second was brought up in the bosom of his own family, in which valour, generosity, and good taste, were hereditary. One was respected for his integrity, and the other applauded for his popularity and gentleness of manners. The Count de Lemos knew no bounds to his magnificence and patronage. The regard of the Archbishop for the fine arts was more reserved, and his liberality more confined. He honoured the memory of his master by erecting a magnificent monument, but he would not agree to its being built during his life. He protected and supported Cervantes, but would admit of no eulogium or public acknowledgment: he rather wished to be a patron, than to appear one; and he thus obtained more glory, as he was less solicitous about it.

The publication of the novels helped to strengthen the tie, which connected our Author with these illustrious patrons. Both the love and satire, which are scattered through these, are more soft and temperate. The subjects are taken

from events, which he became acquainted with, both in Spain and abroad ; and the language of them shows that he became more perfect by experience and practice.

Judicious and reflecting travellers possess advantages over those, who never leave the place of their birth, like springs, which, by passing through various strata, acquire some peculiar virtue. By the conversation of men of letters in Italy, Cervantes became acquainted with the abuses and prejudices of vulgar education ; and as his object was to enlighten his mind by an examination of the literature and customs of other countries, he was thus enabled to discover the defects of his own nation without despising it, and to celebrate the merit of his countrymen, where they deserved it, equally with foreigners. He gave an evident proof of this in his “ *Viage del Parnaso*,” which was printed at Madrid in 1614. Cervantes owns that he composed it in imitation of a work bearing the same title, which was written by Cesarè Caporalè, an Italian poet : and, by choosing him as his model, he gave the strongest proof of the admiration, in which he held his excellent and ingenious invention. This poem of Cervantes was always a favourite with himself, either from the circumstances and ideas under which he composed it, or from the anxiety he felt on first commencing poet upon so great a scale. Poetry was at that



time an universal mania, and every one was devoted to the Muses. The credit and fame of some excellent poets, added to the celebrity with which the amorous tales and valorous events, recounted in the melodious flowing verses of Lope de Vega, and other writers, were printed, rendered it an object of pursuit to every branch of the republic of letters. All thought themselves inspired, and gave a vent to their enthusiasm in extempore sonnets, and verses consisting of ten lines; a species of composition, which had long been esteemed a certain proof of genius. Cervantes was well aware of this fault, and clearly saw its origin. He wished to obtain the prize he was conscious he deserved, and also to undeceive the public with respect to the "Viage del Parnaso," the true object of which was to point out the cause of the defects of the bad Spanish poets, and to confer due praise on such as were superior.

For this purpose he supposes that Apollo, in order to free Parnassus from the bad poets, convoked the others by means of Mercury. This fiction gave him an opportunity of mentioning his own name, and making known his ill success, by means of two conversations, which he was supposed to have had with the gods.

Those, who have served their country either in arms or any other useful profession, have ever been esteemed worthy of a recompense, and have, in general, been rewarded. But the

injustice and illiberality of men have denied this to the literary character, though, in fact, literature is the most serviceable of all ; for, without it, it is impossible to arrive at any depth of knowledge in other things. Those ages, which have neglected to reward the effusions of genius, will never obtain the praises of posterity, which will venerate the happy reigns of Augustus, Leo X. and Louis XIV. when public applause, and the liberality of princes, sought out and encouraged the wise and the learned in their retirement. The English nation, however, is fortunate in possessing a Prince, whose patronage of literary merit and the polite arts, evinces in so superior a degree the liberality of his mind and the pureness of his taste.

Cervantes pretends, that when Mercury had assembled these poets, Apollo conducted them into a rich garden of Parnassus, and assigned to each the place, which corresponded with his merit. Our Author alone did not obtain this distinction, and remained, without being noticed, in sight of the rest, before whom all the works he had published were placed. In vain he urged his love for literature, and the persecution he had endured on this account from envy and ignorance. He could not obtain the seat he wished. Even this was not all. Apollo, to console him, advised him to fold up his cloak, and seat himself upon it ; but, alas ! such was his poverty, that he did

not possess one, and was obliged to remain standing, in spite of his age, his talents, and the opinion of many, who knew and acknowledged the honour and preference, which were his due.

It is natural to conclude, that this conversation is a true portrait of the situation of Cervantes, when he wrote this poem. Nor could he, perhaps, have found a more ingenious mode of showing his extreme misery, and the injustice he suffered from those, who, from their situation and character, ought to have discerned and rewarded such brilliant abilities. The calm remonstrance, contained in this work, was received with various opinions. The rivals and enemies of our Author, who, if he had not written, would have attributed his silence to want of power, accused him of arrogance. But the generous and impartial received it as a just defence from a man, who wrote with that true wisdom, equally distant from the pride of the ignorant, and the baseness of the hypocritical.

He delayed the publication of this poem for some time after he had finished it, for it appears he wrote it previous to his novels, either from fear of its success, or of the abuse he should receive from those, of whose merit he had not spoken very highly. Nor was he sure it would be well received by the Count de Lemos, and he determined, therefore, to seek another patron for it. His suspicions were not unfounded. He had

availed himself of the Argensoli to recommend him, in the first instance, to the Count de Lemos, with whom they then were at Naples. These illustrious brothers made him such great promises, that our Author hoped, through their means, to improve his fortune by the liberality of that nobleman. In this, however, he was disappointed. The Argensoli neglected to perform their promises, and he not only remained for some time without any assistance, but with the apprehension, that these famous poets were not his friends, and had injured him in the opinion of his patron. This completed his affliction, and made him complain of the Argensoli in such strong terms in this work. He afterwards, however, professed a sincere friendship for them, and gave the strongest proof of it in his "Canto de Caliope," in which he praised them in very high terms: and also in the first part of the Quixote, where he mentions the tragedies of "Lupercio," "Isabella," "Phyllis," and "Alexander," as models for Spanish composition.

What afterwards took place between the Count de Lemos and Cervantes, still more confirms these circumstances. He prudently hastened the publication of his novels, and deferred the "Viage." In addition to their being more excellent in themselves, they were written upon more pleasant subjects. They were highly esteemed, and obtained such favour with the

Count, that their author dedicated all his other works to him, except the "Viage del Parnaso," which he had previously determined to dedicate to Don Rodrigo de Tapia, Knight of the order of Saint Jago. And he published the novels, when he was convinced they would be well received by the Count, and when he possessed the friendship of the Argensoli.

As a continuation of the "Viage del Parnaso," Cervantes published a little work which he called "Adjunto al Parnaso." It was a dialogue in prose, in which the author, and another poet, who brought him a paper from Apollo, were the speakers. This paper contained some privileges and regulations for Spanish poets: and though the object of this work seemed at first to be the same as the "Viage," it was in fact written for the purpose of making our Author's dramatic productions more known.

Cervantes was at this time at variance with the theatres, because, though they knew he had at that moment by him both comedies and interludes, they did not seem inclined to perform them. He therefore determined to print them, that the public might judge of their merit. In the "Adjunto" he gave notice of eight comedies, and eight interludes, which he published in the following year 1615. Such, however, was his poverty, that he was unable to defray the ex-

pense of publishing these plays. He therefore sold them to his bookseller, by whom he was told, that much might be expected from his prose, and but little from his verses.

This information grieved Cervantes not a little, so much was he attached to the Muses. Never was the maxim, that men do not prize those qualities they possess, so much as those they affect, more truly verified than in him. The poor reception these plays met with from the public, and their not having been performed, were two fresh disasters, which arose to our Author from not confining himself to his proper sphere. It is almost impossible, that a man should excel both in poetry and prose. Seneca, the philosopher, affirms, that Virgil wrote as bad prose, as Cicero did poetry. The Mantuan bard, however, had the good sense, which neither the Roman orator, nor Spanish fabulist, possessed. He did not discredit himself by writing prose, whereas Cicero and Cervantes have tarnished their fame, by indulging in some visits to the Muses.

Our Author, however, was most probably induced to publish these plays, for the sake of emolument rather than fame. At one time he had certainly condemned them to oblivion. The handsome manner, in which he speaks of the comic writers, and especially of Lope de Vega, in a prologue to one of them, forgetting, with sin-

gular generosity, the persecution he had suffered through him, is a great proof of the moderation of Cervantes.

It is an observation of Juan Huartè, in his "Examen de Ingenios," that in applying the mind to any science, the inclination for that science should not only be considered, but whether the mind be more inclined to its theory or its practice; because each often requires a different species of abilities. This reflection is fully confirmed in Cervantes. His theoretic knowledge of poetry and the drama, which was excellent, did not enable him to compose in an equal style of perfection. In the ingenious conversation between the Canon of Toledo and the Priest, in the first part of *Don Quixote*, the best laws and regulations are laid down for dramatic and poetic composition. But very far short, indeed, did his own plays fall of this standard.

Cervantes however was not the only one, who neglected the regular drama. Towards the end of the sixteenth century, when Lope de Vega began to be admired by the vulgar, and preferred by the theatres, many found fault with his comedies, as not being written according to the rules of the art. He endeavoured to justify himself by saying, that dramatic compositions should vary according to the age, and the taste of the audience. The contest was carried to such a

length, and with so much warmth and vehemence, that the Poetic Academy of Madrid commanded Lope de Vega to write a treatise, in which he should explain the new system he himself followed. In this essay, which was printed in 1602, he boldly confesses the defects of his own comedies, and the distance they are from all rule, six only excepted; he allows that he exposes himself to the just censure of foreign nations; and even that his aim was to forget the precepts of his art and the example of Plautus and Terence, that he might gain the applause of the many, and thus render his works saleable. So that he not only confirmed the objections, which had been made, but acknowledged his intention of always preferring gain to immortality, and profit to honour; like the comic actor Dosenno, whom Horace so pleasantly and so acutely reprehends. Cervantes also, in the same dialogue, says the very same things of Lope de Vega, which he mentioned in his essay. He admits, that his desire of accommodating himself to the taste of the performers had prevented him from arriving at that degree of perfection, which some of his comedies possessed, yet he also adds to the fame of this author by the praises he bestows upon him. He supposes him perfectly acquainted with the rules of his art, and lays the blame upon the bad taste of the actors, not on the ignorance of



the poet. So that, when properly received, his arguments are more like an apology for, than a censure upon, Lope de Vega and his imitators.

Cervantes, however, could not himself entirely escape. A comic writer, who was his implacable enemy, attacked him most violently. It is a common trick with the malevolent, to intermix their own cause with that of others of more consequence, in order to deceive and inflame the public. This poet was much offended at the just censures, which Cervantes had passed on his works in the *Quixote*. He knew the estimation he had acquired by that work, and how universally the second part was wished for. To satiate his hatred, therefore, he endeavoured to discredit at one stroke, both the genius and heart of its author: his genius, by continuing the *Quixote*, and his heart, by asserting, in that continuation, that through envy and malice he abused Lope de Vega. It was with this intention, that the second part of the ingenious Knight of La Mancha was produced in Tarragona in 1614; written, as the title says, by the Licentiate Alonzo Fernandez de Avellaneda, a native of Tordesillas. But it was in reality the production of the before-mentioned poet; of whom nothing more is known, than that he was of Arragon, and that he concealed his name with as much artifice as he endeavoured to mask his intentions.

He asserts in his preface, that he continued the

Quixote with the intention of preventing the pernicious perusal of books of chivalry. And he there abuses Cervantes for his criticisms on Lope de Vega. But the violence of his anger discovers his motives at the very outset. His preface is an infamous and rancorous libel on the writings of Cervantes, which are not the only objects of his abuse; since, in his malice, he descends to personal invective, and calls him old, lame, poor, invidious, and complaining: in short, every one in reading it must be convinced, that he wrote this book for the sole purpose of injuring Cervantes, decrying his abilities, and insinuating, either that he could not continue the *Quixote*, or that there were others equally capable of writing it.

The audacity of this writer, and his odious and violent style, were alone sufficient to have convinced the public of the merit of our Author. But he wisely pursued a better method, by publishing the second part of *Don Quixote* in the year 1615. No sooner was this published, than it became evident, that no one was so capable of continuing such a work as the original inventor; and the Castilian *Quixote* banished the Arragonese from the republic of letters. The anonymous writer (for Avellaneda concealed his name, that he might insult Cervantes with impunity), who thus sought to tarnish the fame of a deserving and unfortunate man, only added a faded

laurel to his triumph. Cervantes, who neither wished to revenge himself, nor tear the mask from his adversary, opposed the personalities, which had been published against him, with an amiable modesty, and repelled the injuries with temperance. His only weapons were wit and pleasantry, by which he proved the ascendancy of innocence, moderation, and urbanity, over calumny, audacity, and rudeness. And his preface to the second part is a model for mildness and candour in literary warfare.

Among all the works, which the human mind is capable of producing, there are none more exempt from partiality and unreasonableness, than those of pure invention, because in none is pleasure or disgust more perceptible. In other writings, the dexterity of a censorer or a panegyrist may blind the judgment of the reader, but in these each must judge for himself, according to the pleasure or dissatisfaction he derives from its perusal. Avellaneda possessed neither dignity in his thoughts, nor decency in his expressions. In almost every page he presents some improper images, the gross and indelicate colouring of which impresses the reader with disgust. He, who compares the two episodes of "The Despairing Rich Man" and "The Happy Lovers," with those of "The Curious Impertinent" and "The Captive," who contrasts the character of Barbara with that of Dorothea, will be sensible, that

similar situations and similar circumstances are rendered agreeable, or otherwise, according to the abilities of the writer. It is unnecessary to say more, especially in England, where the Quixote of Avellaneda is unknown. The continued judgment of the public, for two centuries, has been decidedly in favour of Cervantes. His Quixote is in the hand of every artist, and is translated into every language, and it is hoped the present edition will not discredit the English press, nor the memory of our Author. The work of Avellaneda has completely sunk into oblivion; at least if we except a French translation of it in the year 1704. Whatever merit that may possess, is to be attributed to the translator; who has corrected its indecencies, and added several pleasing episodes to it. There was also a Spanish edition in 1732, but it was hardly ever read.

One remarkable circumstance relative to our Author must not be passed over, though it reflects, in its consequences, no credit on his countrymen. It is a convincing proof of the merit of the Quixote, and the want of favour towards its author.

Philip III. being at a window of his palace in Madrid, observed a student reading a book, as he was walking on the banks of the Manzanares, who frequently gave himself a blow on the forehead, which he accompanied with various signs of great pleasure. The monarch, immediately

guessing at the cause of his mirth, exclaimed, "That student is either mad, or reading *Don Quixote*." Some person, who was about him, from an idea of pleasing the prince, sent immediately to inquire into the truth, and found that the student really was reading it. So public an approbation of the merit of this work, bestowed by the sovereign, and confirmed by the first persons in his court, ought to have reminded them of the poor condition of the author. But, whether they did not mention him, or, if they did, whether it was not remarked, it is certain, that no one had the generosity to seize so favourable a moment of soliciting a moderate pension for his support.

The manner, in which Cervantes was slighted, and even despised, by some of his countrymen, was felt by him the more, on account of the attention and respect he met with from all foreigners. In such estimation were his works almost all over Europe, that every one, who visited Spain, was solicitous of seeing and knowing him. On the arrival of a most splendid embassy from France, for the purpose of strengthening the mutual ties of friendship between the princes of the house of Bourbon and that of Austria, the conversation of the different nobles, of whom it was composed, often turned upon literature; and the state, in which it was in Spain. In a visit paid to the ambassador by the Archbishop of Toledo

and his court, among whom was the Licentiate Marquez Torres, his master of the pages, the merits of various works of genius were discussed, and, among others, the second part of the Quixote. No sooner was the name of Cervantes mentioned, than they all began to praise him; and to report the estimation, in which the French and other nations held the Quixote, the novels, and the Galatea, which many present knew almost by heart. Their commendations were so great, that the Licentiate offered to take them to the house of the author, and introduce them to him. They accepted it with the greatest pleasure, and in the mean time made inquiries about the age, profession, and situation of Cervantes. The Licentiate was obliged, in answer, to tell them, that he was an old wounded soldier, not far removed from a state of poverty. This description so excited the pity of one of the nobles, that he exclaimed, "Why does not Spain maintain such a man at the public expense?" To which the other prudently and wisely answered, "If necessity obliges him to write, we ought to pray, that he may never possess abundance; because, though he is himself poor, with his works he enriches all the world."

In works of satire it is difficult to avoid running into violence and abuse, without sinking into flatness and insipidity. Cervantes, however, knew how to avoid both these defects; he tem-

pered liberty with prudence, and restrained the power of his genius within the limits of circumspection. This is one of the chief merits of the second part of the Quixote, in which the original talent of our Author shines more than in any other work, and therefore we should make it a standard, by which to estimate his genius.

It is certainly true, that all his productions are not equally good; the Quixote, however, is alone sufficient to give him a rank amongst those illustrious men, so thinly scattered through every age. No one can be exempt from the failings of human nature, and always equal to himself. The Principia will immortalize Sir Isaac Newton, while his "Observations on the Prophecies of Daniel" are, comparatively, almost unknown. Such too is the difference between the Quixote, and the interludes and comedies of Cervantes. Both these instances show, that the human mind is a mixture of strength and weakness, and may console the admirers of the latter for the discredit some of his works deservedly possess, by the superiority, which others have attained to.

The last work, which Cervantes published before his death, was the second part of the Quixote. His health began to be impaired towards the end of the year 1615, and became much worse at the commencement of the following spring: his genius, however, was still strong, and his imagination uninjured. In the year 1613

he had offered to the public, the "Adventures of Persilis and Sigismunda," and in October 1615 he repeated the same offer to the Count de Lemos; assuring him the work should be completed within four months. He kept his promise, notwithstanding what he suffered from his complaint, which proved fatal to him soon after he had finished this novel. His performance of this engagement, in such a state of illness, is a strong proof of his indefatigable activity, and of that vigour of mind, which he preserved without any alteration even in the arms of death.

In April 1616 he finished his "Persilis," by which he so far injured his health, that he went to Esquivias before he had written the dedication and preface, in hopes of receiving some benefit from change of air. His disorder, however, so much increased immediately after his arrival, that, either from the wish of dying in his own house, or in expectation of better medical assistance, he returned to Madrid, accompanied by two friends. He met with an event on his journey, which afforded him the incident in the preface to Persilis, and gave him an opportunity of narrating the circumstances and state of his illness.

As they were riding from Esquivias, and had got near Madrid, they heard some person on horseback coming very fast behind them, and calling to them to stop. When he came up,



they found it was a student, who complained, that they rode so fast, he could not overtake them. To this one of the friends answered, that it was the fault of the horse of Cervantes, which was such a fast trotter. He had scarcely pronounced the name of Cervantes, when the student, who was passionately fond of his works, but did not know his person, alighted from his horse, and, taking hold of his left arm, exclaimed, "Yes, yes, this is the lame arm! this is the famous humorous writer, the beloved of the Muses!" Cervantes, thanking him with his usual modesty, embraced him, and entreated him to mount his horse, and ride with them the remainder of the way. The student joyfully accepted the offer; and this conversation is the only confirmation of his illness, that Cervantes has left; he says: "We gave the reins to our horses, and slowly pursued our road, along which we talked of my disorder. The student immediately damped all my hopes of recovery, by saying, 'Your disease is dropsical, and all the water of the ocean, could you swallow it, would not cure you. Believe me, Signor Cervantes, if you will refrain from drinking, and eat only, you may recover without any other medicine.'—'Many have told me so,' I replied, 'but the period of my life is approaching; the course of my pulse is nearly concluded, and about Sunday next, we shall wind up all our accounts. Your

acquaintance with me, Sir, has begun late, since there does not remain sufficient time to convince you of my gratitude, for the great attention you have shown me.' We had now arrived at the bridge of Toledo; I entered the town by that road, and he turned off to go to Segovia."

When Cervantes arrived at his own house he wrote the above dialogue. His hopes and fears alternately gained the ascendancy; yet he still preserved his gay and lively spirits, as is evident from the pleasant, and in some respects ludicrous description he gives of the dress and gestures of the student, and the manner, in which he was mounted. At one moment his disorder afflicted him so much, that he was obliged to lay down his pen and leave his dialogue unfinished; nay, even to deny himself to his friends. At another he was so much better, that he did not despair of completing both that and the second part of the *Galatea*, which he had promised. His disease, at length, annihilated all his hopes, and reduced him so much, that, being considered as past recovery, extreme unction was administered to him on the 18th of April 1616.

Cervantes had now lost all bodily strength; he was, however, still quite collected, and his recollection and sense of the liberality of the Count de Lemos remained unimpaired. The day after he had received extreme unction, he wrote a dedicatory farewell to him; and offered him, as the

best proof of his gratitude, "The Amours of Persilis and Sigismunda." The composition of this is excellent, and well worthy the attention of both patrons and learned men, as an inducement to liberality in the former, and gratitude in the latter. "Yesterday," says Cervantes, "I received extreme unction, and to-day I write this. My time is short, my pains increase, my hope diminishes; yet, I live even longer than I desire, unless it be to kiss your Excellency's feet. Had I the happiness of seeing you once more in Spain, it might perhaps restore me to health. But if it be decreed I am to die, may the will of Heaven be completed. Your Excellency, however, shall know how anxious I am to serve you, not only in this life, but in the next. And, as I prophesy your return, I congratulate on it. I rejoice to see you so universally admired; and I am happy, that my hopes are realized by the fame of your goodness." The expressions in this letter are so much the more honourable to the Count de Lemos, as he, who wrote them, was in such a miserable situation. Our Author's gratitude was sincere and pure, and the dying words of Cervantes deserve as much attention as those of Seneca.

He retained his calmness and serenity to the last moment of his life. He made his wife, Donna Catalina de Salazar, and the Licentiate Francisco Nuñez, who resided in the same house,

his executors: and left directions for them to bury him in the convent of the Trinity. His life now drew near its close, and the twenty-third day of April, one thousand six hundred and sixteen, was the last of his existence, when he finished a course of sixty-eight years, six months, and fourteen days. It is a singular coincidence of circumstances, that the same day should deprive the world of two men of such transcendent abilities as Cervantes and Shakespear: the latter of whom died in England on the very day that put an end to the life of the former in Spain. And, were this a proper place for the purpose, a parallel might be drawn between them, and extended to a considerable length with great propriety.

The funeral of Cervantes was as poor and obscure as his person had been. The epitaphs, that were composed in his praise, deserve not to be recorded. No stone, inscription, or memorial, of any sort, remained to point out the place of his interment: and it seems as if an unpropitious fate had persecuted him, while living, accompanied him to the grave, and even prevented his friends and protectors from honouring his memory.

The same fate has attended the portraits, which were painted of him by Don Juan de Jauregui and Francisco Pacheco, both of Seville, and reckoned excellent artists. The head, however, which accompanies this edition was most pro-

bably a copy from one or other of them. From all the accounts, that are left us, his person, though not large, was well proportioned. He was, however, heavy in his shoulders, and slow of foot. His hair was a bright chesnut, he ~~was~~ *eagle-faced*, his forehead smooth, and open, his eyes lively, his nose hooked, and his mouth small with uneven teeth. He wore his mustachoes very large, and his beard very thick. He had also a hesitation in his speech. The good qualities of his mind were engraven in his countenance, the lively serenity of which announced an affable disposition and an elevated genius. In the preface to the “*Novelas*” Cervantes gives the following description of himself, or rather of the portrait, which was painted by Don Juan de Jauregui, and prefixed to an early edition of that work : “*Este que veis aqui de rostro aguileño, de cabello castaño, frente lisa y desembarazada, de alegres ojos, y de nariz corva aunque bien proporcionada, las barbas de plata que non ha veinte años que fueron de oro, los bigotes grandes, la boca pequeña, los dientes no crecidos porque no tiene sino seis y esos mal acondicionados, y peor puestos porque no tienen correspondencia los unos con los otros, el cuerpo entre dos extremos, ni grande ni pequeño, la color viva antes blanca que morena, algo cargado de espaldas, y no muy ligero de pies : este digo, que es el rostro del autor de Don Quixote de la Mancha, &c. : llamase comunmente*

Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra: fue soldado muchos años, y cinco y medio cautivo, donde aprendió á tener paciencia en las adversidades.”—

“ This picture, which you see here with an eagle-face, chesnut hair, open and smooth forehead, lively eyes, with a well-proportioned curved nose, a silver beard, which twenty years ago was golden, with large mustachoes, a small mouth, with only six half grown and worse placed teeth, a person neither tall nor short, a complexion more fair than dark, heavy shouldered and slow footed ; this, I say, is the portrait of the author of *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, &c. commonly called Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, who was many years a soldier, and five years and a half a captive, where he learnt to possess patience towards his adversaries.”

Such was his own account. His principal virtues were sincerity, moderation, and gratitude. He possessed that native openness of character, which is better preserved by an intercourse with books than with mankind. He was, however, exempt from that fear and embarrassment, which is often visible in those, who know nothing of the world. He knew how to conduct himself when in company with the great, who protected him, and not to abuse their favours. He loved tranquillity, and lost his vivacity and natural grace, when he was deprived of his repose and power of application. For this reason, although he

lived almost always near the court, he never aspired to the character of a courtier. His modesty and penetration kept him at a distance from such a system of restraint and dissimulation. He well knew, that the pleasures of a court are but superficial, and only catch the eye, while its pains, though concealed, are acute and certain.

His probity, though not so well directed, was equal to his gratitude. By the latter he preserved the friends and companions, which his peaceable and quiet disposition gained him; while the former offended many, who, blinded by self-love, could not bear the brightness of that truth, which is so conspicuous in most of his works. He still, however, threw over the whole a veil of urbanity, discretion, and modesty; and although he severely lashed the vice, he was reserved and indulgent to the agent. He was towards himself only an exception to this rule; confessing his own defects with an ingenuousness much more praiseworthy than the stern and severe purity of Cato, who forgave not himself for having been blind to the faults of others. Cervantes was indulgent to others and severe to himself.

It is useless to dwell longer on this subject. His manners were honourable, because they proceeded from a noble soul, and were directed entirely by the principles of religion. They preserved him from the effects of deceit, detraction, or flattery, and consequently shut up all the avenues

to ambition. As he knew not how to acquire fame by any other means than his pen, or to court favour but by merit, he left no other inheritance but his works.

Besides the productions already mentioned, he was engaged in four others at the time of his death: the second part of *Galatea*, “*The Garden Week*,” “*Bernardo*,” and “*The Deception of the Eyes* ;” the last of which was a comedy, that he composed for the purpose of avoiding the defects, which were noticed in those he printed in 1615. These works were never finished; and at this day no part of them is extant but their titles, which are mentioned in his other writings.

After the death of Cervantes his widow obtained the privilege of publishing “*Persilis and Sigismunda*,” and printed it at Madrid in the year 1617. This was the last tribute she could pay to her husband’s memory, and the only inheritance he could bequeath her in his will. Whether Cervantes left any family is now uncertain, as no proof of any is to be found, nor does he himself take notice of it in any way; it may therefore be fairly concluded, that he died without issue.

Had this illustrious Spaniard lived at Athens or at Rome, they would have erected statues to his memory, and transmitted his life to posterity with that bold and nervous eloquence, with which they knew how to honour the merit of an Aristophanes, a Plautus, a Varro, or a Terence, and



which flowed from the pen of a Demosthenes or a Plutarch, of a Tacitus or a Cicero. While the utmost inquiry and perseverance of the present age have been able to produce no fuller account than is now before the public, owing to the want of diligence, or inclination, of his contemporaries.

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IN an edition of the most celebrated work of this Author it may not be thought improper to give some account of it. And, perhaps, what follows may not only afford some amusement, but enable others to form a more correct judgment. It would, perhaps, be better that those, if indeed there be any such, who have not yet read the Quixote, should first peruse it, as they will then be better able to appreciate the merits of that work, and the propriety of the following observations; the length of which it is presumed the great excellence of the Quixote itself will in some measure justify.

Most of those authors, who have praised this work, have confined themselves chiefly to general commendation, without attempting any distinct investigation of its plan, character, and object. This undertaking is certainly difficult, yet such is the purport of the following pages, as being best adapted to show the merit of its author.

In order to acquire the principles, on which to form a judgment of Don Quixote, it is necessary

to recur to the sources of true taste, and thence to discover the most natural and pleasing modes of entertaining the mind, and instructing the heart, in imitating the actions of a ridiculous and extravagant personage. This history presents to the imagination of the reader, from the very beginning, the picture of a hero, to whom the author attributes one sole action with a determinate end. This also is equally the purport of an epic fable; and consequently the general principles of the latter may be applied to the Quixote: not forgetting, in such application, the difference there ought always to be, between the relation of the ridiculous actions of a burlesque hero, whose example we are to shun, and the poetical representation of the surprising deeds of a true hero, whose excellencies we are to admire.

Previous to forming any judgment of the Quixote, it is necessary to give some idea of the principles, on which such judgment should be founded, and then individually apply those rules, which result from them. This will not only assist in appreciating the merits of this particular work, but is equally applicable to all burlesque fables.

Our reason tells us, that the principles of any art should be short, clear, and distinct; and deduced from one fixed and determinate source. These are the sure means, by which an artist can obtain his end. The object of all ingenious fabulists is principally to convey instruction under

a pleasing form ; an object, highly useful to society, because it connects utility with entertainment. Pleasure occupies the mind, fixes the attention of the reader, and compels him to receive instruction with complacency under the mask of fiction. And the marvellous and ridiculous, well conducted, both agitate and embellish the mind by exciting its stronger energies ; and lay it open to the reception of useful and moral information. Whence it follows, that the object of a fable should be so managed as to give pleasure to the reader, that the author may succeed in instructing. The object, too, of a fable is the basis, on which the whole is founded ; the rule, by which every thing is regulated.

The human mind is naturally curious, inconstant, yet indolent. In order to please it, it is necessary to excite its curiosity, to prevent its inconstancy, and still to indulge its indolence. Every thing, that is rare, extraordinary, new, and of doubtful continuation, rouses its curiosity, diversity and variety arrest its inconstancy, simplicity and unity assimilate with its indolence. Hence, to please mankind, it is necessary to unite these three qualities in the object, which is presented to them. These reflections furnish a standard, by which to judge of the merit of a fable. An author must choose a subject, that is adapted to delight the reader, and to lead him to the proposed end. This subject should be simple

and complete, of a proportionate duration to excite curiosity, yet so varied by subordinate actions, and appropriate episodes, as not to tire, or wear out the attention. The different characters should each preserve their different modifications. The narration of the principal action should be dramatic and consistent; and the style should be pure, energetic, and accommodated to the nature of the story. From hence will arise a production, calculated to excite the curiosity of the reader, varied yet uniform, amusing yet instructive; and capable of impressing the moral, which is the primary object of it. From the novelty of the subject arises its originality, from the propriety of its moral its utility, and from the accurate delineation of character, combined with the other circumstances, its pleasantness.

Let us then apply these observations to the *Quixote*, and the merit of Cervantes will be conspicuous. But this application must be confined to the more prominent features of the work, or the detail would be voluminous, if not tedious. A short account, however, of that curious system of tournaments and chivalry, which existed in full vigour during the reign of Charlemagne, will not be improper, previous to an inquiry into the merits of this work, which gave the death-wound to those numerous romances, which were the consequences of it, and for some centuries overrun almost all Europe. And in doing this

no better account can be followed than is given in an excellent note of Mr. Ellis in Mr. Way's translation of the "Fabliaux of Le Grand."

"It seems to be generally admitted, that tourneys, or tournaments, are of French invention, and that the earliest exhibitions of this kind were celebrated by Preville, a little before the time of the first crusade. We hear, indeed, of combats between Knights, which were exhibited at Strasburg, in honour of the reconciliation that took place there in the middle of the ninth century, between Charles the Bold and his brother Louis; but these were probably nothing more than a kind of review, in imitation of those equestrian exercises, which were common among the Arabians, and are still in use among the Turks and various Tartar nations. As our ancient cavalry was not formed into squadrons, its strength depended on the address of each individual, which could only be acquired by exercises, that probably took place in public; but this does not amount to a regular show, or tournament.

"Some time before the intended exhibition of a tournament took place, heralds were dispatched through the country, and into the neighbouring kingdoms, to invite all brave Knights and squires to come and contend for prizes, and to merit the affections of their mistresses. If the tournament took place in a town, the mayor and municipal officers were charged with the accommodation of

the strangers; if under the walls of a castle, an encampment was formed for their reception. None could be admitted to a tourney, but such as were without stain or reproach.

“ The place of combat was a large space of ground, surrounded by ropes, and covered with tapestry; or with double rows of railing, with intervals of about four feet. Within this interval were placed the minstrels, the heralds, and kings at arms, to regulate the order of combat, and the attendants on the Knights, to assist their masters, when unhorsed or disabled. The people stood on the outside. An amphitheatre was erected for the kings, queens, ladies, judges of the tournament, and ancient knights.

“ In general, the arms of the combatants were lances and swords, whose points and edges were blunted; these were called *courteous arms*. Sometimes, indeed, sharp weapons were used, but in this case, the blows were numbered. In either kind of combat it was forbidden to thrust with the point of the sword, or to strike at the limbs, these being but seldom perfectly defended.

“ There were two sorts of tournaments. In the one the combatants were ranged in two opposite lines, as in war, and charged each other with their lances; but a double boarded railing was sometimes extended along the lists from end to end, dividing the whole area into two equal parts. The shock of the horses was, by this con-

trivance, prevented, while the riders could nevertheless overthrow each other with their spears, and unhorsed combatants ran much less risk of being trampled to death. The other sort of tournament was perfectly irregular ; every combatant attacked his neighbour indiscriminately ; and on these occasions it required great attention to the several armorial devices on the shield and surcoats to judge, who had performed the most extraordinary feats, and merited the prize. In this species of tournament the offensive weapons were the sword, the hatchet, and the mace, but not the lance. Each day ended by the exploits of some champions, who undertook to break a certain number of lances in honour of the ladies.

“The general superintendent of the tournament, who was called the Knight of Honour, and was invested with the power of terminating all differences, was chosen by the ladies, who presented to him some article of female dress, which he bore on his lance as the badge of his office. At the approach, or touch, of this sacred badge, the most exasperated combatants dropped their weapons, and the conflict and confusion ceased in an instant.

“Notwithstanding these precautions however, accidents of the most fatal kind were not unfrequent. At a tournament given at Nuits in 1240, sixty Knights and squires lost their lives, either from the wounds they had received, or

from the trampling of the horses, or from suffocation: hence the many excommunications thundered out against tournaments.”

These tournaments, and this system of chivalry, were the foundation of all the romances of the ages, prior to Cervantes; in which the authors were not satisfied with recounting the events of their heroes as they happened, but blended the most extravagant fictions and improbable adventures, by the introduction of the whole machinery of enchanters. And if, without the drudgery of toiling through such a mass of old romances, any one would wish to become acquainted with that style, he will find in the *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto, the most interesting work of that sort, a very good elucidation of the *Qui-xote*; as a knowledge of many of the customs, and, at least, the general genius of chivalry, may be acquired from it.

The object of Cervantes was the correction of one fault. It was too a fault, highly valued by the common people, who were infatuated with the false point of honour, that Knight-errantry instils, and with those pernicious histories of the wonderful actions of its imaginary heroes. For this purpose his fertile imagination suggested to him a method quite novel, and hitherto unattempted. His object was to excite the laughter, and promote the diversion of his readers, by delineating a Knight-errant so wild and extravagant,



that his very name, when repeated, might render Knight-errantry both ridiculous and despicable. How well he succeeded is universally known. The vulgar were ashamed of their error, and forsook their idol. The means, our Author used, were plain, popular, and well adapted to the mass of mankind. All men, perhaps, possess a propensity to satire and ridicule, and are also inclined to imitation and mimicry. Self-love too, that ruling passion in the heart of man, induces us imperceptibly to believe ourselves superior to the rest of our species, and consequently to pass over our own faults, and point out those of others. No delineation, therefore, of character or situation is more calculated to please than a well-drawn satiric representation, or burlesque and ridiculous imitation of some vice; and this becomes still stronger if attached to any individual. Two species of pleasure arise from it. We see vice placed in a ridiculous point of view, and see it also applied to a distinct object. This fixes our attention to the representation, impresses its circumstances on our minds, and excites us to remove from ourselves that ridicule, which has provoked our laughter in others. Those few also, whom their self-love may suffer to feel themselves addicted to that particular vice, endeavour to discontinue and avoid it with care, from the fear of becoming objects of laughter to others. This burlesque and ridiculous perso-

nification of vice and folly, therefore, became a source of almost general pleasure, and more general amusement. Cervantes applied this remedy most skilfully: and those, who resisted argument and authority, yielded to ridicule and laughter.

The action of the Quixote too is well chosen. It is the madness of the Knight. Our Author very properly has not narrated his whole life, but that part only, which is appropriate to his end. He commences with his mania, not his birth. The action too is complete, and proportionate to its duration. Don Quixote's madness is traced from the beginning to its end. Its duration rouses the attention, but neither confuses, nor tires, the mind.

Cervantes deserves equal praise for the propriety, with which he has managed the ridiculous; rendering it, as it were, palpable; and drawing it from various objects, in which his genius alone could discover it. As the action of the fable is the madness of Don Quixote in wishing to revive chivalry, it was necessary, that this hero should sally forth into the country. Knights-errant encountered some adventure at every step; and those adventures formed the subjects of the histories, which Cervantes wished to ridicule, and Don Quixote to imitate. Thus the design of the Author, as well as the hero, required, that the action should consist of a continued series of

adventures, all proceeding from the madness of the actor, and connected with it.

The episodes, also, of the Quixote are a strong proof of the genius and imagination of Cervantes. Most of them naturally arise from the action, are interwoven with it, and lead the way for the events, which follow. Such is the scrutiny of Don Quixote's library, the object of which is to criticise the works of Knight-errantry. This episode, which is so closely connected with the subject itself, and so entertaining from the review of all the histories of chivalry, appears at first quite hostile to the continuation of the fable, because with the destruction of those histories, and the disappearance of the room where they were, the principal cause of the Knight's madness is taken from him. But it is this very circumstance, that evinces the ability of Cervantes. In order to satisfy Don Quixote, when looking for his books, it was necessary to make some excuse that would satisfy him; and as none was so likely to have that effect, which had not some allusion to his madness, he was made to believe, that an enchanter had taken away his books, room and all. This answer, which should have satisfied, and perhaps cured him, by gradually obliterating those ideas, which could not be renewed by reading, had, on the contrary, the effect of inflaming his extravagance, and adding fire to his madness. He immediately persuaded

himself, that as he had a powerful enchanter for his declared enemy, he must, without doubt, be as famous a Knight as those, whom he proposed to imitate; and in whose histories enchanters are constantly introduced. From this circumstance he deduced all the consequences, that could confirm him in his senseless determination; and as he afterwards proved, attributing all the misfortunes, which were in fact the effects of his madness, to the implacability of this powerful enemy. Here may we observe, that from the solution of this episode there arose a contrary effect from that, which the authors of it proposed.

That the actions of a fable may correspond with the object of it, it is not sufficient that it should possess in itself all the qualities, we have ascribed to the Quixote; the persons also should be properly connected with it; because all the interest and probability of the action depends upon the characters being appropriate and conformable to it. Let us now, therefore, consider this hero, and the personages, who surround him. In this too is the invention of Cervantes equally apparent: his characters as well as his subject are all his own.

Don Quixote is a gentleman naturally discreet, rational, and well informed; who speaks and acts as such, except when he speaks of Knight-errantry. Sancho is an interested country la-

botrer, naturally cunning; yet simple from his education and condition: so that each of these two persons hold a double character, which varies the dialogue and fable, and pleasantly entertains the reader by representing Don Quixote sometimes sensible, and at others mad; and by showing Sancho successively ingenuous and cunning. These characters are always well supported. Don Quixote, even in the height of his madness, preserves some traces of his knowledge; and in the different events, that happen, he always draws the subject of his discourse from his mania, or leads it to end in that.

It is impossible to read the Quixote, without perceiving that agreeable variety, which the principal character possesses. The description, which Don Quixote gives of the two flocks of sheep, that he took for armies, and the conversation, in which he recounts to Sancho all that was to happen to them, when they presented themselves at the court of a monarch, are circumstances, corresponding with his madness, yet related with great discretion. The discourse on the golden age, on the preference of arms to letters, on the vicissitudes of families and their ancestry, although indifferent in themselves, are nevertheless connected with the madness of the Knight, which is the source of some, and the termination of other adventures. This is sufficient to show, that our Author observed with strictness and propriety

the customs and manners incident to the character, in which he had drawn his hero.

The double character of Don Quixote, that is, the particular mania and general rationality, produces another effect, and arrests the attention of the reader. The hero of any fable should always be amiable, that the reader may be interested in his actions. If the madness of Don Quixote were without any interval, it would be tedious and unpleasant. But his rationality and good qualities render him amiable, even when he acts like a madman.

Sancho is almost always swayed by interest. When he thinks himself on the safe side, he believes with the greatest simplicity all the follies of his master, serves him willingly, and obeys him implicitly; but, when he fancies he shall not profit from his sallies, he becomes disgusted, he feels all the inconveniences of a wandering life; and the sorrow of losing those advantages, which he had fully expected, renders him sour and ill-natured. We need only observe his manners throughout the whole work, and particularly in the adventure of the supposed Princess Micomicona, and also in the disenchantment of Dulcinea, to be convinced that this is the true character of Sancho. All his words and actions in these adventures show, that his principal aim is interest. This sometimes lulls his simplicity; at others awakens his cunning, and occasionally

renders him firm and intrepid, notwithstanding his natural cowardice. Cervantes also has managed the character of Sancho, and the incidents relating to him, so well, that he always either keeps him in suspense with hope, or delights him with gain: and for this purpose he makes him reject the honour of eating with his master, and beg to exchange it for something more profitable. Hence also arises his joy at being excused from paying the bill at the inn, on account of the treatment he had received. Here, then, the character of Sancho is neither that of simplicity nor of acuteness, of courage nor of cowardice, but of interest, which produces as great a variety in him as there occur temptations for him to indulge in it. And the apparent want of connexion in Sancho's conduct, with which our Author has been accused, is done away, when viewed in this light. If the interested character of Sancho, which is so prominent, arose from a vicious principle, it would be unamiable, and not calculated to please. Of this Cervantes was aware, and he therefore introduces the incident of the Moor, Ricotè, who was banished from Spain. The latter confides the secret concerning his treasure to Sancho, and offers him two hundred crowns, at a time when he had just lost his government, and all hopes of riches, if he will assist him. Sancho, like a good subject, prefers his allegiance to his interest; but, to show his honour, he voluntarily promises not to

discover him. This surely proves, that the interestedness of Sancho does not proceed from an inordinate desire of riches, but merely from the wish of obtaining a competency. In short, the characters both of Don Quixote and Sancho are appropriate, well drawn, and better sustained. When either speaks or acts, it is in a way peculiar to himself; and the difference is discoverable in the very outset.

This, too, is the case with respect to the other characters. Cervantes increased and varied them with an inimitable and wonderful profusion, still connecting them with the principal action in a manner the most dependant and necessary. These are almost all seen in two distinct points of view; first, as true, that is, as the reader beholds them; secondly, as they appear to Don Quixote, whose curious flights of imagination not only amuse in themselves, but also by the different degrees of surprise and astonishment, which his unknown madness produces in the rest of the characters. The Barbers, the Innkeeper, Maritornes, Master Peter, in short, all are most excellently drawn, and appear rather as individual portraits than fictitious representations. Many of the principal characters may, also, be considered in another way: as they are really drawn, and as they are represented to Don Quixote. And we cannot help noticing more particularly the character of Dorothea in this point of view. When Cervantes



represents her in her natural character, as a fugitive, in love, unhappy, and inconsolable, her misfortunes create an emotion as powerful as the pleasure we afterwards experience from her change of fortune, and the happy conclusion of her story. When he represents her as a princess, who comes from a distant country to seek Don Quixote, by whose valour she is to be relieved from her persecution, and to regain her kingdom, we are pleased with the propriety with which she performs her part, and the conformity of her discourse and actions with her assumed character, which diverts the reader, while it astonishes Sancho and his master. The cause too of this change of character in Dorothea is appropriate and just; namely, the cure of Don Quixote: to effect which she appears sufficiently well read in romances and books of chivalry to make the Knight believe her; still, however, making such mistakes as are natural for a girl in her original situation. These blunders render her relation probable to the reader, while the interpretations and explanations of the Curate make it credible to Don Quixote.

The character of the Canon of Toledo is also peculiarly well drawn, and exhibits an ecclesiastic of that age in a very favourable light. He is mild, serious, and well informed. He attempts to undeceive Don Quixote by solid reasoning, blended with prudence, mildness, and

courtesy. The Curate goes farther, as being more interested in his recovery, and better acquainted with the singularity of his madness: he quietly follows his humour, and tries to find the most favourable and proper means of inducing him to return home. The Canon desists from his endeavours, as soon as he is convinced of the inflexibility of Don Quixote; and accompanies him, till necessity obliges him to take his leave. In all his discourse with Don Quixote the greatest decorum, and even dignity, is visible. In his argument on the object and design of plays and works of chivalry, he points out their defects, shows the method of correcting them, acknowledges the utility they may be of, and both pleases and convinces the reader, because he attacks their errors and bad taste with reason and urbanity. The serious accusations against books of chivalry, in a moral view, were put by Cervantes into the mouths of the Canon and Curate, that their characters might have more weight and authority.

It is the very essence of Knight-errantry to be in love, and for Knights to ascribe every perfection to their mistresses; and in an humorous satire it is equally necessary to introduce the ridiculous into so principal a character. In Dulcinea our Author has happily succeeded in both: he makes Don Quixote paint her as a model of perfection, “ beautiful without spot, grave without

pride, amorous with modesty, amiable because courteous, courteous because well educated, and, lastly, exalted by lineage." This picture, as drawn by the Knight, may serve as an example to her sex. Though thus perfect in the eyes of Don Quixote, she becomes an object for laughter when seen in her own form, or under the pleasant transformation of Sancho. The variety of aspects this character presents in the imaginations of Sancho and his master, the confusion she gives rise to, and the adventures, which result from her pretended enchantment, afford an infinite fund of entertainment.

The narration and detail of a work is, perhaps, as difficult of execution as the conception of its characters. An author may invent characters, and create incidents, and yet be unable to form a complete work. To do this he must place every character in its appropriate situation, bring forward the principal, and keep the subordinate ones in the back ground. In this Cervantes has most happily succeeded, and you no where find a character brought forward in an offensive manner. Each of them, also, tends to carry on the action even by the very mode, as has been before observed, that they expect to cure the Knight, and which consequently would conclude the work. Thus the means, which the Curate uses to diminish the madness of Don Quixote, are such as serve to increase it. The condition, too,

that Cardenio made at the beginning of his story, that he should not be interrupted, though apparently a mode of shortening this episode, not only lengthens, but connects it with the subject. The same happens, when the Curate prevents Sancho's journey to Dulcinea, that he might intercept that pleasant letter, which is the origin of her transformation, enchantment, and all the occurrences that arise from it. The descent into the cave, the introduction into the Duke's house, and many others, all concur in carrying on the principal story.

Whoever reads the adventure of Mambrino's helmet, and contemplates the Knight with his head covered with a barber's basin, will readily acknowledge the genius of Cervantes; but every one will not discover the art with which, from the very beginning, he was preparing for this event. The arms of Don Quixote, besides being ancient, rusty, and covered with dust, were deficient in a helmet, or casque; he was therefore obliged to seek some mode of remedying this defect. He first made a sort of half-helmet with paper, which broke on the first trial. He made another and strengthened it with small iron bars. This also was broken in his battle with the Biscainer. Remaining thus partially unarmed and wounded, he swore he would not rest, till he had acquired by force of arms the helmet of Mambrino, or some other of equal

temper. Sancho also contributed to this by representing, that his subsequent misfortunes arose from not having fulfilled his oath. All these circumstances prepare for the introduction of the adventure of the basin, which Don Quixote took for Mambrino's helmet : and to make it the more probable, Cervantes has explained why it shone, why the barber carried it on his head, and his reason for passing that road.

The developement of the action, and winding up of the plot, is also prepared for in the third sally of Don Quixote ; and the introduction of the Bachelor Sampson Carrasco, who is one of the most useful and well-imagined characters of the work. Cervantes introduced him so as to carry on the story, and bring it to a natural conclusion. The Housekeeper entreats his interference to prevent her master's second sally by his good advice. He promises to do so, but acts directly opposite, both hastening his departure, and offering to serve him as squire. The reader, indeed, is not surprised at this change in the Bachelor, because he is aware of his intention of adopting another mode of cure : and with this idea he is anxious to know what plan he will pursue ; and is astonished, when he discovers in the Knight of the Mirrors his friend the Bachelor, who hoped to cure Don Quixote by conquering him, but who, in fact, only augments his mania by his own defeat. This catastrophe overcomes

the irresolution of Sancho, stimulates the madness of the Knight, entertains the reader with fresh discourse between the two Knights and their squires, and renders the continuation of the action more probable, at the same time that it prepares for the conclusion of it. Had Sampson Carrasco overcome Don Quixote, as he wished, or had he dissuaded him from sallying forth, as the Housekeeper desired, the action must immediately have finished.

All the singular and wonderful events of the Quixote are equally well managed. The disenchantment of Dulcinea is entwined with great art throughout the whole. The judgment and disposition of Sancho during his government, which, at first, appear improbable, and superior to his talents and capacity, were previously prepared by Cervantes in the conversation of the Canon of Toledo, who, when talking with Sancho on the best modes of governing, assures him that the principal point is to endeavour to ascertain the facts, "for thus God helps the good design of the simple, and obstructs the bad one of the more informed." The stratagem, by which they induce him to quit his government, is also probable, because he is previously prepared by the letter from the Duke. The curious mania also, which assailed Don Quixote, of turning shepherd when he was obliged to quit chivalry, was prepared for so far back as in the scrutiny of the li-

brary, when his Niece requested the Curate to burn all the pastoral poems, as well as books of Knight-errantry, lest, by curing her uncle of one malady, it might bring on another. These examples are sufficient to show the order, as well as nature, with which Cervantes disposed and blended the occurrences in his work.

The variety of our Author's descriptions and situations is equally well regulated. They embellish without confusing, and diversify without embarrassing the work. Throughout the whole we find them distributed with the nicest precision. The studies, the amours, the misfortunes, of Chrysostom, the disdain and situation of Marcella, the description of morning, of night, of sleep, of the wind, and of the tremendous noise of the fulling-hammers, are all beautiful and appropriate, as well as the descriptions and adventures of chivalry, which are occasionally introduced, such as Don Quixote and his imaginary army, the shepherdesses who were hunting, the disenchantment announced by Merlin in the wood, which, for its magnificence, may be compared to the enchanted grove of Tasso.

The situation, too, of the various subjects enhances the beauty of the narration by the contrast and diversity, with which Cervantes introduces them. The two principal characters are never presented in an uniform situation; almost every event changes the state of their fortune. When

they are flattering themselves with a prosperous adventure, some misfortune occurs to cast them down; that again is immediately followed by some favourable opportunity, which encourages them to pursue their designs. Yet even in these common vicissitudes our Author almost always contrives to vary the situation of each with respect to the other. Sancho remains in safety, when his master is wounded or conquered; and when Sancho is beaten, the Knight is out of danger. The ridiculous misfortunes of Don Quixote and his squire excite our laughter. Their prosperous adventures confirm them in their fantastic projects; and the different success, which attends the same adventure, makes each exclaim in a way adapted to his character: hence arises the animation of the dialogue.

The excellence, that results from this order, yet intricacy and variety of circumstances, is still more heightened, when the Author unexpectedly presents a rare and extraordinary event. The sudden appearance of Marcella at the end of the episode of Chrysostom, is a species of incident, at once singular and agreeable, because it satisfies the curiosity, and affords Don Quixote an opportunity of acting conformably to his insanity. Her speech, too, is one of the finest pieces of composition possible.

Cervantes observes the same order throughout the whole work. First Don Quixote sallies forth



alone; then he goes accompanied by a squire, and shows himself in some adventures: after that his fame increases by the extraordinary adventure at the inn, and of his enchantment. In the third sally he becomes proud of the publication of his history, and of being rendered famous by it in foreign countries. He engages in greater deeds, overcomes Knights, attacks lions, traverses provinces, visits cities, is invited to noble houses, and gradually augments his fame and his madness.

The principal subject of the Quixote is the madness of the hero, yet others are not wanting, when they can be introduced with propriety; such as love, compassion, and sorrow, in the adventures of Cardenio, Dorothea, and Basilius; terror, in the death of Chrysostom and Tosillos; surprise, in the appearance of Marcella, in the adventure of Merlin, and in the resurrection of Altisidora. In short, the whole story abounds in various passions naturally expressed and happily introduced.

Of the language of the original little need be said in a translation; yet it is always allowed, that Cervantes purified the style, and added to the richness, of his native language by a variety of terms, which have been taken from his work: and the names even of Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, Maritornes, and Rozinante, still express, in Spain, a redresser of wrongs, a simple talker,

a clumsy woman, and a lean horse. Nor have we scrupled to adopt and naturalize some of these terms into the English language.

As the object of Cervantes was rather to satirize the follies of his age than to write an entertaining book, we must, in order to understand the true merit of his work, follow him through all its intricacies, in which, frequently, the most delicate touches of satire are contained. The first and greatest folly he wished to correct was the prevailing taste for Knight-errantry, and the host of absurd romances, that were founded upon it, but more particularly the last, both of which were carried to the greatest possible extravagance. In order to correct this spirit for chivalry, Cervantes aimed to render it criminal, as in the conversation between Don Quixote and Vivaldo, in which the latter clearly proves, that it was utterly inconsistent with Christianity. Those, who practised it, considered themselves as exempt from the laws, superior to the magistrates, and bound to release all criminals and delinquents. This false generosity is exposed in the incident of Don Quixote's releasing the galley-slaves; and the folly of those, who attempted such actions, is drawn in strong colours, in the opinion, which Sancho gives his master, when he mentions his intention; also in the ill treatment and insult he receives from the slaves themselves.

As it often happened, that a Knight made a

person more unhappy by his unfortunate protection, our Author does not neglect this point; and makes Don Quixote begin his adventures, by liberating a boy from the supposed unjust punishment of his master. Having succeeded, he rejoices at the prosperous commencement of his career. But meeting some time afterwards with the same boy, and again indulging his vanity with the recital of his success, he is at once abashed, by hearing, that his protection had only increased the boy's punishment. The natural and simple reflection of the boy, and the disappointment of Don Quixote, form a proper correction for those, who undertake the relief of others, when they can only add to their misfortunes.

From the unfortunate termination of all the adventures of Don Quixote, many have inferred, that Cervantes intended to write a satire on the Spanish nation only; and some authors have taken occasion to ridicule the gravity of the Spaniards, flattering themselves that they paint with colours from the pallet of Cervantes. But the truth is, that the spirit of Knight-errantry at that time invaded almost all Europe; and our Author is the more worthy of commendation, for having sacrificed the pride of his country to the desire of correcting this universal failing.

There were three causes, that principally gave rise to chivalry in Europe: the legislature of the

eastern nations, the nature of the feudal government, and the emulation excited by the crusades. All disputes were referred to single combat, for the regulation of which certain laws were enacted, wise perhaps in themselves, but absurdly applied to all trifling quarrels. In the time of feudal government, in those ages, when force alone was law, the redresser of wrongs might be a useful member of society. A Knight-errant was then considered as the defender of widows and of orphans, and the protector of all, who were unjustly persecuted. But Cervantes wrote in an age, when humanity was firmly established, when laws were enacted for the correction of disorders in a state, and magistrates were appointed to enforce their observance. Knight-errantry was then only productive of mischief, by overthrowing all legal authority, and tending to encourage confusion. Every one, who was noble and powerful, fancied himself entitled to bear arms; and even kings have thought it necessary to secure their good will, in order to ensure the safety of their thrones.

The distinctions and prerogatives of chivalry, induced many to follow the military profession, which in ages of comparative barbarism, when the mind is enlightened with hardly a ray of knowledge, is ever deemed the most, if not the only, honourable employment. Cervantes had sense enough to observe, that the reverence, paid to

Knight-errantry, arose from the monstrous and incredible histories of heroes, which were then not only universally read, but almost as universally believed; and the advantages, obtained by the superiority of highly tempered and well-wrought arms, made the vulgar believe them to be the result of enchantment. His object, therefore, was to do away this idea, and, by rendering such histories and romances ridiculous, to destroy their estimation. The spirit of chivalry, not content with attributing the performance of wonderful deeds to its chimerical heroes, has introduced some of its favourite fictions into history, and so disfigured the actions of Spanish commanders, as to make the accounts of their valour more absurd than commendable. For instance, Moses Diego de Valera relates, that while the Cid, who returned to refresh himself with sleep on the day of his daughter's nuptials, was reposing, a lion jumped into the hall and alarmed them all. He awaking, called them all cowards, and immediately bound the lion. Cervantes, probably, had this story in view, when he related the adventure of the lions, in which, as in others, he ridiculed the absurd tales of chivalry, that could only be admired by fools and imitated by madmen.

These excesses, which prevailed as late as the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries almost all over Europe, and the extravagant and bombastic accounts given of them, were the first object of

the moral of the Quixote ; and Cervantes endeavoured to repress this rage for them by satire. It would be tedious to point out every instance, in which he has indulged his favourite object. A few remarks, however, may better enable the reader to discern the force of his wit : for example ; the act of regarding as sacred the arms of a Knight, which none other but a Knight dared to touch, is well ridiculed in the adventure of the muleteers going to water their beasts ; and in the madness of Don Quixote, who insisted, that the damsels, that tied on his sword, should henceforth be styled “ Donna :” the extravagance of the Knight in extorting a confession from some men, who were passing, that the beauty of Dulcinea, though they had never seen her, or even knew who she was, surpassed that of all others ; and also the curious menaces, used by him on the road to Saragossa, to all, who did not choose to allow, that the nymphs, who inhabited those woods and fields, were more beautiful and courteous than all others, except the lady of his soul. It might be supposed, that such ideas existed only in the imagination of a poet, yet some old histories afford us examples of such folly. The famous Fernando del Pulgar, in his account of Spanish heroes, gives several instances of Knights, who attacked all that would fight with them, merely to obtain fame.

From such originals Cervantes copied the ri-

diculous menaces of Don Quixote, in which he preserved their character, yet exposed the folly of those, who used them. It is from passages such as these, that many have ventured to assert, that the design of the Quixote is to destroy all ideas of true honour, and to extinguish the martial ardour, which characterized the Spanish nation. But Cervantes, who had passed his life in the true school of honour, and who, glorying in his wounds, said, that a soldier dead in the field of battle, looked better than alive and at liberty by flight, well knew, that true honour is nourished by reason; and, that he does not merit the name of an hero, who does not guide his actions by the principles of justice.

As it was supposed, that no Knight could be a true hero without having one enchanter for his friend, and another for his enemy, who had adopted some other Knight, Cervantes did not omit this circumstance; and introduced the learned Freston to persecute Don Quixote. He it was, as the Knight supposed, who carried him away in the enchanted boat, and prevented the accomplishment of that adventure.

Cervantes, being also sensible of the ill effects, arising to young women from reading books of chivalry, by giving them flattering pictures of love and gallantry, and creating by it that passion, which, from the mode of education in Spain, too frequently gave rise to misfortunes, that ter-

## LIFE OF CERVANTES.

minated only with their lives, endeavoured to counteract that pernicious tendency by introducing love-tales in his work, all of which may easily be perceived to have that object in view. In Don Quixote's attachment to Dulcinea, our Author ridicules the common idea that every Knight should be in love; for Don Quixote had no other reason for his passion but custom, which he thought it necessary to follow, as he shows in his conversation with Vivaldo. It was then, also, usually supposed, that any one, who was in love, ought in justice to expect a return: the consequences of this erroneous principle are admirably displayed in the love of Chrysostom for Marcella, and her answer. The histories of chivalry constantly created ideas of the most romantic nature in the female breast, and encouraged them to the most desperate actions; of this we have an example in Lucinda, who had hidden a dagger to kill herself on the night of her marriage with Don Fernando; and another in Dorothea, who went in search of the same Fernando to revenge herself of his inconstancy. Both these damsels are said to have read many books of chivalry, and to have had their minds filled with the most romantic notions.

Cervantes does not confine himself to the extravagances of Knight-errantry alone; his satire is directed to the vices of mankind in general, and no station in life is passed over, where an



opportunity offers either to reprehend its follies, or commend its virtues.

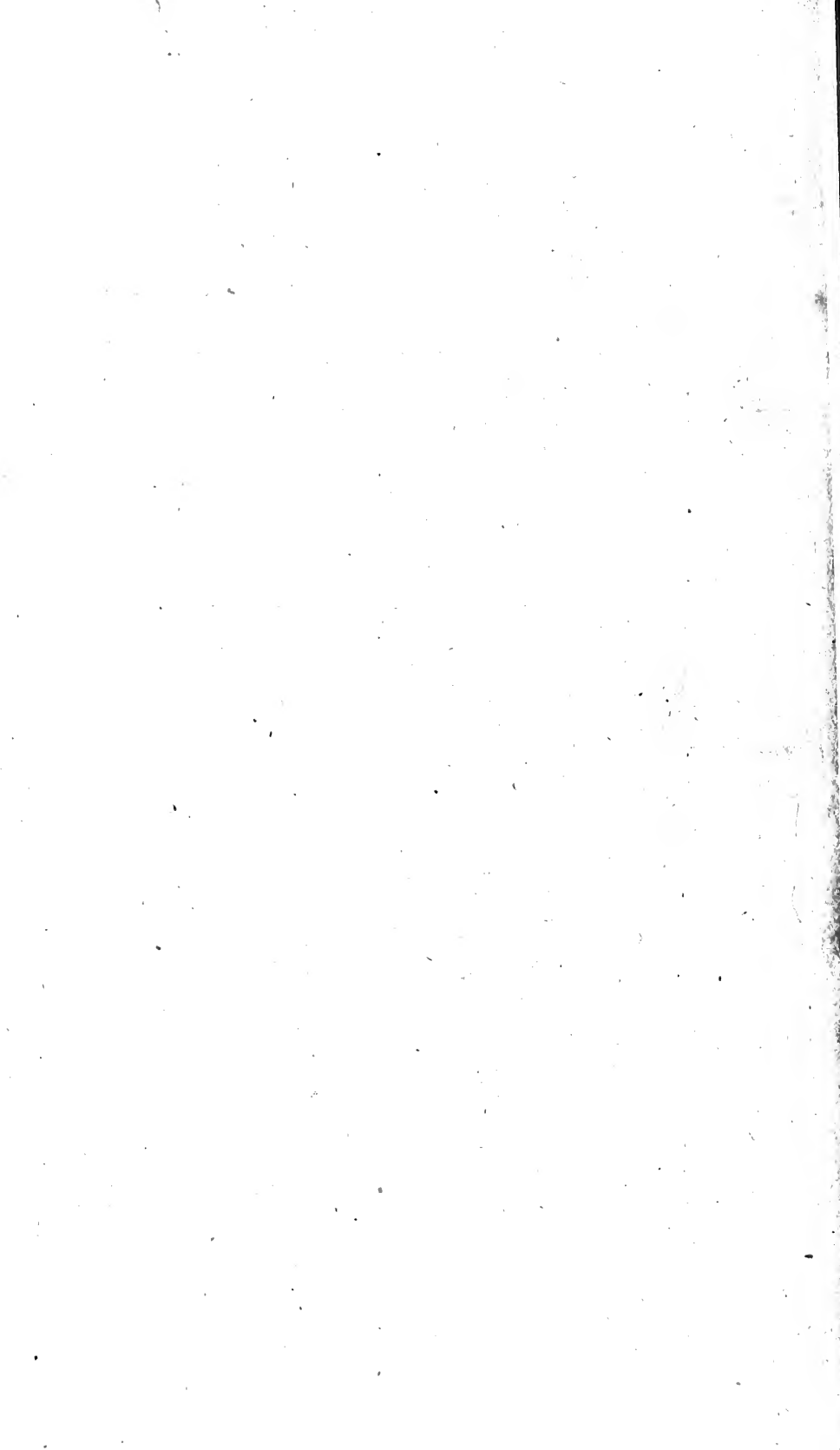
In the adventure of the prophetic monkey, our Author shows the absurdity of the custom, at that time so prevalent, of placing any faith in augury. The story, that Don Quixote relates of one, who foretold the colour of some puppies, which a bitch was to produce, is a pleasant satire on that kind of divination, and on the ignorance of those, who gave credit to it.

From the extreme ignorance, as well as superstition, of the common people at that period, those, who had any influence over them, easily made them believe, that science was a gift from Heaven. The friars, consequently, monopolized this acquisition, and it was supposed, that none but an ecclesiastic could be the author of any literary production. This is well satirized in the romance, that Antonio sung of his love to Olalia, which had been written by an ecclesiastic, his uncle. The few, who then wrote verses, were led away by a bad taste, and sought more to surprise by tricks and difficulties, than to please by good poetry. The precepts, which Don Quixote gives in his conversation with Don Diego and his son, are excellent; and in the acrostic on the name of Dulcinea, which he asks of the Bachelor, our Author exposes the prevailing bad taste of such compositions.

But if, after all, any one takes up the Quixote,

with an expectation of finding a perfect work, he will be disappointed. It contains many faults, though none of material consequence; and most of them are the faults of the age, in which Cervantes wrote. What is most prominent is the great want of exactness both as to time and geography; and this, probably, arose rather from haste and inattention than from ignorance. These will be more fully noticed in the chronological plan, which is added to this. The human mind is incapable of attaining perfection; and even the pride of our nation, the immortal Shakespear, was not free from faults, which perhaps only serve as foils, and add a greater lustre to his beauties. Let us then be equally candid in our judgment of his contemporary, who may not unjustly, for originality of invention, and greatness and utility of design, be compared with the Father of Poetry. It is indeed singular, that many of the personal circumstances, which history has preserved relating to Homer, bear a marked correspondence with those, that are known of Cervantes. Both were but little esteemed by their country, were poor and neglected during their lives, though they were afterwards the objects of the admiration and applause of the learned, in all ages, countries, and nations. Seven powerful cities disputed the honour of having been the cradle of Homer, and six towns of Spain have endeavoured to obtain a right to the title of the

birth-place of Cervantes. Both possessed talents of the first rank, born to enlighten mankind, and to establish an empire in the republic of letters. Each drew his invention from the treasury of that fancy, with which nature had endowed him; and Homer, soaring almost above the actions of mortals, depicted men with all the majesty of deities, all the greatness of heroes, and all the riches of the universe. Cervantes, less enterprising, or more circumspect, contented himself with giving faithful portraits of the frailties and follies of mankind, with a view to their improvement: drawing his information from the bottom of the human heart, which he likewise adorns with all the graces, that could render it improving and amiable. In Homer all is sublimity, in Cervantes all nature. Each is, in his line, great, excellent, and inimitable; although, in the latter quality, the enlogium of Velleius Paterculus is more adapted to Cervantes than to Homer: for, in fact, this Spaniard did not deign to imitate any original, nor has any one appeared since, who can imitate him.



CHRONOLOGICAL PLAN  
OF  
DON QUIXOTE.

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PART I.

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FIRST SALLY.

CHAPTER II. and III. Don Quixote sallied forth early on one of the hottest mornings of July into the field of Montiel. Having travelled the whole day, he arrived towards evening at an inn, where he received the order of Knighthood.

Chap. IV. and V. He left this inn early the next morning, as an armed Knight ; and met with the merchants of Toledo, who left him stretched on the ground thoroughly beaten, where he was found by Pedro Alonzo, his neighbour, who carried him home. They arrived there in the evening.

SECOND SALLY.

Chap. VI. and VII. On the next day the examination of Don Quixote's library took place. He slept the whole of that day, and remained in

his bed two more. At the expiration of this period he got up, but remained quiet in his house fifteen days. During this time he solicited Sancho Panza to serve him as squire; and they sallied forth together one night over the same field of Montiel, and by the same road, which Don Quixote had before taken.—According to this reckoning there were twenty days between the first and second sally.

Chap. VIII. On the twenty-first day the adventure of the windmills happened; after which they followed the road to the pass of Lapice. That night was passed in a little wood; and on the twenty-second day, at three in the afternoon, they discovered the pass, where the adventure of the Benedictine monks, and of the Biscainer, happened.

Chap. IX. to XII. In this the battle with the Biscainer ended; and Sancho and his master retired into a wood. Don Quixote dressed his wounded ear; they ate a late and hasty meal; and not having time to reach the town, they remained in the hut of some goatherds, who related to Don Quixote the story of Chrysostom.

Chap. XIII. to XV. On the twenty-third day Don Quixote left the hut of the goatherds, and went to the place of the interment of Chrysostom, at whose burial he was present. This being finished, he went, accompanied by Sancho, to

seek the shepherdess Marcella in the mountain, where she had hidden herself. Having wandered about it for more than two hours without finding her, they came to a field, where they alighted from their horses, intending to take their afternoon nap, or *siesta*; they were, however, prevented by the unfortunate adventure of the Yangueses, or carriers. After this they arrived in the evening at the famous enchanted inn, which Don Quixote imagined to be a castle.

- Chap. XVI. to XXI. They passed that night in the inn, where occurred the adventure of the muleteer and Maritornes, the affair of the holy Brotherhood and the balsam of Fierabras. The next day, which was the twenty-fourth, Sancho was tossed in a blanket in the same inn. Soon after they left it Don Quixote fought with the two flocks of sheep, and in the evening of the same day the adventure of the funeral, and of the fulling-mills, took place, the latter of which was not concluded till early the next morning, namely, the twenty-fifth; and in that he obtained the helmet of Mambrino.

- Chap. XXII. and XXIII. In the same day Don Quixote liberated the galley-slaves; and after this adventure he and Sancho entered the Sierra Morena, or Sable Mountain, where they passed the night. The following day, they found the portmanteau, and met Cardenio on the same mountain.

Chap. XXIV. to XXXII. On the twenty-sixth, after the quarrel with Cardenio, Don Quixote determined to remain and do penance, while he sent Sancho with the letter to Dulcinea, and the order for delivering the three ass-colts. This order was dated on the 22d of August in that year. Hence it may be inferred, as this was the twenty-sixth day since Don Quixote's first sally, that he first left his house on the 28th of July. On the following day, namely, the 23d of August, and the twenty-seventh of the action, at mid-day, Sancho arrived at the inn, where he met the Curate and the Barber, who made him turn back to seek his master. The next day, about three in the afternoon, the Curate, Sancho, and the Barber, arrived at the entrance into that chain of mountains, called the Sierra Morena. Sancho proceeded to discover the place, where he had left the Knight performing penance, and the Curate and Barber remained behind, waiting for him. In the mean time they met with Cardenio and Dorothea, who related their long history. By the time this was concluded, Sancho returned, and said, that his master did not choose to leave the place where he was; which obliged them all to go to him, and having gone about three quarters of a league, between two rocks they discovered Don Quixote, who, having heard the entreaties of Dorothea, set off with the whole company to a small fountain, where they alighted. All



this took place the same evening : and Cervantes, forgetting this, says, that they ate at this fountain, and after their meal resumed their journey. He also makes the Curate say, that from the foot of the mountain to the inn was two leagues, which by no means agrees with their being on the road all that evening and the whole of the following morning, the 25th of August and twenty-ninth day of the action, when they arrived at the inn ; and the Curate and Barber having taken the same time to go with Sancho from the inn to the entrance of the mountain, it must consequently have been more than two leagues.

Chap. XXXIII. to XLIII. On the same day Lucinda and Don Fernando arrived at the inn, by which the episode of Cardenio and Dorothea was brought to a fortunate issue. After this the Captive and Zoraida arrived ; then came the Judge, who was the Captive's brother, with his daughter Donna Clara.

Chap. XLIV. to XLVII. On the 26th of August, and the thirtieth day of the action, the servants of Don Louis, who followed Donna Clara, under the disguise of a muleteer, arrived at the inn. Then follows the history of Don Louis and the servants, the quarrel between Sancho and the Barber about the saddle, that of the holy Brotherhood with Don Quixote, of the latter with Sancho, because he spoke ill of the Princess Micomicona. On the following morning the

pretended enchantment of Don Quixote took place, and his departure from the inn in the cart drawn by oxen.

Chap. XLVIII. to LII. During their first day's journey Don Quixote and his party were met by the Canon of Toledo, with whom he had several conversations. To this succeeded the arrival of the goatherd and the adventure of the disciplinants. This being finished, Don Quixote, with the Curate and Barber, set out on the road to their village. On the middle of the sixth day, which was on a Sunday, they entered it: that is, according to this reckoning, on the thirty-seventh of the action, and the 2d of September.

## SUMMARY.

	Days.
Don Quixote sallies forth on the 28th of July,	
and returns to his house on the 29th	2
He remains at home eighteen days, that is,	
till the 16th of August —	18
Sallies forth a second time with Sancho, and	
employs seventeen days, when he returns	
on the 2d of September —	17
	—
Total	37

## PART II. VOL. III.

## THIRD SALLY.

Chap. I. to VII. Don Quixote remained quiet in his house about a month. This brings the time, when Don Quixote and Sancho again sallied forth, to the 3d of October. It was on the evening of that day, when he took the road towards Toboso.

Chap. VIII. They passed that night and the following day on their journey without meeting with any adventure. On the 5th they remained till near midnight among some oaks on the side of a mountain near Toboso, which they then entered.

Chap. IX. to XI. The enchantment of Dulcinea took place on the 6th, after which they journeyed towards Saragossa. On the close of this day they met the players, who said they had performed the piece called "The Cortes," or *Parliament of Death*, that morning, which was the octave of Corpus Christi. Cervantes is here guilty of an error in chronology, by making the octave of Corpus Christi happen in October. He is equally wrong in his geography, by saying that Don Quixote and Sancho, after leaving Toboso, took the road to Saragossa; because every adventure, that happened to Don Quixote after this,

till he arrived at the lakes of Ruydera, took place on the south of Toboso, while Saragossa is in quite a contrary direction, as will be seen in the Itinerary marked on the map from No. 17 to 22. This error is repeated also in Chap. XIV. of this part.

Chap. XII. to XIV. In the evening of the 6th of October the Knight of the Mirrors arrived, when the two Knights and their squires conversed together. Don Quixote related to the Knight, that Dulcinea had two days before been transformed by enchanter to a country wench. On the morning of the 7th Don Quixote conquered the Knight of the Mirrors. He then with Sancho proceeded on his journey to Saragossa.

Chap. XV. to XIX. He met Don Diego de Miranda on the same day, and soon after the adventure with the lions took place; after which they went to Don Diego's house, where Don Quixote and Sancho remained four days. This brings it to the middle of the 11th of October, and on that evening they arrived at the village of Camacho.

Chap. XX. to XXIII. On the 12th of October they were at the wedding of Camacho, and remained with Basilius and Quiteria till the 15th. On the 16th Don Quixote, with Sancho and the cousin of the student, set off for the cave of Montesinos, where they arrived on the 17th, at two in the afternoon. They immediately let

down Don Quixote into the cave, who, when he came out, related what he saw there.

Chap. XXIV. to XXVIII. From hence they returned to the road, where they met the boy with the halberds, and the page, who was going to enlist as a soldier : and at night they arrived at the inn, where the adventure of the puppet-show happened. The next morning the Knight and his squire left the inn, and pursued their journey for two days without any remarkable occurrence ; when on the 20th of October they arrived at the village of Bray, where the adventure took place, in which Sancho was thrashed and Don Quixote stoned. Sancho thought this a sufficient inducement to leave his master, and the latter settled the account of his wages with him on that day ; saying, that it was twenty-five days since they left their village. Now this is an error ; because, having left it on the 3d of October, it was only seventeen days. Don Quixote also says, that two months had hardly passed in their different sallies. This is true ; thirty-six being only the number of days ; the remainder having been spent in his house.

Chap. XXIX. Two days after, that is, on the 22d of October, Don Quixote arrived at the Ebro, where he met with the adventure of the enchanted bark. Cervantes is here guilty of a great geographical error. The distance from the inn, where the puppet-show was, which in the map is No. 23, to the river Ebro and the ad-

venture of the enchanted bark, No. 25, being divided into five days journey, makes fourteen leagues for Rozinante to travel in each day ; a thing impossible either for him, or Sancho's Dapple.

Chap. XXX. to XXXIII. On the 23d, at sunset, Don Quixote met with the Duke and Dutchess, who took him to their palace, where he was received with all the form and ceremony of a Knight-errant. Here too Cervantes is inaccurate ; for he first makes the Knight arrive at sunset, and then immediately sets him down to dinner at mid-day, and makes him take his *siesta*, or afternoon nap. He states it, also, to be summer, when, in fact, it was the 23d of October.

Chap. XXXIV. and XXXV. Six days from this was the time, when the hunting party, with which the Duke complimented Don Quixote, took place, namely, the 29th October, though Cervantes calls it the middle of summer.

Chap. XXXVI. to XLI. The following day, after dinner, was the adventure of Trifaldi, and at night that of Clavileno, or the flying horse. Sancho also now wrote a letter to his wife Teresa, dated 20th July 1614. This is a palpable anachronism, according to the chronology established by Cervantes in the first part ; it was, in fact, the 30th of October ; and as that part was printed in 1605, the date ought, at least, to have been as early as 1604, to make it at all probable.

Chap. XLII. and XLIII. These adventures being finished the same night, on the following day the Duke ordered Sancho to prepare for assuming the government of his island on the next day, when Don Quixote gave him his advice as to the manner, in which he should conduct himself. This was the 1st of November.

Chap. XLIV. Immediately after this Cervantes makes Sancho set off on the 31st of October, without assigning any cause for it, although the Duke had before fixed the following day.

Chap. XLV. On the 1st of November Sancho arrives, and takes possession of his government. He immediately delivered his famous judgment on the prostitute, and that on the old man, who had hidden the ten crowns in the hollow of his cane, and that of the cap-maker.

Chap. XLVI. On the same day that Sancho took possession of his government, the Dutchess sent a page with his letter to Teresa, and Don Quixote also spoke with Altisidora; whence arose the romance she sung to him at eleven o'clock the same night. After this the adventure of the cats happened, in consequence of which Don Quixote kept his bed five days; that is, till the 6th of November inclusive.

Chap. XLVII. Sancho dined in public on the day of his arrival, and whilst at dinner he received the Duke's letter, dated the 16th August. Here are two anachronisms: first against the chrono-

logy of his fable, since, according to that, it should have been the 31st of October; and the second respecting the date of Sancho's letter to his wife, as that, which was written only on the day before the Duke's, was dated the 20th of July.

Chap. XLVIII. Cervantes says in Chap. XLVI. that in consequence of the adventure of the cats, Don Quixote was confined five days to his bed, that is, till the 6th November. He now says, it was six days before he appeared in public, namely, to the 7th. One night during this time Donna Rodriguez visited Don Quixote, and was whipped by the Dutchess and Altisidora.

Chap. XLIX. On the 1st of November Sancho supped by permission of the physician, Pedro Rezio. After supper he went the rounds, and in two days the tragical termination of his government took place.

Chap. L. In this chapter Cervantes details the embassy, which the Dutchess sent to Teresa Panza by a page, who not only carried her husband's letter and his dress, but also a letter from the Dutchess and a string of rich coral. There is clearly an improbability here, because in Chap. XLVI. Cervantes had before sent off the page with Sancho's letter and dress only. Here is also a geographical error; for the page goes to Don Quixote's village, remains there almost a day, and returns with the answer in six days. This is impossible, as the village was near Toboso, in



la Mancha, and the Duke's palace on the banks of the Ebro in Arragon.

Chap. LI. In the evening of the 2d November, Sancho made some regulations for the government of his island ; and on the same night the steward arranged every thing for him to leave it.

Chap. LII. Don Quixote was now quite recovered from the wounds of the cats, which had lasted him eight days ; and having received them on the 1st November, this must have been on the 9th. During the next day the page, who had been to Sancho's house, returned. This certainly cannot be correct, because the distance from the banks of the Ebro to Argamasilla de Alba and back, is too great to be traversed in so short a time. On the same day, namely, the 10th, Don Quixote challenged the defamer of Donna Rodriguez's daughter. The Duke prepares a field for the combat, which is fixed to take place in six days. This would be the 16th of November.

Chap. LIII. On the night of the seventh day of Sancho's government, the pretended alarm was raised, with which he concluded his employment. He began it on the 1st of November, and on the 7th this adventure occurred. Throughout the whole of this story Cervantes is very incorrect : for in Chap. LI. he says that the second day of Sancho's government was that of its conclusion. Besides which, he takes no notice at all of what Sancho did the other five days. In the same

chapter he also says, that Sancho decamped early the next morning, on the 8th November. Hence it follows, that he held his government only seven days; and the steward tells him, he must give an account of the ten days he possessed it. This would make it the 11th.

Chap. LIV. The Duke informed Don Quixote, on the 12th November, that in four days the defamer of Donna Rodriguez's daughter would appear; and, on the same day, Sancho came to seek his master. Here is another contradiction.

Chap. LV. On the 13th Don Quixote discovered the entrance of the cavern, into which Sancho had fallen the preceding night, which, according to the true calculation, should have been the 4th of November, by that of Cervantes was the 9th, and by that of the steward the 12th; which was also further confirmed by Sancho. Here too Cervantes again says it was summer, when it ought to be November.

Chap. LVI. The 16th was the day fixed for the combat, but which Tosilos prevented by declaring his willingness to marry the daughter.

Chap. LVII. to LIX. Soon after Don Quixote takes his leave of the Duke and Dutchess. Cervantes, however, does not determine the precise day; but from the desire Don Quixote had of seeking fresh adventures, we may conclude it was not later than the 18th. On the following

morning he left the palace; and on that day happened the adventure of the saints, that of the shepherdesses, and that of the bulls. In the same evening he met with Don Jeronimo, and on the following morning, 20th November, he set out early for Barcelona.

Chap. LX. For six days, nothing remarkable occurred. They passed the night of the 26th in a small grove, where Sancho was frightened by the bodies of those, who were hung on the trees. At daybreak they were surprised by Roque Guinart and his band of robbers.

Chap. LXI. to LXIII. Don Quixote spent three days with the robbers, namely, to the 29th, which Cervantes pretends, contrary to truth, was the eve of St. John. On the 30th, at sunrise, they entered Barcelona, and on the same evening there was a ball at Don Antonio Moreno's, where Don Quixote was staying. They tried the experiment of the enchanted head on the 1st of December: Don Quixote also walked about the city, and saw the printing-office; and in the evening went to the galleys.

Chap. LXIV. On the 3d, the vessel went out that was to bring back Don Gregory from Argel. The galleys were five days sailing for the Levant; and on the 6th, Don Quixote met with the Knight of the White Moon, and was conquered by him.

Chap. LXV. In consequence of this combat Don Quixote remained in his bed six days. On the

12th Don Antonio came to acquaint him, that Don Gregory was arrived from Argel. On the 14th they consulted how Ricote and his daughter might remain in Spain. The next day Don Antonio and Don Gregory set off for Madrid; and on the 18th of December, Don Quixote and Sancho proceeded towards their native place. Though it was only two, Cervantes makes Sampson Carrasco say, it was three months, since Don Quixote overcame him.

Chap. LXVI. to LXIX. On the 24th they met Tosilos. They passed that night also in the open air, when they were trampled on by the herd of swine. The next day they were conveyed to the Duke's, where, on their arrival, the wonderful representation of Altisidora's resurrection took place.

Chap. LXX. to LXXII. After dinner, on the 26th December, Don Quixote again proceeded on his journey. That night Sancho began to whip himself; and the following they slept at the inn, where they met Don Alvaro Tarfe. They afterwards continued their journey, and on the night of the 28th, Sancho completed his whipping for the disenchantment of Dulcinea; and on the 29th they arrived at the destined spot.

Chap. LXXIII. and LXXIV. That day was passed in conversation with the Curate and the Bachelor, and also with the Housekeeper and Niece, whom Don Quixote requests to help him





to his bed, as he did not feel himself well. A fever continued upon him from the 30th of December to the 4th January. His senses returning the following day, he made his will, and died on the 8th.

## R E V I E W

OF THE

PLAN AND DURATION OF THE WHOLE FABLE.

AS Cervantes supposes his hero to be a modern one, and Don Quixote himself continually alludes to recent events, we must conclude him cotemporary with Cervantes. And the first part of the Quixote having been published in 1605, his first sally may be supposed to have happened in 1604. Upon this supposition the following computation is founded :

Don Quixote first sallies forth on the	Days.
28th July, and returns on the 29th, 1604	2
He remains at home 18 days	- - 18
He goes forth a second time on the 17th August, and returns on the 2d September	- 17
He remains in his house 31 days	- - 31
A third time he sallies forth, on the 3d October, at night, and returns on 29th December	- - - 87
He is confined by illness from the 30th December 1604, till the 8th January 1605, on which day he died	- - - 10
Total	<u>165</u>
Or 5 months and 12 days.	



## REFERENCES TO THE MAP,

POINTING OUT THE PARTICULAR SPOTS, WHERE THE  
SEVERAL ADVENTURES HAPPENED.



### FIRST SALLY OF DON QUIXOTE ALONE.

N<sup>o</sup>

1. THE inn, where he was knighted.
2. The adventure of the boy Andres.
3. The cross-roads, where Don Quixote was doubtful which to follow.
4. The adventure with the merchants of Toledo, from whence he was carried home by Pedro Alonzo.



### SECOND SALLY OF DON QUIXOTE, WITH SANCHE PANZA.

5. The adventure of the windmills.
6. The adventure of the monks and the Biscainer.
7. The wood, in which Don Quixote slept with the goat-herds, and the burial of Chrysostom.
8. The adventure with the Yangueses.
9. The inn, where Don Quixote prepared the balsam of Fierabras: and where Sancho was tossed in the blanket.

N<sup>o</sup>

10. The battle with the sheep.
11. The adventure of the dead body, whence Don Quixote took the name of the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure.
12. The adventure of the fulling-mills.
13. The battle with the barber, by which Don Quixote obtained the helmet of Mambrino.
14. The adventure of the galley-slaves.
15. The retreat into the Sable Mountain.
16. The spot in the same mountain, where Don Quixote did penance.

*Note.*—From this place they brought him to the inn, whence they carried him, as enchanted, back to his village.

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### THIRD SALLY.

17. The place where Don Quixote met the enchanted Dulcinea.
18. The adventure of the cart of the Parliament of Death.
19. The adventure with the Knight of the Wood.
20. Adventure with the lions, whence Don Quixote was called the Knight of the Lions.
21. The wedding of Camacho.
22. The lakes of Ruydera, and the cave of Montesinos.
23. The braying adventure.
24. The inn where the puppet-show was.
25. The adventure of the enchanted bark.
26. The adventure with the beautiful huntress.
27. The palace of the Duke.
28. The island of Barataria.

Nº

29. The place, where Sancho met the Moriscos on his return from his government.
30. The cave into which Sancho and his ass fell, on his return from his government.
31. The adventure with the nets, and the battle with the bulls.
32. The adventure with Roque Guinart and his troop.
33. The place, where Don Quixote fought with the Knight of the White Moon, and was conquered, in the plain of Barcelona.
34. The adventure of the hogs.
35. The place, where the Duke's servants met Don Quixote, and carried him to the palace, whence he returned to his village and died,



# DIRECTIONS

FOR

## PLACING THE PLATES AND MAP.



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THE  
AUTHOR'S  
P R E F A C E.

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YOU may believe me without an oath, gentle reader, that I wish this book, as the child of my brain, were the most beautiful, the most sprightly, and the most ingenious, that can be imagined. But I could not control the order of nature, whereby each thing engenders its like : and, therefore, what could my steril and uncultivated genius produce, but the history of a child, meagre, adust, and whimsical, full of various, wild imaginations never thought of before ; like one you may suppose born in a prison, where every inconvenience keeps its residence, and every dismal sound its habitation ! whereas repose of body, a desirable situation, unclouded skies, and, above all, a mind at ease, can make the most barren Muses fruitful, and produce such offsprings to the world, as fill it with wonder and content. It often falls out, that a parent has an ugly child, without any good quality ; and yet fatherly fondness claps such a bandage over his eyes, that he

cannot see its defects : on the contrary, he takes them for wit and pleasantry, and recounts them to his friends for smartness and humour. But I, though I seem to be the father, being really but the step-father of Don Quixote, will not go down with the stream of custom, nor beseech you, almost as it were with tears in my eyes, as others do, dearest reader, to pardon or dissemble the faults you shall discover in this my child. You are neither his kinsman nor friend; you have your soul in your body, and your will as free as the bravest of them all, and are as much lord and master of your own house, as the King of his subsidies, and know the common saying, *under my cloak a fig for the King*. All which exempts and frees you from every regard and obligation: and therefore you may say of this history whatever you think fit, without fear of being calumniated for the evil, or rewarded for the good you shall say of it.

Only I would give it you neat and naked, without the ornament of a preface, or the rabble and catalogue of the accustomed sonnets, epigrams, and encomiums, that are wont to be placed at the beginning of books. For, let me tell you, though it cost me some pains to write it, I reckoned none greater than the writing of this preface, you are now reading. I often took pen in hand, and as often laid it down, not knowing what to say: and once upon a time, being in

deep suspense, with the paper before me, the pen behind my ear, my elbow on the table, and my check on my hand, thinking what I should say, unexpectedly in came a friend of mine, a pleasant gentleman, and of a very good understanding; who seeing me so pensive, asked me the cause of my musing. Not willing to conceal it from him, I answered, that I was musing on what preface I should make to Don Quixote, and that I was so much at a stand about it, that I intended to make none at all, nor publish the achievements of that noble Knight. "For, would you have me not be concerned at what that ancient lawgiver, the vulgar, will say, when they see me, at the end of so many years, slept away in the silence of oblivion, appear, with all my years upon my back, with a legend as dry as a kex, empty of invention, the style flat, the conceits poor, and void of all learning and erudition; without quotations in the margin, or annotations at the end of the book; seeing that other books, though fabulous and profane, are so full of sentences of Aristotle, of Plato, and of all the tribe of philosophers, that the readers are in admiration, and take the authors of them for men of great reading, learning, and eloquence? For, when they cite the holy scriptures, they pass for so many St. Thomas's, and doctors of the church; observing herein a decorum so ingenious, that, in one line, they describe a raving lover, and in another give

you a little scrap of a Christian homily, that it is a delight, and a perfect treat, to hear or read it. All this my book is likely to want; for I have nothing to quote in the margin, nor to make notes on at the end; nor do I know what authors I have followed in it, to put them at the beginning, as all others do, by the letters, A, B, C, beginning with Aristotle, and ending at Xenophon, Zoilus, or Zeuxis; though the one was a railer, and the other a painter. My book will also want sonnets at the beginning, at least such sonnets, whose authors are dukes, marquises, earls, bishops, ladies, or celebrated poets: though, should I desire them of two or three obliging friends, I know they would furnish me, and with such, as those of greater reputation in our Spain could not equal. In short, my dear friend," continued I, "it is resolved, that Signor Don Quixote remain buried in the records of la Mancha, until Heaven sends somebody to supply him with such ornaments as he wants; for I find myself incapable of helping him, through my own insufficiency and want of learning; and because I am naturally too idle and lazy to hunt after authors, to say what I can say as well without them. Hence proceeds the suspense and thoughtfulness you found me in, sufficiently occasioned by what I have told you."

My friend, at hearing this, striking his forehead with the palm of his hand, and setting up a



loud laugh, said: "Before God, brother, I am now perfectly undeceived of a mistake I have been in ever since I knew you, still taking you for a discreet and prudent person in all your actions: but now I see you are as far from being so, as heaven is from earth. For how is it possible, that things of such little moment, and so easy to be remedied, can have the power to puzzle and confound a genius so ripe as yours, and so made to break through and trample upon greater difficulties? In faith, this does not spring from want of ability, but from an excessive laziness and penury of right reasoning. Will you see, whether what I say be true? Then listen attentively, and you shall perceive, that, in the twinkling of an eye, I will confound all your difficulties, and remedy all the defects, that, you say, suspend and deter you from introducing into the world, the history of this your famous Don Quixote, the light and mirror of all Knight-errantry."

"Say on," replied I, hearing what he said to me: "after what manner do you think to fill up the vacuity, made by my fear, and reduce the chaos of my confusion to clearness?" To which he answered: "The first thing you seem to stick at, concerning the sonnets, epigrams, and eulogies, that are wanting for the beginning, and should be the work of grave personages and people of quality, may be remedied by taking some pains

yourself to make them, and then baptizing them, giving them what names you please, fathering them on Prester John of the Indies, or on the Emperor of Trapisonda; of whom I have certain intelligence, that they are both famous poets: and though they were not such, and though some pedants and bachelors should backbite you, and murmur at this truth, value them not two farthings; for, though they should convict you of a lie, they cannot cut off the hand, that wrote it.

“As to citing in the margin the books and authors, from whom you collected the sentences and sayings, interspersed in your history, there is no more to do but to contrive it so, that some sentences and phrases may fall in pat, which you have by heart, or at least which will cost you very little trouble to find. As for example; treating of liberty and slavery:

‘Non bene pro toto libertas venditur auro.’

And then in the margin cite Horace, or whoever said it. If you are treating of the power of death, presently you have:

‘Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede  
Pauperum tabernas regumque turres.’

If of friendship and loving our enemies, as God enjoins, go to the holy scripture, if you have never so little curiosity, and set down God’s own words:

‘Ego autem dico vobis, Diligite inimicos vestros.’

If you are speaking of evil thoughts, bring in the gospel again :

‘ De corde exeunt cogitationes malæ.’

On the instability of friends, Cato will lend you his distich :

‘ Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos ;  
Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris.’

And so, with these scraps of Latin and the like, it is odds but people will take you for a great grammarian, which is a matter of no small honour and advantage in these days. As to clapping annotations at the end of the book, you may do it safely in this manner. If you name any giant in your book, see that it be the giant Goliath ; and with this alone (which will cost almost nothing), you have a grand annotation ; for you may put : *the giant Goliath, or Goliath, was a Philistine, whom the shepherd David slew with a great blow of a stone from a sling, in the valley of Terebinthus, as it is related in the book of Kings, in the chapter wherein you shall find it.*

“ Then, to show yourself a great humanist, and skilful in cosmography, let the river Tagus be introduced into the history, and you will gain another notable annotation, thus : *the river Tagus was so called from a certain King of Spain: it has its source in such a place, and is swallowed up in the ocean, first kissing the walls of the famous city of Lisbon: and some are of opinion, its sands are of*

*gold, &c.* If you have occasion to treat of robbers, I will tell you the story of Cacus, for I have it by heart. If you write of courtezans, there is the Bishop of Mondonedo will lend you a Larmia, Lais, and Flora, and this annotation must needs be very much to your credit. If you would tell of cruel women, Ovid will bring you acquainted with Medea. If enchanters and witches are your subject; Homer has a Calypso, and Virgil a Circe. If you would give us a history of valiant commanders; Julius Cæsar gives you himself in his Commentaries, and Plutarch will furnish you with a thousand Alexanders. If you treat of love, and have but two ounces of the Tuscan tongue, you will light on Leon Hebreo, who will give you enough of it. And if you care not to visit foreign parts, you have at home Fonseca, ‘Of the Love of God,’ where he describes all, that you, or the most ingenious persons, can imagine upon that fruitful subject. In short, there is no more to be done but naming these names, or hinting these stories in your book, and let me alone to settle the annotations and quotations; for I will warrant to fill the margins for you, and enrich the end of your book with half a dozen leaves into the bargain.

“We come now to the catalogue of authors, set down in other books, that is wanting in yours. The remedy whereof is very easy; for you have nothing to do, but to find a book, that has them

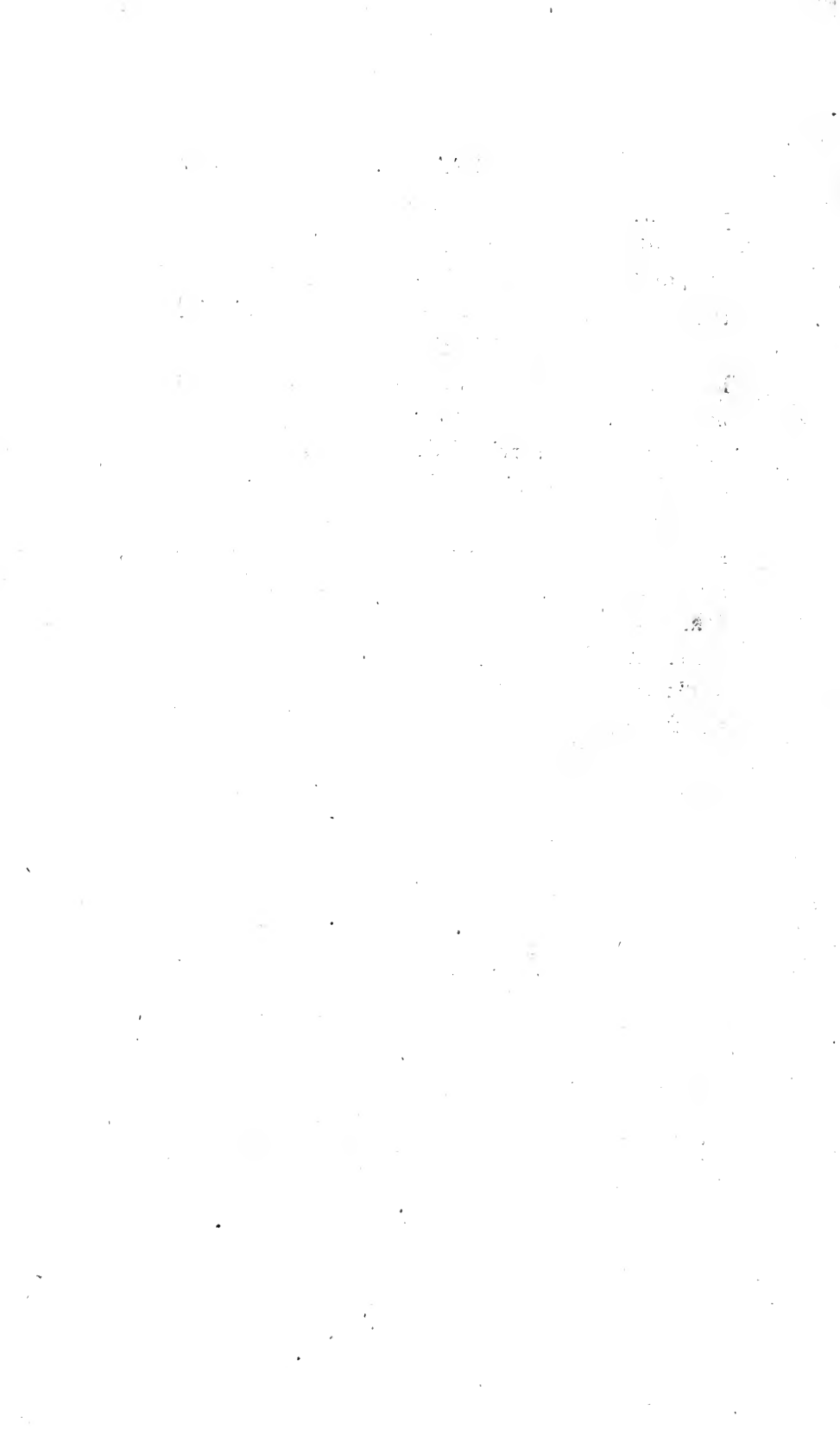
all, from A down to Z, as you say, and then transcribe that very alphabet into your work; and suppose the falsehood be ever so apparent, from the little need you have to make use of them, it signifies nothing; and, perhaps, some will be so foolish, as to believe you had occasion for them all in your simple and sincere history. But, though it served for nothing else, that long catalogue of authors will, however, at the first blush, give some authority to the book. And, who will go about to disprove, whether you followed them or no, since you can get nothing by it?

“After all, if I take the thing right, this book of yours has no need of these ornaments, you say it wants; for it is only an invective against the books of chivalry, which sort of books Aristotle never dreamed of, Saint Basil never mentioned, nor Cicero once heard of. Nor does the relation of its fabulous extravagances fall under the punctuality and preciseness of truth; nor do the observations of astrology come within its sphere: nor have the dimensions of geometry, or the rhetorical arguments of logic, any thing to do with it; nor has it any concern with preaching, mixing the human with the divine, a kind of mixture, which no Christian judgment should meddle with. All it has to do, is, to copy nature: imitation is the business, and how much the more perfect that is, so much the better what

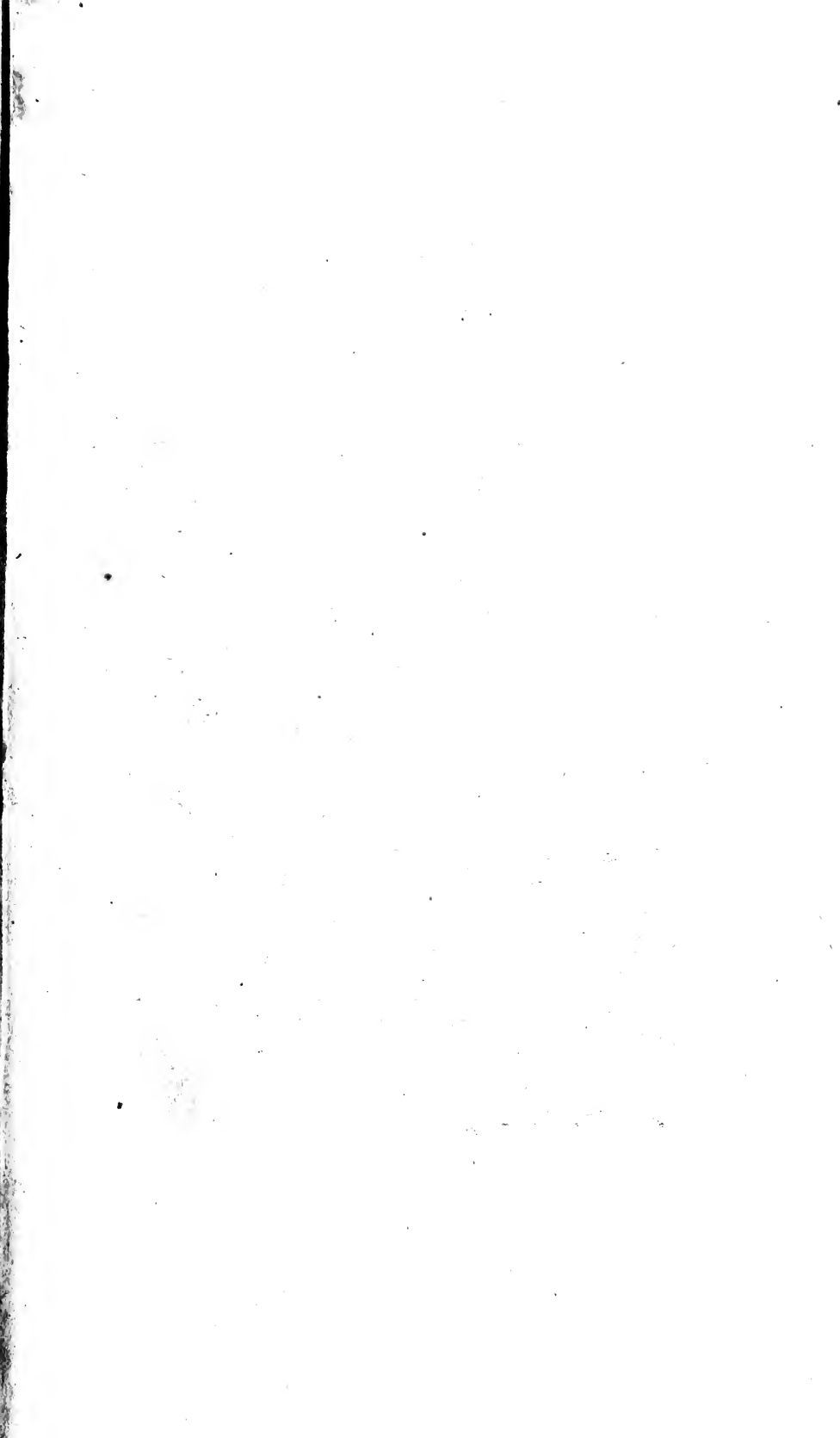
is written will be. And, since this writing of yours aims at no more than to destroy the authority and acceptance the books of chivalry have had in the world, and among the vulgar, you have no business to go begging sentences of philosophers, passages of holy writ, poetical fables, rhetorical orations, or miracles of saints; but only to endeavour, with plainness, and in significant, decent, and well-ordered words, to give your periods a pleasing and harmonious turn, expressing the design in all you advance, and as much as possible making your conceptions clearly understood, without being intricate or obscure. Endeavour also, that, by reading your history, the melancholy may be provoked to laugh; the gay humour be heightened, and the simple not tired; that the judicious may admire the invention, the grave not undervalue it, nor the wise forbear commending it. In conclusion, carry your aim steady to overthrow that ill-compiled machine of books of chivalry, abhorred by many, but applauded by more: and, if you carry this point, you gain a considerable one."

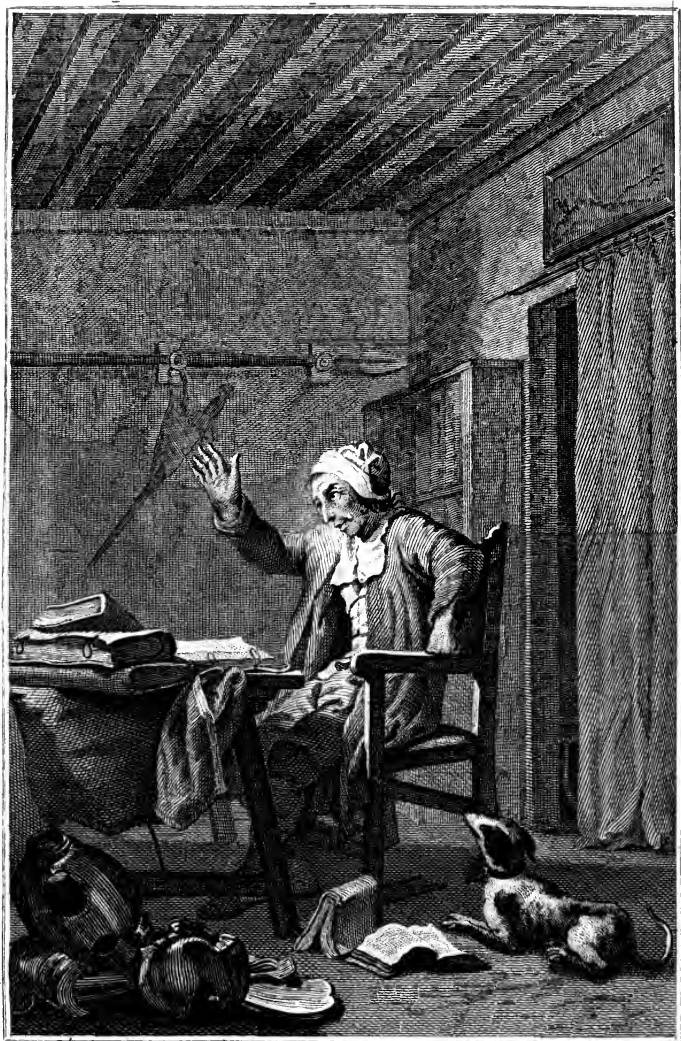
I listened with great silence to what my friend said to me, and his words made so strong an impression upon me, that I approved them without disputing, and out of them chose to compose this preface, wherein, sweet reader, you will discern the judgment of my friend, my own good hap in finding such a counsellor at such a pinch, and

your own case in receiving, in so sincere and unostentatious a manner, the history of the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha ; of whom it is clearly the opinion of all the inhabitants of the district of the field of Montiel, that he was the chastest lover, and the most valiant Knight, that has been seen in those parts for many years. I will not enhance the service I do you, in bringing you acquainted with so notable and so worthy a Knight ; but I beg the favour of some small acknowledgment for the acquaintance of the famous Sancho Panza, his squire, in whom I think I have deciphered all the squirelike graces, that are scattered up and down in the whole rabble of books of chivalry. And so, God give you health, not forgetting me. Farewell.









Byrne sc.

*Don Quixote in his Study.*

THE  
LIFE AND EXPLOITS  
OF THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN  
DON QUIXOTE  
DE LA MANCHA.

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PART I.

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CHAP. I.

WHICH TREATS OF THE QUALITY AND MANNER OF  
LIFE OF THE RENOWNED GENTLEMAN DON QUIXOTE  
DE LA MANCHA.

IN a village of La Mancha, the name of which I purposely omit, there lived, not long ago, one of those gentlemen, who usually keep a lance upon a rack, an old target, a lean horse, and a greyhound for coursing. A dish of boiled meat consisting of somewhat more beef than mutton, the fragments served up cold on most nights, an omlet on Saturdays, lentils on Fridays, and a small pigeon, by way of addition, on Sundays, consumed three fourths of his income. The rest was laid out in a surtout of fine black cloth, a pair of velvet breeches for holydays, with slippers of

the same; and on week-days he prided himself in the very best of his own home-spun cloth. His family consisted of an Housekeeper somewhat above forty, a Niece not quite twenty, and a lad for the field and the market, who both saddled the horse and handled the pruning-hook. The age of our gentleman bordered upon fifty years. He was of a robust constitution, spare-bodied, of a meagre visage, a very early riser, and a keen sportsman. It is said, that his surname was Quixada, or Quesada, for in this there is some difference among the authors, who have written upon this subject; though by probable conjectures it may be gathered, that he was called Quixana<sup>1</sup>. But this is of little importance to our story: let it suffice, that in relating we do not swerve a jot from the truth.

You must know then, that this Gentleman, at times when he was idle, which was most part of the year, gave himself up to the reading of books of chivalry, with so much attachment and relish, that he almost forgot all the sports of the field, and even the management of his domestic affairs: and his curiosity and extravagant fondness herein arrived to such a pitch, that he sold many acres of arable land to purchase books of Knight-errantry, and carried home all he could lay hands on of that kind. But, among them all, none pleased him so much as those composed by the famous Feliciano de Silva; for

the gaudiness of his prose, and the intricacy of his style, seemed to him so many pearls; and especially when he came to peruse those love-speeches, and challenges, wherein in several places he found written: "The reason of the unreasonable treatment of my reason enfeebles my reason in such a manner, that with reason I complain of your beauty:" and also when he read; "The high heavens, that with your divinity divinely fortify you with the stars, making you meritorious of the merit, merited by your greatness." With this kind of language the poor Gentleman lost his wits, and distracted himself to comprehend and unravel their meaning; which was more than Aristotle himself could do, were he to rise again from the dead for that purpose alone. He had some doubts as to the dreadful wounds, which Don Belianis gave and received; for he imagined, that, notwithstanding the most expert surgeons had cured him, his face and whole body must still be full of seams and scars. Nevertheless he commended in his author the concluding his book with a promise of that unfinishable adventure: and he often had it in his thoughts to take pen in hand, and finish it himself, precisely as it is there promised: which he had, certainly, performed, and successfully too, if other greater and continual cogitations had not diverted him.

He had frequent disputes with the Priest<sup>2</sup> of his village, who was a learned person, and had

taken his degrees in Ciguenza, which of the two was the better Knight, Palmerin of England or Amadis de Gaul. But master Nicholas, Barber-Surgeon of the same town, affirmed, that none ever came up to the Knight of the Sun; and, if any one could be compared to him, it was Don Galaor, brother of Amadis de Gaul; for he was of a disposition fit for every thing, no finical gentleman, nor such a whimperer as his brother; and, as to courage, he was by no means inferior to him. In short, he so bewildered himself in this kind of study, that he passed the nights in reading, from sun-set to sun-rise, and the days, from sun-rise to sun-set; and thus, through little sleep and much reading, his brain was dried up in such a manner, that he came at last to lose his wits. His imagination was full of all, that he read in his books; namely, enchantments, battles, single combats, challenges, wounds, courtships, amours, tempests, and impossible absurdities. And so firmly was he persuaded, that the whole system of chimeras, he read of, was true, that, he thought, no history in the world was more to be depended upon. The Cid Ruydiaz<sup>3</sup>, he was wont to say, was a very good Knight, but not comparable to the Knight of the Burning-Sword, who, with a single back-stroke, cleft asunder two fierce and monstrous giants. He was better pleased with Bernardo del Carpio for putting Orlando the Enchanted to death in Roncesvalles, by means of the same

stratagem, which Hercules used, when he suffocated Anteus, son of the Earth, by squeezing him between his arms. He spoke mightily well of the giant Morgante; for though he was of that monstrous brood, who are always proud and insolent, he alone was affable and well-bred. But above all, he was charmed with Reynaldo de Montalvan, especially when he saw him sallying out of his castle and plundering all he met; and when abroad he seized that image of Mahomet, which was all of massive gold, as his history records. He would have given his Housekeeper, and Niece to boot, for a fair opportunity of handsomely kicking the traitor Galalon <sup>4</sup>.

In fine, having quite lost his wits, he fell into one of the strangest conceits, that ever entered into the head of any mad-man; which was, that he thought it expedient and necessary, as well for the advancement of his own reputation, as for the public good, that he should commence Knight-errant, and wander through the world, with his horse and arms, in quest of adventures; and to put in practice whatever he had read to have been practised by Knights-errant; redressing all kind of grievances, and exposing himself to danger on all occasions; that by accomplishing such enterprises he might acquire eternal fame and renown. The poor Gentleman already imagined himself at least crowned Emperor of Trapisonda by the valour of his arm: and thus wrapt up in these agreeable

delusions, and hurried on by the strange pleasure he took in them, he hastened to put in execution, what he so much desired.

And the first thing, he did, was, to scour up a suit of armour, which had been his great-great-grandfather's, and, being mouldy and rust-eaten, had lain by, many long years, forgotten in a corner. These he cleaned and furbished up the best he could: but he perceived they had one grand defect, which was, that, instead of a helmet, they had only a simple morion, or steel cap; but he dexterously supplied this want by contriving a sort of vizor of pasteboard, which, being fixed to the head-piece, gave it the appearance of a complete helmet. It is true, indeed, that, to try its strength, and whether it was proof against a cut, he drew his sword, and, giving it two strokes, undid in an instant, what he had been a week in doing. But not altogether approving of his having broken it to pieces with so much ease, to secure himself from the like danger for the future, he made it over again, fencing it with small bars of iron within in such a manner, that he rested satisfied of its strength; and without caring to make a fresh experiment on it, he approved and looked upon it as a most excellent helmet.

The next thing, he did, was, to visit his steed; and though his bones stuck out like the corners of a real<sup>s</sup>, and he had more faults, than Gonela's horse, which "tantum pellis & ossa fuit," he



fancied, that neither Alexander's Bucephalus, nor Cyd's Babieca, was equal to him. Four days was he considering what name to give him: for (as he said within himself) it was not fit, that a horse so good, and appertaining to a Knight so famous, should be without some name of eminence; and, therefore, he studied to accommodate him with one, which should express what he had been, before he belonged to a Knight-errant, and what he actually now was; for it seemed highly reasonable, if his master changed his state, he likewise should change his name, and acquire one famous and high-sounding, as became the new order, and the new way of life he now professed. And so, after sundry names devised and rejected, liked and disliked again, he concluded at last to call him Rozinante<sup>e</sup>; a name, in his opinion, lofty and sonorous, and at the same time expressive of what he had been, when he was but a common steed, and before he had acquired his present superiority over all the steeds in the world.

Having given his horse a name so much to his satisfaction, he resolved to give himself one. This consideration took him up eight days more; and at length he determined to call himself Don Quixote, from whence, as is said, the Authors of this most true History conclude, that his name was certainly Quixada, and not Quesada, as others would have it. But recollecting that the valorous

Amadis, not content with the simple appellation of Amadis, added thereto the name of his kingdom and native country, in order to render it famous, and styled himself Amadis de Gaul ; so he, like a good Knight, did, in like manner, call himself Don Quixote de la Mancha ; whereby, in his opinion, he set forth in a very lively manner his lineage and country, and did it due honour by taking his surname from thence.

And now, his armour being furbished up, the morion converted into a perfect helmet, and both his steed and himself new-named, he persuaded himself, that he wanted nothing, but to make choice of some lady to be in love with : for a Knight-errant without a mistress was a tree without leaves or fruit, and a body without a soul. " If," said he, " for the punishment of my sins, or through my good fortune, I should chance to meet some giant, as is usual with Knights-errant, and should overthrow him in fight, or cleave him asunder, or in fine vanquish and force him to yield, will it not be proper to have some lady to send him to, as a present ; that, when he comes before her, he may kneel to her sweet Ladyship, and, with humble and submissive tone, accost her thus : " Madam, I am the Giant Caraculiambro, Lord of the island Malindrania, whom the never enough to be praised Don Quixote de la Mancha has overcome in single combat, and has commanded to present myself before your Lady-

ship, that your Grandeur may dispose of me as you think proper." Oh! how did our good Gentleman exult, when he had made this harangue, and, especially, when he had found out a person, on whom to confer the title of his mistress; which, it is believed, happened thus. Near the place, where he lived, there dwelt a very comely country lass, with whom he had formerly been in love; though, as it is supposed, she never knew it, nor troubled herself about it. Her name was Aldonza Lorenzo; and her he pitched upon to be the lady of his thoughts: then, casting about for a name, which should have some affinity with her own, and yet incline towards that of a great lady or princess, he resolved to call her Dulcinea del Toboso, for she was born at that place: a name, to his thinking, harmonious, uncommon, and significant, like the rest he had devised for himself, and for all, that belonged to him.



## CHAP. II.

*Buelzka*  
WHICH TREATS OF THE FIRST SALLY THE INGENIOUS  
DON QUIXOTE MADE FROM HIS VILLAGE.

NOW these dispositions being made, he would no longer defer putting his design in execution; being the more strongly excited thereto by the mischief, he thought his delay occasioned in the

world; such and so many were the grievances, he proposed to redress; the wrongs, he intended to rectify; the exorbitancies, to correct; the abuses, to reform; and the debts, to discharge. And, therefore, without making any one privy to his design, or being seen by any body, one morning before day, which was one of the hottest of the month of July, he armed himself cap-a-pee, mounted Rozinante, adjusted his ill-composed beaver, braced on his target, grasped his lance, and issued forth into the fields from a private door of his back yard, with the greatest satisfaction and joy, to find with how much ease he had given a beginning to his honourable enterprise. But scarce was he got into the plain, when a terrible thought assaulted him, and such as had well nigh made him abandon his new undertaking; for it came into his remembrance, that he was not dubbed a Knight, and that, according to the laws of chivalry, he neither could, nor ought, to enter the lists against any Knight: and though he had been dubbed, still he must wear white armour, as a new Knight, without any device on his shield, until he had acquired one by his prowess. These reflections staggered his resolution; but his frenzy prevailing above any reason whatever, he purposed to get himself knighted by the first person he should meet, in imitation of many others, who had done the like, as he had read in the books, which had occasioned his madness. As to the

white armour, he proposed to scour his own, the first opportunity, in such sort, that it should be whiter than ermine : and herewith quieting his mind, he went on his way, following no other road, than what his horse pleased to take ; believing that therein consisted the life and spirit of adventures.

Thus our flaming adventurer jogged on, talking to himself, and saying : “ Who doubts, but that, in future times, when the faithful history of my famous exploits shall come to light, the sage, who writes them, when he gives a relation of this my first sally, so early in the morning, will do it in words like these : ‘ Scarce had ruddy Phœbus spread the golden tresses of his beauteous hair over the face of the wide and spacious earth, and scarce had the painted birds, with the sweet and mellifluous harmony of their forked tongues, saluted the approach of rosy Aurora, who, quitting the soft couch of her jealous husband, disclosed herself to mortals through the gates and balconies of the Manchegan horizon ; when the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, abandoning the lazy down, mounted his famous courser Rozinante, and began to travel through the ancient and noted field of Montiel ; ’ ” and, true it is, that was the very field ; and passing along it, he continued saying ; “ Happy times, and happy age, in which my famous exploits shall come to light, worthy to be engraved in brass, carved in

marble, and drawn in picture, for a monument to all posterity ! O thou sage Enchanter, whoever thou art, to whose lot it shall fall to be the chronicler of this wonderful history, I beseech thee not to forget my good Rozinante, the inseparable companion of all my travels and excursions." Then on a sudden, as one really enamoured, he went on, saying ; " O Princess Dulcinea ! Mistress of this captive heart ! great injury hast thou done me in discarding and disgracing me by thy rigorous decree, forbidding me to appear in the presence of thy beauty. Vouchsafe, Lady, to remember this thine intralld heart, that endures so many afflictions for love of thee."

Thus he went on, stringing one extravagance upon another, in the style his books had taught him, and imitating, as near as he could, their very phrase. He travelled on so leisurely, and the sun advanced so fast, and with such intense heat, that it was sufficient to have melted his brains, if he had had any. He travelled almost that whole day, without meeting with any thing, worth relating, which disheartened him much ; for he wanted, immediately, to have encountered somebody to make trial of the force of his valiant arm.

Some authors say, his first adventure was that of the straits of Lapice ; others pretend, it was that of the windmills. But what I have been able to discover of this matter, and what I have found written in the annals of La Mancha, is, that

he travelled all that day, and, toward the fall of night, his horse and he found themselves tired, and almost dead with hunger ; and looking round about to see, if he could discover some castle, or shepherd's cottage, to which he might retire, and relieve his extreme necessity, he perceived, not far from the road, an inn ; which was as if he had seen a star directing him to the porticos, or palaces, of his redemption. He made all the haste he could, and came up to it, just as the day shut in. There chanced to stand at the door two young women, ladies of pleasure, as they are called, who were going to Seville with certain carriers, who happened to take up their lodging at the inn that night. And as whatever our adventurer thought, saw, or imagined, seemed to him to be done and transacted in the manner, he had read of ; immediately, at sight of the inn, he fancied it to be a castle, with four turrets and battlements of refulgent silver, together with its drawbridge, deep moat, and all the appurtenances, with which such castles are usually described. As he was making up to the inn, which he took for a castle, at some little distance from it, he checked Rozinante by the bridle, expecting some dwarf to appear on the battlements, and give notice, by sound of trumpet, of the arrival of a Knight at the castle. But finding they delayed, and that Rozinante pressed to get to the stable, he drew near to the inn door, and saw there the

two strolling wenches, who seemed to him to be two beautiful damsels, or graceful ladies, who were taking their pleasure at the castle-gate.

It happened, that a swineherd, getting together his hogs (for, without apology, so they are called) from the stubble-field, wound his horn, at which signal they are wont to assemble; and, at that instant, Don Quixote's imagination represented to him, what he wished; namely, that some dwarf gave the signal of his arrival; and therefore, with wondrous content, he came up to the inn, and to the ladies, who, perceiving a man armed in that manner with lance and buckler, were frightened, and began to run into the house. But Don Quixote, guessing at their fear by their flight, lifted up his pasteboard vizor, and discovering his withered and dusty visage, with courteous demeanour and grave voice, thus accosted them: "Fly not, Ladies, nor fear any discourtesy; for the order of Knighthood, which I profess, permits me not to offer injury to any one, much less to virgins of such high rank, as your presence denotes." The wenches stared at him, and with all the eyes they had were looking to find his face, which the scurvy beaver almost covered. But when they heard themselves styled virgins, a thing so out of the way of their profession, they could not contain their laughter, and in so violent a manner, that Don Quixote began to grow angry, and said to them; "Modesty



well becomes the fair, and nothing is so foolish as excessive laughter, proceeding from a slight occasion : but I do not say this to disoblige you, or to cause you to discover any ill disposition towards me ; for mine is no other, than to do you service." This language, which they did not understand, and the uncouth mien of our Knight, increased their laughter, and his wrath : and things would have gone much farther, had not the innkeeper come out at that instant (a man, who, by being very bulky, was inclined to be very peaceable), who, beholding such an odd figure all in armour, the pieces of which were so ill sorted, as were the bridle, lance, buckler, and corselet, could scarce forbear keeping the damsels company in the demonstrations of their mirth. But, being in some fear of a pageant equipped in so warlike a manner, he resolved to speak him fair, and therefore accosted him thus : " If your Worship, Signor Cavalier, is in quest of a lodging, bating a bed, for in this inn there is none to be had, every thing else will be found here in great abundance." Don Quixote, perceiving the humility of the governor of the fortress, for such to him appeared the innkeeper and the inn, answered ; " Any thing will serve me, Signor Castellano, for arms are my ornaments, and fighting my repose." The host thought he called him Castellano because he took him for an honest Castilian<sup>7</sup>, whereas he was an Andalusian, and

of the coast of Saint Lucar, as arrant a thief as Cacus, and as sharp and unlucky as a collegian or a court-page; and therefore he replied: "If it be so, your Worship's beds are hard rocks, and your sleep the being always awake; and since it is so, you may venture to alight, being sure of finding in this poor hut sufficient cause for not sleeping a whole twelvemonth, much more one single night." And so saying, he went and held Don Quixote's stirrup, who alighted with much difficulty and pains; for he had not broken his fast all that day. He, presently, requested of the host to take especial care of his steed, for he was the best piece of horse-flesh, that ever ate bread in the world. The innkeeper viewed him, but did not think him so good, as Don Quixote represented him to be, no, not by half; and having set him up in the stable, he returned to see, what his guest would be pleased to order; whom the damsels were unarming, for they were already reconciled to him; and though they had taken off the back and breast-pieces, they could not find out how to unlace his gorget, or take off the counterfeit beaver, which he had fastened in such a manner with green ribands, that, there being no possibility of untying them, they must of necessity be cut; which he would by no means consent to, and so he remained all that night with his helmet on, and was the strangest and most ridiculous figure imaginable.

Whilst the girls were taking off his armour, imagining them to be persons of the first quality, and ladies of that castle, he said to them with great gajety :

“ Was never Cavalier victorious,  
By courteous Dames so kindly treated,  
Serv'd with more lib'ral gifts, and larger,  
Than Quixote, happy Don, and glorious :  
High Maids of Honour on him waited,  
Princesses strove to tend his charger.

O Rozinante ! for that, dear Ladies, is my horse's name, and Don Quixote de la Mancha is my own ; for though I was not willing to discover myself, until the exploits, done for your service and benefit, should discover me, the necessity of accommodating the old romance of Sir Lancelot to our present purpose has been the occasion of your knowing my name before the proper season : but the time will come, when your Ladyships may command, and I obey : and the valour of my arm shall manifest the desire, I have to serve you.” The lasses, who were not accustomed to such rhetorical flourishes, answered not a word, but only asked, whether he would be pleased to eat any thing. “ With all my heart,” answered Don Quixote ; “ any thing eatable would, I apprehend, come very seasonably.” That day happened to be Friday, and there was nothing to be had in the inn, excepting a parcel of dried fish, which in Castile they call Abadexo, in Andalusia

Baccalao, in some parts Curadillo, and in others Truchuela. They asked him, whether he would be pleased to eat some Truchuelas, for they had no other fish to offer him. "So there be many troutlings," answered Don Quixote, "they may serve me instead of one trout; for I would as willingly be paid eight single reals, as one real of eight: and the rather, because, perhaps, these troutlings are like veal, which is preferable to beef, or like kid, which is better than the goat. But, be that as it will, let it come quickly; for the toil and weight of arms cannot be supported without supplying the belly well." They laid the cloth at the door of the inn for the sake of the fresh breeze; and the landlord brought him some of the ill-watered and worse-boiled Baccalao, and a loaf of bread, as black and mouldy as his armour: but it was matter of great laughter to see him eat; for, having his helmet on, and the beaver up, he could not put any thing into his mouth with his own hands, but somebody must do it for him; and so one of the foresaid ladies performed this office. But to give him to drink was utterly impossible, if the host had not bored a reed, and putting one end into his mouth, poured in the wine leisurely at the other: and all this he suffered patiently, rather than cut the lacings of his helmet.

In the mean time, there came to the inn a sow-gelder, who, as soon as he arrived, sounded his

whistle of reeds four or five times; which entirely confirmed Don Quixote in the thought, that he was in some famous castle, that they served him with music, and that the poor jacks were trouts, the coarse loaf the finest white bread, the wenches ladies, and the host governor of the castle; and so he concluded his resolution to be well taken, and his sally attended with success. But what gave him the most disturbance was, that he was not yet dubbed a Knight; thinking he could not lawfully undertake any adventure, until he had first received the order of Knighthood.

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### CHAP. III.

IN WHICH IS RELATED THE PLEASANT METHOD DON QUIXOTE TOOK TO BE DUBBED A KNIGHT.

AND now, being disturbed with this thought, he made an abrupt end of his short supper; which done, he called the landlord, and, shutting himself up with him in the stable, he fell upon his knees before him, and said: "I will never rise from this place, valourous Knight, until your courtesy vouchsafes me a boon, I mean to beg of you; which will redound to your own honour, and to the benefit of human kind." The host, seeing his guest at his feet, and hearing such expressions, stood confounded, gazing at him, and not knowing what to say; he then strove to raise him from the ground, but in vain,

until he had promised to grant him the boon he requested<sup>8</sup>. “ I expected no less, Sir, from your great magnificence,” answered Don Quixote; “ and therefore know, that the boon I would request, and has been vouchsafed me by your liberality, is, that you shall to-morrow morning dub me a Knight; and this night in the chapel of your castle I will watch my armour: and to-morrow, as I have said, what I so earnestly desire shall be accomplished; that I may be duly qualified to wander through the four quarters of the world, in quest of adventures, for the relief of the distressed, as is the duty of chivalry, and of Knights-errant, whose hearts, like mine, are strongly bent on such achievements.”

The host, who, as we have said, was an arch fellow, and had already entertained some suspicions of the madness of his guest, was now, at hearing such expressions, thoroughly convinced of it; and, that he might have something to make sport with that night, he resolved to keep up the humour; and said to him, that he was certainly very much in the right in what he desired and requested; and that such achievements were peculiar and natural to cavaliers of such prime quality, as he seemed to be of, and as his gallant deportment did demonstrate: that he himself, in the days of his youth, had betaken himself to that honourable employ, wandering through divers parts of the world in search of ad-

ventures, not omitting to visit<sup>9</sup> the suburbs of Malaga, the isles of Riaran, the compass of Seville, the aqueduct-market of Segovia, the olive-yard of Valentia, the Rondilla of Granada, the coast of Saint Lucar, the fountain of Cordova<sup>10</sup>, the hedge-taverns of Toledo, and sundry other parts, where he had exercised the agility of his feet and dexterity of his hands; doing sundry wrongs, soliciting sundry widows, undoing some damsels, and bubbling several young heirs; in short, making himself known to most of the tribunals and courts of judicature in Spain; and that, at last, he had retired to this castle, where he lived upon his own means and other people's, entertaining all Knights-errant, of whatever quality or condition they were, merely for the great love he bore them, and that they might share their gettings with him in requital for his good-will. He further told him, there was no chapel in his castle, in which to watch his armour, for it had been pulled down in order to be rebuilt: however, in cases of necessity, he knew it might be watched wherever he pleased, and that he might do it that night in a court of the castle; and the next day, if it pleased God, the requisite ceremonies should be performed, in such manner that he should be dubbed a Knight, and so effectually knighted, that no one in the world could be more so. He asked him also, whether he had any money about him? Don Quixote replied, he

had not a farthing, having never read in the histories of Knights-errant, that they carried any. To this the host replied, he was under a mistake ; for, supposing it was not mentioned in the story, the authors thinking it superfluous to specify a thing so plain, and so indispensably necessary to be carried, as money and clean shirts, it was not therefore to be inferred, that they had none ; and therefore he might be assured, that all the Knights-errant, of whose actions there are such authentic histories, did carry their purses well lined for whatever might befall them, and that they carried also shirts, and a little box of ointment to heal the wounds they might receive, because there was not always one at hand to cure them in the fields and deserts, where they fought, unless they had some sage enchanter for their friend, to assist them immediately, bringing some damsel or dwarf in a cloud through the air, with a phial of water of such virtue, that, in tasting a drop of it, they should instantly become as sound and whole of their bruises and wounds, as if they had never been hurt : but that so long as they wanted this advantage, the Knights-errant of times past never failed to have their squires provided with money, and other necessary things, such as lint and salves, to cure themselves with : and when it happened, that the said Knights had no squires, which fell out very rarely, they carried all these things behind them upon their horses, in a very small



wallet, hardly visible, as if it were something of greater importance; for were it not upon such an account, this carrying of wallets was not currently admitted among Knights-errant: therefore he advised him, though he might command him as his godson, which he was to be very soon, that, from thenceforward, he should not travel without money, and without the aforesaid precautions; and he would find how useful they would be to him, when he least expected it. Don Quixote promised to follow his advice with all punctuality; and now order was presently given for performing the watch of the armour, in a large yard adjoining to the inn; and Don Quixote, gathering all the pieces of it together, laid them upon a cistern, that stood close to a well: and bracing on his buckler, and grasping his lance, with a solemn pace, he began to walk backward and forward before the cistern, beginning his parade, just as the day shut in.

The host acquainted all, that were in the inn, with the frenzy of his guest, the watching of his armour, and the knighting he expected. They all wondered at so odd a kind of madness, and went out to observe him at a distance; and they perceived, that, with a composed air, he sometime continued his walk; at other times, leaning upon his lance, he looked wistfully at his armour, without taking off his eyes for a long time together. It was now quite night; but the moon

shone with such a lustre, as might almost vie with his, who lent it; so that whatever our new Knight did was distinctly seen by all the spectators.

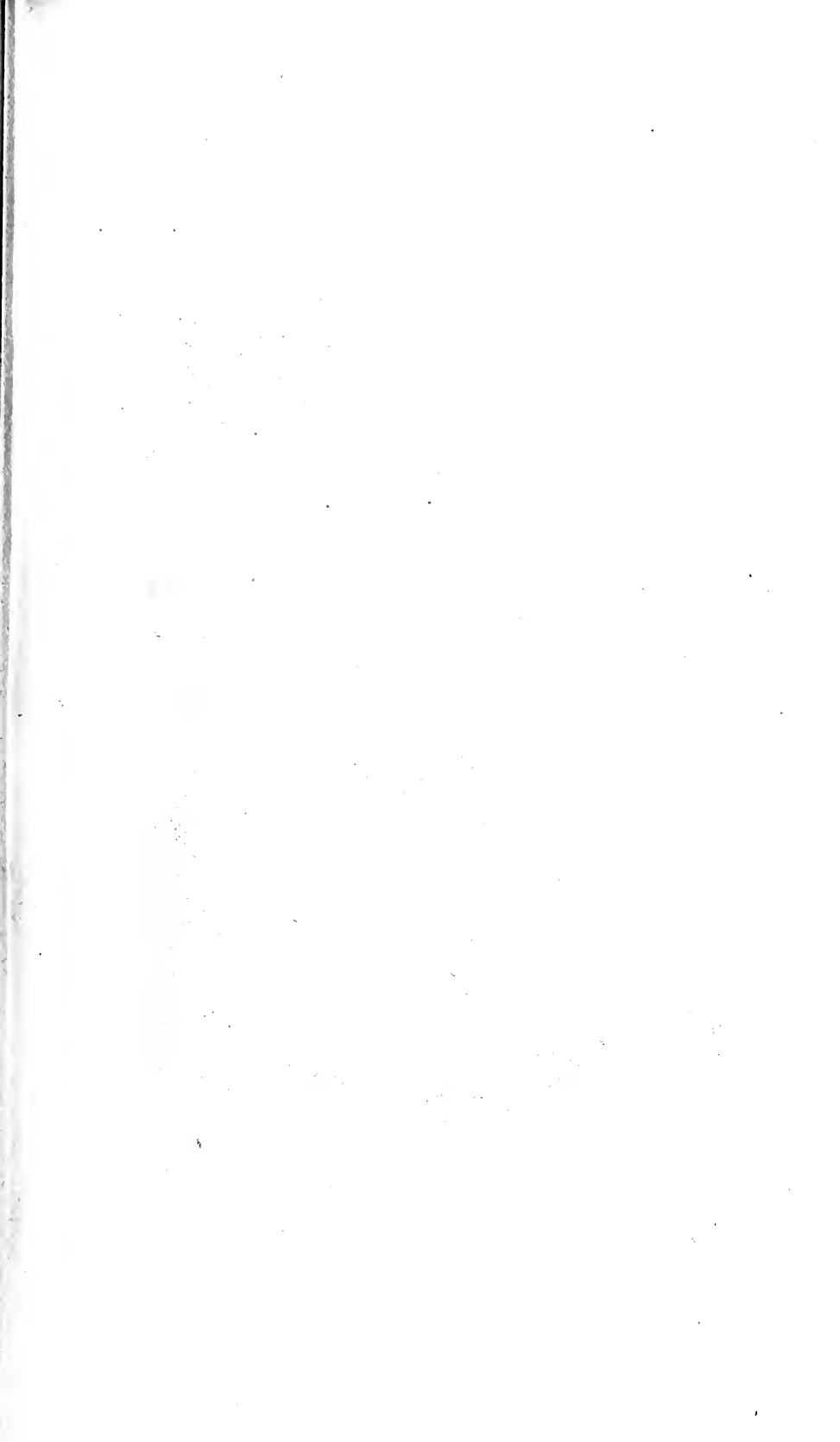
While he was thus employed, one of the carriers, who inned there, had a mind to water his mules, and it was necessary first to remove Don Quixote's armour from off the cistern; who, seeing him approach, called to him with a loud voice: "Ho, there, whoever thou art, rash Knight, that approachest to touch the arms of the most valorous adventurer, that ever girded sword, take heed what thou doest, and touch them not, unless thou wouldst leave thy life a forfeit for thy temerity." The carrier troubled not his head with these speeches, though it had been better for him, if he had, for he might have saved his carcase; but, instead of that, taking hold of the straps, he tossed the armour a good distance from him; which Don Quixote perceiving, he lifted up his eyes to Heaven, and fixing his thoughts, as it seemed, on his mistress Dulcinea, he said: "Assist me, dear Lady, in this first affront, offered to this breast, intralled to thee; let not thy favour and protection fail me in this first moment of danger." And uttering these and the like ejaculations, he let slip his target, and lifting up his lance with both hands, gave the carrier such a blow on the head, that he laid him flat on the ground, in such piteous plight, that, had he seconded his blow, there would have been no need

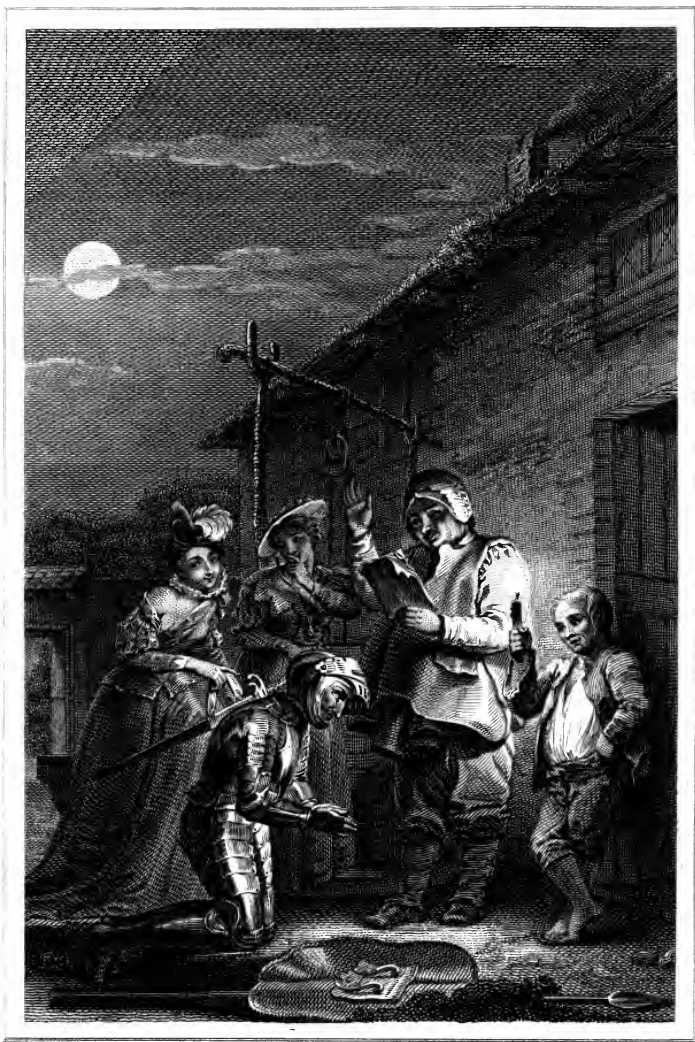
of a surgeon. This done, he gathered up his armour, and walked backward and forward with the same gravity as at first.

Soon after, another carrier, not knowing what had happened, for still the first lay stunned, came out with the same intention of watering his mules; and as he was going to clear the cistern, by removing the armour, Don Quixote, without speaking a word, or imploring any body's protection, again let slip his target, and, lifting up his lance, broke the second carrier's head in three or four places. All the people of the inn ran together at the noise, and the innkeeper among the rest: which Don Quixote perceiving, he braced on his target, and, laying his hand on his sword, he said: "O Queen of Beauty, the strength and vigour of my enfeebled heart, now is the time to turn the eyes of thy greatness towards this thy captive Knight, whom so prodigious an adventure at this instant awaits." Hereby, in his opinion, he recovered so much courage, that, if all the carriers in the world had attacked him, he would not have retreated an inch. The comrades of those, that were wounded, for they now perceived them in that condition, began to let fly a shower of stones at Don Quixote; who sheltered himself, the best he could, under his shield, and was afraid of stirring from the cistern, lest he should seem to abandon his armour. The host cried out to them to let him alone, for he had already

told them he was mad, and that he would be acquitted as a madman, though he should kill them all. Don Quixote also cried out louder, calling them cowards and traitors, and the Lord of the castle a poltroon and a base-born Knight, for suffering Knights-errant to be treated in that manner; and that, if he had received the order of knighthood, he would make him smart for his treachery: "But for you, rascally and base scoundrels," said he, "I do not value you a straw: draw near, come on, and do your worst; you shall quickly see the reward, you are likely to receive, of your folly and insolence." This he uttered with so much vehemence and resolution, that he struck a terrible dread into the hearts of the assailants; and, for this reason, together with the landlord's persuasions, they forbore throwing any more stones; and he permitted the wounded to be carried off, and returned to the watch of his armour with the same tranquillity and sedateness as before.

The host did not relish these pranks of his guest, and therefore determined to put an end to them by giving him the unlucky order of Knighthood out of hand, before any farther mischief should ensue; and so, coming up to him, he begged pardon for the rudeness those vulgar people had been guilty of, without his knowing any thing of the matter; however, he said, they had been sufficiently chastised for their rashness. He





*Nagle sculp.*

*Don Quixote knighted by the Inn-keeper.*

repeated to him, that there was no chapel in that castle, neither was it necessary for what remained to be done; for the whole stress of being dubbed a Knight lay in the blows on the neck and shoulders, as he had learned from the ceremonial of the order; and that it might be effectually performed in the middle of a field: that he had already discharged all, that belonged to the watching of the armour, which was sufficiently performed in two hours; and much more, since he had been above four about it. All which Don Quixote believed, and said, he was there ready to obey him; and desired him to finish the business with the utmost dispatch, because, if he should be assaulted again, and found himself dubbed a Knight, he was resolved not to leave a soul alive in the castle, except those, he should command him to spare for his sake. The constable, thus warned, and apprehensive of what might be the event of this resolution, presently brought the book, in which he entered the accounts of the straw and barley he furnished to the carriers; and with the two above-said damsels, and a boy carrying an end of candle before them, he came, where Don Quixote was, whom he commanded to kneel; and reading in his manual, as if he had been saying some devout prayer, in the midst of the reading he lifted up his hand, and gave him a good blow on the nape of the neck, and after that, with his own sword, a handsome thwack on the

shoulder, still muttering between his teeth, as if he was praying. This done, he ordered one of the ladies to gird on his sword, which she did with the most obliging freedom, and discretion too, of which not a little was needful to keep them from bursting with laughter, at every period of the ceremonies; but, indeed, the exploits, they had already seen our new Knight perform, kept their mirth within bounds. At girding on the sword, the good Lady said: "God make you a fortunate Knight, and give you success in battle." Don Quixote asked her name, that he might know from thenceforward, to whom he was indebted for the favour received; for he intended her a share of the honour, he should acquire by the valour of his arm. She replied, with much humility, that she was called La Tolosa, and was a cobbler's daughter of Toledo, who lived at the little shops of Sanchobienaya; and, wherever she was, she would serve and honour him as her lord. Don Quixote then desired her, for his sake, thenceforward to add to her name the Don, and to call herself Donna Tolosa; which she promised to do. The other buckled on his spurs; with whom he held almost the same kind of dialogue, as he had done with her companion: he asked her name also, and she said, she was called La Molinera, and was daughter of an honest miller of Antequera. Don Quixote entreated her also to add the Don, and call herself Donna Moli-



nera, making her fresh offers of service and thanks.

Thus the never-till-then-seen ceremonies being hastily dispatched, Don Quixote, who was impatient to see himself on horseback, and sallying out in quest of adventures, immediately saddled Rozinante, and, embracing his host, mounted; and at parting said such strange things to him, acknowledging the favour of dubbing him a Knight, that it is impossible to express them. The host, to get him the sooner out of the inn, returned his compliments with no less flourishes, though in fewer words, and, without demanding any thing for his lodging, wished him a good journey.

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#### CHAP. IV.

OF WHAT BEFEL OUR KNIGHT AFTER HE HAD SALLIED  
OUT FROM THE INN.

**I**T was about break of day, when Don Quixote issued forth from the inn, so satisfied, so gay, so blithe, to see himself knighted, that the joy thereof almost burst his horse's girths. But recollecting the advice of his host, concerning the necessary provisions for his undertaking, especially the articles of money and clean shirts, he resolved to return home, and furnish himself accordingly, and also provide himself with a squire: purpos-

ing to take into his service a certain country fellow of the neighbourhood, who was poor, and had children, yet was very fit for the squirely office of chivalry. With this thought, he turned Rozinante towards his village; who, as it were, knowing what his master would be at, began to put on with so much alacrity, that he hardly seemed to set his feet to the ground. He had not gone far, when, on his right hand, from a thicket hard by, he fancied, he heard a weak voice, as of a person complaining. And scarcely had he heard it, when he said; "I thank Heaven for the favour it does me, in laying before me so early an opportunity of complying with the duty of my profession, and of reaping the fruit of my honourable desires. These are, doubtless, the cries of some distressed person, who stands in need of my protection and assistance." And turning the reins, he put Rozinante forward toward the place, from whence, he thought the voice proceeded. And he had entered but a few paces into the wood, when he saw a mare tied to an oak, and a lad to another, naked from the waist upwards, about fifteen years of age, who was the person, that cried out; and not without cause, for a lusty country fellow was laying him on very severely with a belt, and accompanied every lash with a reprimand and a word of advice: for said he, "The tongue slow and the eyes quick." The boy answered, "I will do so no more, dear

Sir ; by the passion of God, I will never do so again ; and I promise for the future to take more care of the flock."

Now Don Quixote, seeing what passed, said in an angry tone : " Discourteous Knight, it ill becomes thee to meddle with one, who is not able to defend himself ; get upon thy horse, and take thy lance," for he had also a lance leaning against the oak, to which the mare was fastened ; " for I'll make thee know, that it is cowardly to do what thou art doing." The countryman, seeing such a figure coming towards him, armed from head to foot, and brandishing his lance at his face, gave himself up for a dead man, and with good words answered : " Signor Cavalier, this lad, whom I am chastising, is a servant of mine ; I employ him to tend a flock of sheep, which I have hereabouts, and he is so careless, that I lose one every day ; and because I correct him for his negligence, or roguery, he says I do it out of covetousness, and for an excuse not to pay him his wages ; but, before God, and on my conscience, he lies !"—" Lies, in my presence ! pitiful rascal," said Don Quixote ; " by the sun that shines upon us, I have a good mind to run thee through and through with this lance : pay him immediately without further reply ; if not, by that God who rules us, I will dispatch and annihilate thee in a moment ! Untie him presently." The countryman hung down his head, and, without reply-

ing a word, untied his boy. Don Quixote asked the lad, how much his master owed him; who answered, "Nine months wages, at seven reals<sup>12</sup> a month." Don Quixote computed it, and found, that it amounted to sixty-three reals; and he bade the countryman instantly disburse them, otherwise he must expect to die for it. The fellow in a fright answered, that on the word of a dying man, and upon the oath he had taken, though by the way he had taken no oath, it was not so much; for he must deduct the price of three pair of shoes, he had given him upon account, and a real for two blood-lettings, when he was not well. "All this is very right," said Don Quixote: "but set the shoes and the blood-lettings against the stripes you have given him undeservedly; for if he tore the leather of the shoes you paid for, you have torn his skin; and if the barber-surgeon drew blood from him, when he was sick, you have drawn blood from him, when he is well; so that upon these accounts he owes you nothing."—"The mischief is, Signor Cavalier," quoth the Countryman, "that I have no money about me; but let Andres go home with me, and I will pay him all, real by real."—"I go with him!" said the lad; "the devil a bit: no, Sir, I design no such thing; for when he has me alone, he will flay me like any Saint Bartholomew<sup>13</sup>."—"He will not do so," replied Don Quixote; "it is sufficient to keep him in awe,

that I lay my commands upon him ; and upon condition he swears to me, by the order of Knighthood, which he has received, I will let him go free, and will be bound for the payment.”—“ Take heed, good Sir, what you say,” quoth the boy ; “ for my master is no Knight, nor ever received any order of Knighthood : he is John Aldudo the Rich, of the neighbourhood of Quintanar.”—“ That is little to the purpose,” answered Don Quixote ; “ there may be Knights of the family of the Aldudos, and the rather, since every man is the son of his own works.”—“ That’s true,” quoth Andres ; “ but what works is my master the son of, who refuses me the wages of my sweat and labour ?” —“ I do not refuse thee, friend Andres,” replied the countryman ; “ and be so kind to go with me ; for I swear, by all the orders of Knighthood, that are in the world, to pay thee, as I have said, every penny down, and perfumed<sup>14</sup> into the bargain.”—“ As to the perfuming, I thank you for that,” said Don Quixote ; “ give it him in reals, and I shall be satisfied : and see that you perform what you have sworn ; else I swear to you by the same oath, to return, to find you out, and chastise you ; for I shall find you out, though you should hide yourself closer than a lizard. And if you would know, who it is, that commands you this, that you may be the more strictly obliged to perform your promise, know, that I am the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, the redresser

of wrongs and abuses ; and so farewell, and do not forget what you have promised and sworn, on pain of the penalties aforesaid." And so saying he clapped spurs to Rozinante, and was soon got a good way off.

The countryman followed him with all the eyes he had ; and, when he found he was quite past the wood, and out of sight, he turned to his man Andres, and said : " Come hither, child ; I am resolved to pay thee what I owe thee, as that redresser of wrongs commanded me."—" And I swear so you shall," quoth Andres ; " and you will do well to perform, what that honest gentleman has commanded, whom God grant to live a thousand years, and who is so brave a man, and so just a judge, that, truly, if you do not pay me, he will come back and execute, what he has threatened."—" And I swear so too," quoth the countryman ; " but to show thee how much I love thee, I am resolved to augment the debt, to increase the payment : " and taking him by the arm, he tied him again to the tree, where he gave him so many stripes, that he left him for dead. " Now, master Andres, call upon that redresser of wrongs ; thou wilt find he will hardly redress this, though I believe I have not quite done with thee yet ; for I have a good mind to flay thee alive, as thou didst fear just now." But at length he untied him, and gave him leave to go in quest of his judge, to execute the sentence he had pro-

nounced. Andres went away in dudgeon, swearing he would find out the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, and tell him all that had passed, and that he should pay for it sevenfold: Notwithstanding all this, away he went weeping, and his master staid behind laughing.

In this manner the valorous Don Quixote redressed this wrong; and overjoyed at his success, as thinking he had given a most fortunate and glorious beginning to his Knight-errantry, he went on towards his village, entirely satisfied with himself, and saying in a low voice: "Well mayest thou deem thyself happy, above all women living on the earth, O Dulcinea del Toboso, beauteous above the most beautiful, since it has been thy lot to have subject and obedient to thy whole will and pleasure so valiant and renowned a Knight, as is, and ever shall be, Don Quixote de la Mancha; who, as all the world knows, received, but yesterday, the order of Knighthood, and to-day has redressed the greatest injury and grievance, that injustice could invent, and cruelty commit: to-day hath he wrested the scourge out of the hand of that pitiless enemy, who so undeservedly lashed that tender stripling."

Just as he had done speaking, he came to the centre of four roads, and presently it came into his imagination, that the Knights-errant, when they came to these cross-ways, set themselves to consider, which of the roads they should take:

and, to imitate them, he stood still awhile, and, at last, after mature consideration, he let go the reins, submitting his own will to be guided by that of his horse, who, following his first motion, took the direct road towards his stable. And having gone about two miles, Don Quixote discovered a company of people, who, as it afterwards appeared, were certain merchants of Toledo, going to buy silks in Murcia. There were six of them, and they came with their umbrellas, and four servants on horseback, and three muleteers on foot. Scarce had Don Quixote espied them, when he imagined it must be some new adventure: and, to imitate, as near as possibly he could, the passages he had read in his books, he fancied this to be cut out on purpose for him to achieve. And so, with a graceful deportment and intrepidity, he settled himself firm in the stirrups, grasped his lance, covered his breast with his target, and, posting himself in the midst of the highway, stood waiting the coming up of those Knights-errant; for such he already judged them to be: and when they were come so near as to be seen and heard, Don Quixote raised his voice, and, with an arrogant air, cried out: "Let the whole world stand, if the whole world does not confess, that there is not in the whole world a damsel more beautiful than the Empress of la Mancha, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso." The merchants stopped at the sound of these words,



and to behold the strange figure of him, who pronounced them; and by one and the other they soon perceived the madness of the speaker: but they had a mind to stay and see what that confession meant, which he required of them; and one of them, who was somewhat of a wag, but withal very discreet, said to him: "Signor Cavalier, we do not know, who this good lady, you mention, may be; let us but see her, and, if she is of so great beauty as you intimate, we will, with all our hearts, and without any constraint, confess that truth, you demand from us."—"Should I show her to you," replied Don Quixote, "where would be the merit in confessing a truth so notorious? The business is, that, without seeing her, you believe, confess, affirm, swear, and maintain it; and if not, I challenge you all to battle, proud and monstrous as you are: and, whether you come on one by one, as the laws of chivalry require, or all together, as is the custom and wicked practice of those of your stamp, here I wait for you, confiding in the justice of my cause."—"Signor Cavalier," replied the merchant, "I beseech your Worship, in the name of all the princes here present, that we may not lay a burden upon our consciences, by confessing a thing we never saw nor heard, and especially what is so much to the prejudice of the Empresses and Queens of Alcarria and Estremadura, that your Worship would be pleased to show us some pic-

ture<sup>15</sup> of this lady, though no bigger than a barleycorn; for we shall guess at the clue by the thread; and herewith we shall rest satisfied and safe, and your Worship remain contented and pleased: nay I verily believe we are already so far inclined to your side, that, though her picture should represent her squinting with one eye; and distilling vermilion and brimstone from the other, notwithstanding all this, to oblige you, we will say whatever you please in her favour.”—“There distils not, base scoundrels,” answered Don Quixote, burning with rage, “there distils not, from her what you say, but rather ambergris and civet among cotton<sup>16</sup>; neither is she crooked, nor humpbacked, but as straight as a spindle of Guadarrama<sup>17</sup>: but you shall pay for the horrid blasphemy you have uttered against so transcendent a beauty as my mistress.”

And so saying, with his lance couched, he ran at him, who had spoken, with so much fury and rage, that, if good fortune had not ordered it, that Rozinante stumbled and fell in the midst of his career, it had gone hard with the daring merchant. Rozinante fell, and his master lay rolling about the field a good while, and endeavouring to rise, but in vain, so encumbered was he with his lance, target, spurs and helmet, and with the weight of his antique armour. And while he was thus struggling to get up, and could not, he continued calling out; “Fly not, ye dastardly

rabble ; stay, ye race of slaves ; for it is through my horse's fault, and not my own, that I lie here extended." A muleteer of the company, not over good-natured, hearing the poor fallen gentleman vent such arrogancies, could not bear it without returning him an answer on his ribs ; and, coming to him, he took the lance, and, after he had broken it to pieces, with one of the splinters he so belaboured Don Quixote, that, in spite of his armour, he threshed him to chaff. His masters cried out, not to beat him so much, and to leave him : but the muleteer was provoked, and would not quit the game, until he had quite spent the remainder of his choler : and running for the other pieces of the lance, he finished the breaking them upon the poor fallen Knight ; who, notwithstanding the tempest of blows, that rained upon him, never shut his mouth, threatenng Heaven and earth, and those assassins, for such they seemed to him. At length the fellow was tired, and the merchants went on their way, sufficiently furnished with matter of discourse concerning the poor belaboured Knight ; who, when he found himself alone, tried again to raise himself ; but if he could not do it, when whole and well, how should he, when bruised and almost battered to pieces ? Yet still he thought himself a happy man, looking upon this as a misfortune peculiar to Knights-errant, and imputing the whole to his horse's fault ; nor was it possible for him to raise

himself up, his whole body was so horribly bruised.

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## CHAP. V.

WHEREIN IS CONTINUED THE NARRATION OF OUR  
KNIGHT'S MISFORTUNE.

**B**UT finding that he was really not able to stir, he bethought himself of having recourse to his usual remedy, which was to recollect some passage of his books; and his frenzy instantly presented to his remembrance that of Valdovinos and the Marquis of Mantua, when Carloto left him wounded on the mountain; a story known to children, not unknown to youth, commended and credited by old men, and, for all that, no truer than the miracles of Mahomet. Now this example seemed to him, as if it had been cast in a mould to fit the distress, he was in: and so, with signs of great bodily pain, he began to roll himself on the ground, and said, with a faint tone, what was said by the wounded Knight of the Wood:

If my sorrows do not grieve you,  
Lovely Mistress of my heart,  
False and frail I must believe you,  
Or unconscious of their smart.

And in this manner he went on with the romance, until he came to where it is said;

O Mantua's noble Marquis, hear!  
My honour'd Lord and kinsman dear!

And it so happened, that, just as he came to that verse, there passed by a countryman of his own village, and his near neighbour, who had been carrying a load of wheat to the mill: who, seeing a man lying stretched on the earth, came up, and asked him, who he was, and what ailed him, that he made such a doleful lamentation? Don Quixote believed he must certainly be the Marquis of Mantua, his uncle, and so returned him no answer, but went on with his romance, giving an account of his misfortune, and of the amours of the Emperor's son with his wife, just in the same manner as it is there recounted. The peasant stood confounded at hearing such extravagancies; and, taking off his visor, which was beaten all to pieces, he wiped his face, which was covered with dust; and the moment he had done wiping it, he knew him, and said, "Ah! Signor Quixada," for so he was called, before he had lost his senses, and was transformed from a sober gentleman to a Knight-errant, "how came your Worship in this condition?" But he answered out of his romance to whatever question he asked him.

The good man, seeing this, made a shift to take off his back and breast piece, to see, if he had received any wound: but he saw no blood, nor sign of any hurt. Then he endeavoured to raise him from the ground, and with much ado set him upon his ass, as being the beast of easier

carriage. He gathered together all the arms, not excepting the broken pieces of the lance, and tied them upon Rozinante; and so taking him by the bridle, and his ass by the halter, he went on toward his village, full of reflection at hearing the extravagancies, which Don Quixote uttered; and no less thoughtful was the Knight, who, through the mere force of bruises and bangs, could scarce keep himself upon the ass, and ever and anon sent forth such groans as seemed to pierce the skies; insomuch that the peasant was again forced to ask him, what ailed him. And sure nothing, but the devil himself, could furnish his memory with stories so suited to what had befallen him; for at that instant, forgetting Valdivinos, he bethought himself of the Moor Abindarraez, at the time, when the Governor of Antequera, Roderigo of Narvaez, had taken him prisoner, and conveyed him to his castle. So that, when the peasant asked him again how he did, he answered him in the very same words and expressions, in which the prisoner Abindarraez answered Roderigo of Narvaez, according as he had read the story in the "Diana" of George of Montemayor, applying it so patly to his own case, that the peasant went on cursing himself to the devil, to hear such a monstrous heap of nonsense: from whence he collected, that his neighbour was run mad, and therefore made what haste he could to reach the village, to free him.

self from the vexation of Don Quixote's tiresome and impertinent speeches; who in conclusion said: "Be it known to your Worship, Signor Don Roderigo de Narvaez, that this beauteous Xarifa, whom I mentioned, is now the fair Dulcinea del Toboso, for whom I have done, do, and will do, the most famous exploits of chivalry, that have been, are, or shall be seen in the world." To this the peasant answered: "Look you, Sir, as I am a sinner, I am not Don Roderigo de Narvaez, nor the Marquis of Mantua, but Pedro Alonso your neighbour: neither is your Worship Valdivinos, nor Abindarraez, but the worthy gentleman Signor Quixada."—"I know who I am," answered Don Quixote; "and I know too that I am not only capable of being those I have mentioned, but all the twelve Peers of France, yea, and the nine Worthies, since my exploits will far exceed all that they have, jointly or separately, achieved.

With these and the like discourses, they reached the village about sunset; but the peasant staid until the night was a little advanced, that the people might not see the poor battered gentleman so scurvily mounted. When the hour, he thought convenient, was come, he entered the village, and arrived at Don Quixote's house, which he found all in an uproar. The Priest and the Barber<sup>18</sup> of the place, who were Don Quixote's great friends, happened to be there; and the Housekeeper was saying to them aloud: "What

is your opinion, Signor Licentiate Pero Perez," for that was the Priest's name, "of my master's misfortune? For neither he, nor his horse, nor the target, nor the lance, nor the armour, have been seen these six days past. Woe is me! I am verily persuaded, and it is as certainly true, as I was born to die, that these cursed books of Knight-errantry, which he keeps, and is so often reading, have turned his brain; and now I think of it, I have often heard him say, talking to himself, that he would turn Knight-errant, and go about the world in quest of adventures. The devil and Barabbas take all such books, that have thus spoiled the finest understanding in all la Mancha." The Niece joined with her, and said moreover: "Know, master Nicholas," for that was the Barber's name, "that it has often happened, that my honoured uncle has continued poring on these confounded books of disventures two whole days and nights; and then, throwing the book out of his hand, he would draw his sword and fence, back-stroke and fore-stroke, with the walls; and when he was heartily tired, would say, he had killed four giants as tall as so many steeples, and that the sweat, which ran from him, when weary, was the blood of the wounds, he had received in the fight: and then he would presently drink off a large jug of cold water, and be as quiet and well as ever, telling us, that the water was a most precious liquor, brought him by the sage Esquife";



a great enchanter, and his friend. But I take the blame of all this to myself, that I did not advertise you, Gentlemen, of my dear uncle's extravagancies, before they were come to the height they now are, that you might have prevented them, by burning all those cursed books, of which he has so great store, and which as justly deserve to be committed to the flames, as if they were heretical."—"I say the same," quoth the Priest; "and in faith to-morrow shall not pass, without holding a public inquisition against them, and condemning them to the fire, that they may no more minister occasion to those, who read them, to do what, I fear my good friend has done."

All this the peasant and Don Quixote overheard, and it confirmed the countryman in the belief of his neighbour's infirmity; and so he began to cry aloud: "Open the doors, Gentlemen, to Signor Valdovinos and the Marquis of Mantua, who comes dangerously wounded, and to Signor Abindarraez the Moor, whom the valorous Roderigo de Narvaez, Governor of Antequera, brings as his prisoner." At hearing this they all came out; and, as some knew their friend, and others their master and uncle, they all ran to embrace him, who was not yet alighted from the ass, for indeed he could not. "Forbear all of you," he cried, "for I am sorely wounded through my horse's fault: carry me to my bed; and if it be possible, send for the sage Urganda<sup>20</sup>, to search

and heal my wounds.”—“ Look ye, in the devil’s name,” said the Housekeeper immediately, “ if my heart did not tell me right, on which leg my master halted. Get up stairs, in God’s name ; for, without the help of that same Urganda, we shall find a way to cure you ourselves. Cursed, say I again, and a hundred times cursed, be those books of Knight-errantry, that have brought your Worship to this pass.” They carried him presently to his chamber, and searching for his wounds, they found none at all : and he told them, he was only bruised by a great fall he got with his horse Rozinante, as he was fighting with ten of the most prodigious and audacious giants, that were to be found on the earth. “ Ho, ho !” says the Priest, “ what, there are giants too in the dance<sup>21</sup> : by my faith, I shall set fire to them all before to-morrow night.” They asked Don Quixote a thousand questions, and he would answer nothing, but only desired something to eat, and that they would let him sleep, which was what he stood most in need of. They did so, and the Priest inquired particularly of the countryman, in what condition he had found Don Quixote ; who gave him an account of the whole, with the extravagancies, he had uttered, both at the time of finding him, and all the way home ; which increased the Licentiate’s desire to do what he did the next day ; which was to call on his friend master Nicholas the Barber, with whom he came to Don Quixote’s house.

## CHAP. VI.

OF THE PLEASANT AND GRAND SCRUTINY MADE BY  
THE PRIEST AND THE BARBER IN OUR INGENIOUS  
GENTLEMAN'S LIBRARY.

WHILST Don Quixote still slept on, the Priest asked the Niece for the keys of the chamber, where the books were, those authors of the mischief; and she delivered them with a very good will. They all went in, and the Housekeeper with them. They found above a hundred volumes in folio, very well bound, besides a great many small ones. And no sooner did the Housekeeper see them, than she ran out of the room in great haste, and immediately returned with a pot of holy water, and a bunch of hyssop, and said: "Signor Licentiate, take this, and sprinkle the room, lest some enchanter, of the many these books abound with, enchant us, in revenge for what we intend to do, in banishing them out of the world." The Priest smiled at the Housekeeper's simplicity, and ordered the Barber to reach him the books, one by one, that they might see what they treated of; for, perhaps, they might find some, that might not deserve to be chastised by fire. "No," said the Niece, "there is no reason why any of them should be spared; for they have all been mischief-makers: it will be best to fling them out of the window into the court-yard, and make a pile of

them, and set fire to it, or else carry them into the back-yard, and there make a bonfire of them, and the smoke will offend nobody." The Housekeeper said the same; so eagerly did they both thirst for the death of those innocents. But the Priest would not agree to that without first reading the titles at least.

The first, that master Nicholas put into his hands, was Amadis de Gaul in four parts; and the Priest said, "There seems to be some mystery in this; for, as I have heard say, this was the first book of chivalry printed in Spain, and all the rest have had their foundation and rise from it; and, therefore, I think, as head of so pernicious a sect, we ought to condemn him to the fire without mercy."—"Not so, Sir," said the Barber; "for I have heard also, that it is the best of all the books of this kind; and therefore, as being singular in his art, he ought to be spared."—"It is true," said the Priest, "and for that reason his life is granted him for the present. Let us see the other, which stands next him."—"It is," said the Barber, "the Adventures of Esplandian, the legitimate son of Amadis de Gaul."—"Verily," said the Priest, "the goodness of the father shall avail the son nothing; take him, mistress Housekeeper; open yon casement, and throw him into the yard, and let him give a beginning to the pile for the intended bonfire." The Housekeeper did so, with much satisfaction, and honest Esplandian

was sent flying into the yard, there to wait with patience for the fire with which he was threatened. "Proceed," said the Priest. "The next," said the Barber, "is Amadis of Greece: yea, and all these on this side, I believe, are of the lineage of Amadis."—"Then into the yard with them all," quoth the Priest; "for rather than not burn Queen Pintiquiniestra<sup>22</sup>, and the shepherd Darinel<sup>23</sup>, with his eclogues, and the devilish intricate discourses of its author, I would burn the father who begot me, did I meet him in the garb of a Knight-errant."—"Of the same opinion am I," said the Barber; "and I too," added the Niece. "Since it is so," said the Housekeeper, "away with them all into the yard." They handed them to her; and, there being great numbers of them, to save herself the trouble of the stairs, she threw them all, the shortest way, out of the window.

"What tun of an author is that?" said the Priest. "This is," answered the Barber, "Don Olivante de Laura."—"The author of that book," said the Priest, "was the same, who composed the Garden of Flowers; and in good truth I know not, which of the two books is the truest, or rather the least lying; I can only say, that this goes to the yard for his arrogance and absurdity."—"This that follows is Florismarte of Hyrcania," said the Barber. "What! is Signor Florismarte there?" replied the Priest; "now, in good faith, he shall soon make his appearance in the yard,

notwithstanding his strange birth and chimerical adventures; for the harshness and dryness of his style will admit of no excuse. To the yard with him, and this other, mistress Housekeeper.”—

“With all my heart, dear Sir,” answered she; and with much joy executed what she was commanded. “This is the Knight Platir,” said the Barber. “That,” said the Priest, “is an ancient book, and I find nothing in him deserving pardon: let him keep the rest company without more words.” And it was accordingly done. They opened another book, and found it entitled the Knight of the Cross. “So religious a title,” quoth the Priest, “might, one would think, atone for the ignorance of the author; but it is a common saying, *The devil lurks behind the cross*: so to the fire with him.” The Barber, taking down another book, said, “This is the Mirror of Chivalry.”—“Oh! I know his Worship very well,” quoth the Priest. “Here comes Signor Reynaldos de Montalvan, with his friends and companions, greater thieves than Cacus; and the twelve peers, with the faithful historiographer Turpin. However, I am only for condemning them to perpetual banishment, because they contain some things of the famous Mateo Boyardo’s<sup>24</sup> invention; from whom, also, the Christian poet Ludovico Ariosto spun his web: but if I find even him here, and speaking any other language than his own, I will show him no respect; but,

if he speaks in his own tongue, I will put him upon my head.”--“I have him in Italian,” said the Barber, “but I do not understand him.”--“Neither is it any great matter, whether you understand him or not,” answered the Priest: “and we would willingly have excused the good captain from bringing him into Spain, and making him a Castilian; for he has deprived him of a great deal of his native value: and this is the misfortune of all those, who undertake to translate books of verse into other languages; for, with all their care and skill, they can never raise them to the pitch they were at in their first production. I pronounce, in short, that this, and all other books that shall be found, treating of French matters, be thrown aside, and deposited in some dry vault, until we can determine, with more deliberation, what is to be done with them; excepting Bernardo del Carpio; and another called Roncesvalles, who, if they fall into my hands, shall pass into the Housekeeper’s, and thence into the fire, without any remission.” The Barber confirmed the sentence, and held it for good, and a matter well determined, knowing, that the Priest was so good a Christian, and so much a friend to truth, that he would not utter a falsehood for all the world.

And so opening another book, he saw it was Palmerin de Oliva, and next it another, called Palmerin of England; which the Licentiate espying, said: “Let this Oliva be torn to pieces and

burnt, that not so much as the ashes may remain; but let Palmerin of England be preserved, and kept, as a singular piece; and let such another case be made for it, as that, which Alexander found among the spoils of Darius, and appropriated to preserve the works of the poet Homer. This book, Brother, is considerable upon two accounts; the one, that it is very good in itself; and the other, because there is a tradition, that it was written by an ingenious King of Portugal. All the adventures of the castle of Miraguarda are most excellent, and artificial; the dialogue courtly and clear; and the decorum preserved in all the characters, with great judgment and propriety. Therefore, master Nicholas, saving your better judgment, let this, and Amadis de Gaul, be exempted from the fire, and let all the rest perish without any farther inquiry.”—“Not so, Brother,” replied the Barber; “for this, that I have here, is the renowned Don Belianis.” The Priest replied, “This, with the second, third, and fourth parts, wants a little rhubarb to purge away its excessive choler: besides, we must remove all, that relates to the castle of Fame, and other impertinences of greater consequence; wherefore let them have the benefit of transportation, and, as they show signs of amendment, they shall be treated with mercy or justice: in the mean time, Neighbour, give them room in your house; but let nobody read them.”—“With all my heart,” quoth the Barber; and, without tiring himself any farther in turning



over books of chivalry, he bid the Housekeeper take all the great ones, and throw them into the yard. This was not spoken to one stupid or deaf, but to one, who had a greater mind to be burning them, than weaving the finest and largest web. And, therefore, laying hold of seven or eight at once, she tost them out at the window.

By her taking so many together, there fell one at the Barber's feet; who had a mind to see what it was, and found it to be, The History of the renowned Knight, Tirante the White. "God save me!" quoth the Priest, with a loud voice, "is Tirante the White there? Give me him here, Neighbour; for I make account I have found in him a treasure of delight, and a mine of entertainment. Here we have Don Kyrieleison of Montalvan, a valorous Knight, and his brother Thomas of Montalvan, and the Knight Fonseca, and the combat, which the valiant Detriante fought with Alano, and the smart conceits of the Damsel Placerdemivida, with the amours and artifices of the widow Reposada; and the Empress in love with her squire Hypolito. Verily, Neighbour, in its way, it is the best book in the world: here the Knights eat, and sleep, and die in their beds, and make their wills before their deaths; with several things, which are wanting in all other books of this kind. Notwithstanding all this, I tell you, the author deserved, for writing so many foolish things seriously, to be sent to the

gallies for all the days of his life : carry it home, and read it, and you will find all, I say of him, to be true.”—“ I will do so,” answered the Barber : “ but what shall we do with these little books, that remain ? ”—“ These,” said the Priest, “ are, probably, not books of chivalry, but of poetry : ” and opening one, he found it was *Diana of George of Montemayor*, and said, believing all the rest to be of the same kind, “ These do not deserve to be burnt like the rest ; for they cannot do the mischief, that those of chivalry have done : they are works of genius and fancy, and do nobody any hurt.”—“ O Sir,” said the Niece, “ pray order these to be burnt with the rest ; for should my uncle be cured of this distemper of chivalry, he may possibly, by reading these books, take it into his head to turn shepherd, and wander through the woods and fields, singing and playing on a pipe ; and, what would be still worse, to turn poet, which, they say, is an incurable and contagious disease.”—“ The damsel says true,” quoth the Priest, “ and it will not be amiss to remove this stumbling-block and occasion out of our friend’s way. And since we begin with *Diana of Montemayor*, I am of opinion not to burn it, but to take away all, that treats of the sage *Felicia*, and of the enchanted fountain, and almost all the longer poems ; and leave him the prose in God’s name, and the honour of being the first in that kind of writing.”—“ This that follows,”

said the Barber, "is Diana called the second, by Salmantino; and another of the same name, whose author is Gil Polo. The Salmantinian," answered the Priest, "may accompany and increase the number of the condemned; to the yard with him: but let that of Gil Polo be preserved, as if it were written by Apollo himself. Proceed, Neighbour, and let us dispatch; for it grows late."

"This," said the Barber, opening another, "is the Ten Books of the Fortune of Love, composed by Antonio de Lofraso, a Sardinian poet."—"By the holy orders I have received," said the Priest, "since Apollo was Apollo, the muses muses, and the poets poets, so humorous and so whimsical a book as this was never written; it is the best, and most singular of the kind, that ever appeared in the world; and he, who has not read it, may reckon, that he never read any thing of taste: give it me here, Brother; for I value the finding it more, than if I had been presented with a cassock of Florence satin." He laid it aside with exceeding pleasure, and the Barber proceeded, saying: "These, that follow, are the Shepherd of Iberia, the Nymphs of Enares, and the Cures of Jealousy."—"There is no more to be done," said the Priest, "but to deliver them up to the secular arm<sup>25</sup> of the Housekeeper; and ask me not why, for then we should never have done."—"This, that comes next, is the Shepherd

of Filida.”—“ He is no shepherd,” said the Priest, “ but an ingenious courtier ; let him be preserved, and laid up as a precious jewel.”—“ This bulky volume here,” said the Barber, “ is entitled *The Treasure of divers Poems*.”—“ Had they been fewer,” replied the Priest, “ they would have been more esteemed : it is necessary, this book should be weeded and cleared of all the low things, interspersed among its sublimities : let it be preserved, both as the author is my friend, and out of regard to other more heroic and exalted pieces of his writing.”—“ This,” pursued the Barber, “ is a book of Songs by Lopez Maldonado.”—“ The author of this book also,” replied the Priest, “ is a great friend of mine : his verses, sung by himself, raise admiration in the hearers ; and such is the sweetness of his voice in singing them, that they perfectly enchant. He is a little too prolix in his eclogues ; but there can never be too much of what is really good : let it be kept with the select.”

“ But what book is that next to it ? ”—“ The *Galatea* of Michael de Cervantes,” said the Barber. “ That Cervantes has been a great friend of mine these many years, and I know, that he is better acquainted with misfortunes than with poetry. His book has somewhat of good invention in it ; he proposes something, but concludes nothing : we must wait for the second part, which he promises ; perhaps, on his amendment,

he may obtain that entire pardon, which is now denied him; in the mean time, Neighbour, keep him a recluse in your chamber.”—“ With all my heart,” answered the Barber: “ and here come three together; The Araucana of Don Alonso de Ercilla, the Austriada of John Rufo, a magistrate of Cordova, and the Monserrato of Christoval de Virues, a poet of Valencia.”—“ These three books,” said the Priest, “ are the best, that are written, in heroic verse, in the Castilian tongue, and may stand in competition with the most famous of Italy: let them be preserved as the best performances in poetry, Spain can boast of.” The Priest grew tired of looking over so many books, and so, inside and contents unknown, he would have all the rest burnt. But the Barber had already opened one, called the Tears of Angelica. “ I should have shed tears myself,” said the Priest, hearing the name, “ had I ordered that book to be burnt; for its author was one of the most famous poets, not of Spain only, but of the whole world, and translated some fables of Ovid with great success.

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## CHAP. VII.

OF THE SECOND SALLY OF OUR GOOD KNIGHT DON  
QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

**W**HILE they were thus employed, Don Quixote began to call out aloud, saying: “ Here,

here, valorous Knights, here ye must exert the force of your valiant arms ; for the courtiers begin to get the better of the tournament." This noise and outcry, to which they all ran, put a stop to all farther scrutiny of the books, that remained ; and, therefore, it is believed, that to the fire, without being seen, or heard, went the Carolea, and Leon of Spain, with the Acts of the Emperor, composed by Don Louis de Avila, which, without doubt, must have been among those, that were left : and perhaps had the Priest seen them, they had not undergone so rigorous a sentence. When they came to Don Quixote, he was already got out of bed, and continued his outcries and ravings, with his drawn sword laying furiously about him, back-stroke and fore-stroke, being as broad awake, as if he had never been asleep. They closed in with him, and laid him upon his bed by main force ; and, after he was a little composed, turning himself to talk to the Priest, he said : " Certainly, my Lord Archbishop Turpin, it is a great disgrace to us, who call ourselves the twelve peers, to let the Knights-courtiers <sup>26</sup> carry off the victory without more opposition, after we, the adventurers, had gained the prize in the three preceding days." — " Say no more, good Brother," said the Priest ; " it may be God's will to change our fortune, and what is lost to-day may be won to-morrow : mind your health for the present ; for I think you must needs be extremely fatigued, if not sorely wound-

ed." — "Wounded! no," said Don Quixote; "but bruised and battered I am for certain: for that bastard, Don Roldan, has pounded me to mash with the trunk of an oak, and all out of mere envy, because he sees, that I am the sole rival of his prowess. But let me never more be called Rinaldo of Montauban, if, as soon as I am able to rise from this bed, I do not make him pay dear for it, in spite of all his enchantments: but, at present, bring me some breakfast, for I know nothing will do me so much good, and let me alone to revenge myself." They did so; they gave him some victuals, and he fell fast asleep again, and left them in fresh admiration at his madness.

That night the Housekeeper set fire to, and burnt, all the books, that were in the yard, and in the house too: and some must have perished, that deserved to be treasured up in perpetual archives; but their fate, and the laziness of the scrutineer, would not permit it; and in them was fulfilled the saying, "that the just sometimes suffer for the unjust." One of the remedies, which the Priest and Barber prescribed at that time for their friend's malady, was, to alter his apartment, and wall up the room, where the books had been, that, when he got up, he might not find them; in hopes that, the cause being removed, the effect might cease; and that they should pretend, that an enchanter had carried

them away, room and all; which was presently done accordingly. Within two days after, Don Quixote got up, and the first thing, he did, was to visit his books; and, not finding the room, where he left it, he went up and down looking for it; he came to the place, where the door used to be; and he felt with his hands, and stared about every way without speaking a word: but after some time he asked the Housekeeper, whereabouts the room stood, where his books were. She, who was already well tutored what to answer, said to him: “What room, or what nothing, does your Worship look for? There is neither room, nor books, in this house; for the devil himself has carried all away.”—“It was not the devil,” said the Niece, “but an enchanter, who came one night upon a cloud, the day after your departure hence, and alighting from a serpent, on which he rode<sup>27</sup>, entered into the room; and I know not what he did there, but after some little time out he came, flying through the roof, and left the house full of smoke; and when we went to see what he had been doing, we saw neither books nor room; only we very well remember, both myself and mistress Housekeeper here, that, when the old thief went away, he said with a loud voice, that for a secret enmity he bore to the owner of those books and of the room, he had done a mischief in this house, which should soon be manifest: he told us also,



that he was called the sage Munniaton."—"Freston<sup>28</sup>, he meant to say," quoth Don Quixote. "I know not," answered the Housekeeper, "whether his name be Freston, or Friton; all I know is, that it ended in *ton*."—"It doth so," replied Don Quixote: "he is a wise enchanter, a great enemy of mine, and bears me a grudge, because, by his skill and learning, he knows, that, in process of time, I shall engage in single combat, with a Knight, whom he favours, and shall vanquish him without his being able to prevent it; and for this cause he endeavours to do me all the unkindness he can: but let him know from me, it will be difficult for him to withstand or avoid what is decreed by Heaven."—"Who doubts of that?" said the Niece. "But, dear uncle, who puts you upon these squabbles? Would it not be better to stay quietly at home, and not ramble about the world seeking for better bread than wheaten, and not considering that many go for wool and return shorn themselves?"—"O dear Niece," answered Don Quixote, "how little do you know of the matter! Before they shall shear me, I will pluck and tear off the beards of all those, who dare think of touching the tip of a single hair of mine." Neither of them would make any farther reply; for they saw his choler begin to take fire. He staid, after this, fifteen days at home, very quiet, without discovering any symptom of an inclination to repeat

his late frolics : in which time there passed very pleasant discourses between him and his two neighbours, the Priest and the Barber ; he affirming, that the world stood in need of nothing so much as Knights-errant, and the revival of chivalry. The Priest sometimes contradicted him, and at other times acquiesced ; for had he not made use of this artifice, there would have been no means left to bring him to reason.

In the mean time, Don Quixote tampered with a labourer, a neighbour of his, and an honest man, if such an epithet may be given to one, that is poor, but very shallow-brained. In short, he said so much, used so many arguments, and promised him such great matters, that the poor fellow resolved to sally out with him, and serve him as his squire. Among other things, Don Quixote told him, he should dispose himself to go with him willingly ; because, some time or other, such an adventure might present, that an island might be won, in the turn of a hand, and he be left governor of it. With these and the like promises, Sancho Panza, for that was the labourer's name, left his wife and children, and hired himself for a squire to his neighbour. Don Quixote presently cast about how to raise money, and, by selling one thing, and pawning another, and losing by all, he scraped together a tolerable sum. He fitted himself likewise with a buckler, which he borrowed of a friend, and patching up

his broken helmet the best he could, he acquainted his squire Sancho of the day and hour, he intended to set out, that he might provide himself with what he should find to be most needful. Above all, he charged him not to forget a wallet: and Sancho said, he would be sure to carry one, and that he intended also to take with him an ass he had, being a very good one, because he was not used to travel much on foot. As to the ass, Don Quixote paused a little, endeavouring to recollect, whether any Knight-errant had ever carried a squire mounted ass-wise: but no instance of the kind occurred to his memory. However he consented, that he should take his ass with him, purposing to accommodate him more honourably, the first opportunity, by dismounting the first discourteous Knight he should meet. He provided himself also with shirts, and what other thing he could, conformably to the advice given him by the inn-keeper.

All which being done and accomplished, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, without taking leave, the one of his wife and children, and the other of his Housekeeper and Niece, one night sallied out of the village, unperceived by any one; and they travelled so hard, that by break of day they believed themselves secure of not being found, though search were made after them. Sancho Panza went riding upon his ass like any patriarch, with his wallet and leathern bottle, and with a

vehement desire to find himself governor of the island, which his master had promised him. Don Quixote happened to take the same route, he had done in his first expedition, through the plain of Montiel, which he passed over with less uneasiness than the time before ; for it was early in the morning, and the rays of the sun darting on them aslant gave them no disturbance. Now Sancho Panza said to his master : “ I beseech your Worship, good Sir Knight-errant, that you forget not your promise concerning that same island ; for I shall know how to govern it, be it never so big.” To which Don Quixote answered : “ You must know, friend Sancho Panza, that it was a custom much in use among the Knights-errant of old, to make their squires governors of the islands or kingdoms, they conquered ; and I am determined, that so laudable a custom shall not be lost for me : on the contrary, I resolve to outdo them in it : for they sometimes, and perhaps most times, staid till their squires were grown old ; and when they were worn out in their service, and had undergone many bad days and worse nights, they gave them some title, as that of Count, or at least Marquis, of some valley or province, be it greater or less : but if you live and I live, before six days are ended, I may probably win such a kingdom, as may have others depending on it, as fit, as if they were cast in a mould, for thee to be crowned King of one of them. And do not think this

any extraordinary matter ; for things fall out to such Knights, by such unforeseen and unexpected ways, that I may easily give thee more than I promise.”—“ So then,” answered Sancho Panza, “ if I were a King by some of those miracles, you are pleased to mention, Mary Gutierrez, my crooked rib, would at least come to be a Queen, and my children Infantas.”—“ Who doubts it ?” answered Don Quixote. “ I doubt it,” replied Sancho Panza ; “ for I am verily persuaded, that, if God were to rain down kingdoms upon the earth, none of them would sit well upon the head of Maria Gutierrez ; for you must know, Sir, she is not worth two farthings for a Queen. The title of Countess, God help her, would sit much better upon her.”—“ Recommend her to God, Sancho,” answered Don Quixote, “ and he will do what is best for her : but do thou have a care not to debase thy mind so low as to content thyself with being less than a lord lieutenant.”—“ Sir, I will not,” answered Sancho, “ especially having so great a man for my master as your Worship, who will know how to give me whatever is most fitting for me, and what you find me best able to bear.”

## CHAP. VIII.

OF THE GOOD SUCCESS WHICH THE VALOROUS DON QUIXOTE HAD IN THE DREADFUL AND NEVER-BEFORE-IMAGINED ADVENTURE OF THE WIND-MILLS, WITH OTHER EVENTS WORTHY TO BE RECORDED.

AS they were thus discoursing, they perceived some thirty or forty windmills, that are in that plain ; and as soon as Don Quixote espied them, he said to his squire : “ Fortune disposes our affairs better than we ourselves could have desired : look yonder, friend Sancho Panza, where you may discover somewhat more than thirty monstrous giants, with whom I intend to fight, and take away all their lives ; with whose spoils we will begin to enrich ourselves : for it is lawful war, and doing God good service to take away so wicked a generation from off the face of the earth.”—“ What giants ?” said Sancho Panza. “ Those you see yonder,” answered his master, “ with those long arms ; for some of them are wont to have them almost of the length of two leagues.”—“ Consider, Sir,” answered Sancho, “ that those, which appear yonder, are not giants, but windmills ; and what seem to be arms, are the sails, which, whirled about by the wind, make the millstone go.”—“ One may easily see,” answered Don Quixote, “ that you are not versed in the business of adventures ;

they are giants; and if you are afraid, get aside and pray, whilst I engage with them in a fierce and unequal combat." And so saying, he clapped spurs to Rozinante, without minding the cries, his squire sent after him, assuring him that those he went to assault were, without all doubt, wind-mills, and not giants. But he was so fully possessed, that they were giants, that he neither heard the outcries of his squire Sancho, nor yet discerned what they were, though he was very near them, but went on crying out aloud: "Fly not, ye Cowards and vile Caitiffs; for it is a single Knight, who assaults you." Now the wind rose a little, and the great sails began to move: which Don Quixote perceiving, he said: "Well, though you should move more arms than the giant Briareus, you shall pay for it."

And so saying, and recommending himself devoutly to his Lady Dulcinea, beseeching her to succour him in the present danger, being well covered with his buckler, and setting his lance in the rest, he rushed on as fast as Rozinante could gallop, and attacked the first mill before him; and running his lance into the sail, the wind whirled it about with so much violence, that it broke the lance to shivers, dragging horse and rider after it, and tumbling them over and over on the plain, in very evil plight. Sancho Panza hastened to his assistance as fast as his ass could

carry him ; and when he came up to him, he found him not able to stir ; so violent was the blow he and Rozinante had received in falling. “ God save me,” quoth Sancho ; “ did not I warn you to have a care of what you did, for that they were nothing but windmills, and nobody could mistake them but one that had the like in his head ? ” — “ Peace, friend Sancho,” answered Don Quixote ; “ for matters of war are, of all others, most subject to continual mutations. Now I verily believe, and it is most certainly so, that the sage Freston, who stole away my chamber and books, has metamorphosed these giants into windmills, on purpose to deprive me of the glory of vanquishing them, so great is the enmity, he bears me : but, when he has done his worst, his wicked arts will avail but little against the goodness of my sword.” — “ God grant it as he can,” answered Sancho Panza ; and, helping him to rise, he mounted him again upon Rozinante, who was half shoulder-slipped.

And discoursing of the late adventure, they followed the road that led to the pass of Lapice<sup>29</sup>, for there Don Quixote said, they could not fail to meet with many and various adventures, it being a great thoroughfare : and yet he went on very melancholy for want of his lance ; and, speaking of it to his squire, he said : “ I remember to have read, that a certain Spanish Knight, called Diego Perez de Vargas, having broken his sword in



fight, tore off a huge branch, or limb, from an oak, and performed such wonders with it that day, and dashed out the brains of so many Moors, that he was surnamed Machuca; and from that day forward, he and his descendants bore the names of Vargas and Machuca. I tell you this, because, from the first oak, or crab-tree, we meet, I mean to tear such another limb, at least as good as that; and I purpose and resolve to do such feats with it, that you shall deem yourself most fortunate, in being worthy to behold them; and to be an eyewitness of things, which can scarcely be believed.”—“God’s will be done,” quoth Sancho; “I believe all just as you say, Sir: but, pray, set yourself upright in your saddle; for you seem to me to ride sideling, occasioned, doubtless, by your being so sorely bruised by the fall.”—“It is certainly so,” answered Don Quixote; “and if I do not complain of pain, it is because Knights-errant are not allowed to complain of any wound whatever, though their entrails come out at it.”—“If it be so, I have nothing to reply,” answered Sancho; “but God knows, I should be glad to hear your Worship complain when any thing ails you. As for myself, I must complain of the least pain I feel, unless this business of not complaining be understood to extend to the squires of Knights-errant.” Don Quixote could not forbear smiling at the simplicity of his squire, and told him he might complain whenever, and as much

as he pleased, with or without cause, having never yet read any thing to the contrary in the laws of chivalry.

Sancho put him in mind, that it was time to dine. His master answered, that, at present, he had no need; but that he might eat, whenever he thought fit. With this licence, Sancho adjusted himself the best he could upon his beast; and, taking out what he carried in his wallet, he jogged on eating, behind his master, very leisurely, and now and then lifted the bottle to his mouth with so much relish, the best fed victualler of Malaga might have envied him. And whilst he went on in this manner, repeating his draughts, he thought no more of the promises his master had made him; nor did he think it any toil, but rather a recreation, to go in quest of adventures, though never so perilous. In short, they passed that night among some trees, and from one of them Don Quixote tore a withered branch, that might serve him in some sort for a lance, and fixed it to the iron head, or spear, of that, which was broken. All that night Don Quixote slept not a wink, ruminating on his Lady Dulcinea, in conformity to what he had read in his books, where the Knights are wont to pass many nights together, without closing their eyes, in forests and deserts, entertaining themselves with the remembrance of their mistresses. Not so did Sancho pass the night; whose stomach being full, and not of dandelion-water, he made but

one sleep of it : and, if his master had not roused him, neither the beams of the sun, that darted full in his face, nor the melody of the birds, which in great numbers most cheerfully saluted the approach of the new day, could have awakened him. On rising up, he took a swig at his bottle, and found it much lighter than the evening before, which grieved his very heart, for he did not think they were in the way to remedy that defect very soon. Don Quixote would not break his fast ; for, as it is said, he resolved to subsist upon savoury remembrances.

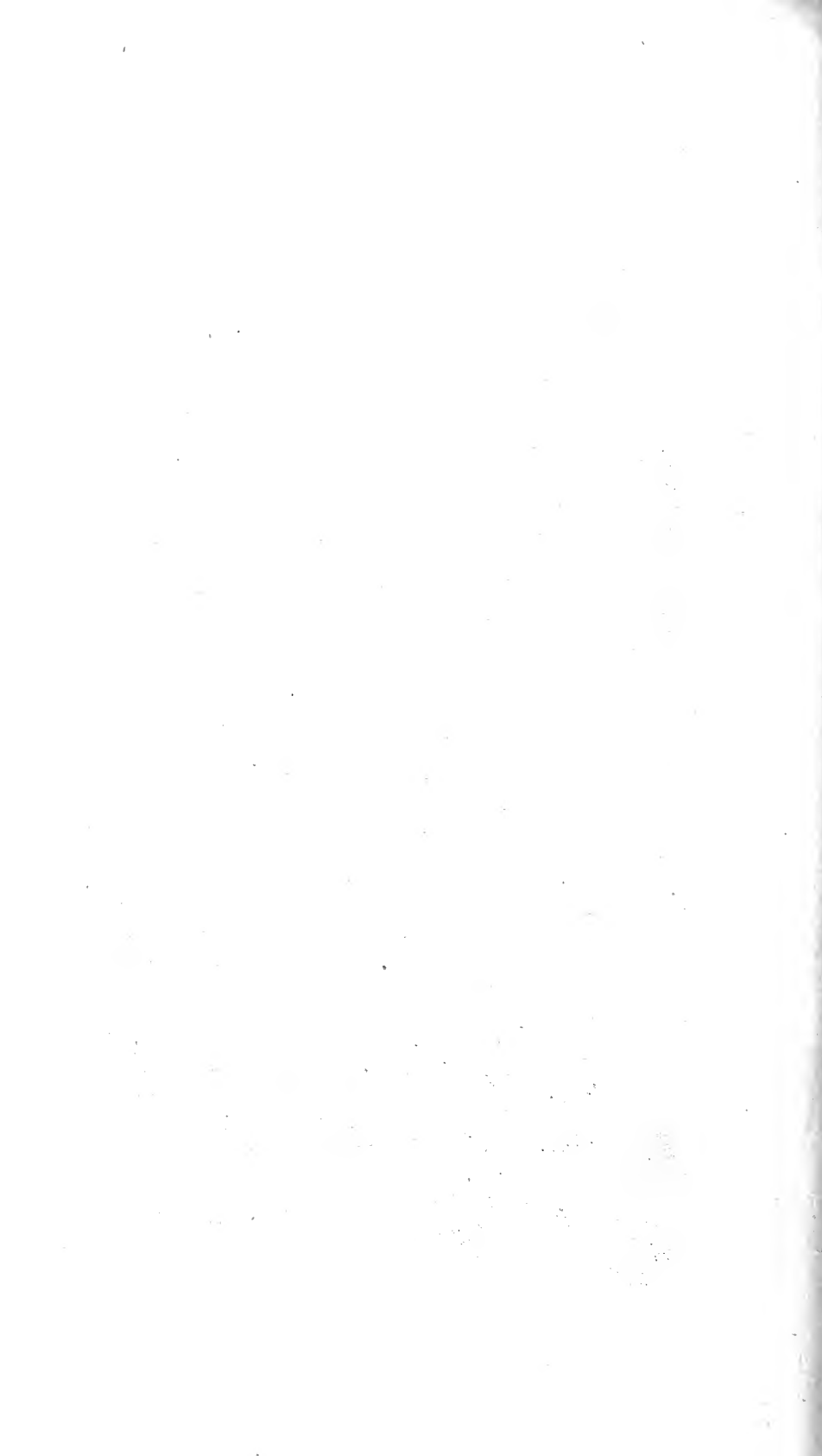
They returned to the way, they had entered upon the day before, toward the pass of Lapice, which they discovered about three in the afternoon. “ Here,” said Don Quixote, espying it, “ brother Sancho Panza, we may thrust our hands up to the elbows in what they call adventures. But take this caution with you, that, though you should see me in the greatest peril in the world, you must not lay your hand to your sword to defend me, unless you see, that they, who assault me, are vile mob and mean scoundrels ; in that case you may assist me : but if they should be Knights, it is in no wise lawful, nor allowed by the laws of chivalry, that you should intermeddle until you are dubbed a Knight.”—“ I assure you, Sir,” answered Sancho, “ your Worship shall be obeyed most punctually herein, and the rather, because I am naturally very peaceable, and an

enemy to thrusting myself into brangles and squabbles ; but for all that, as to what regards the defence of my own person, I shall make no great account of those same laws, since both divine and human allow every one to defend himself against all, who would annoy him."—" I say no less," answered Don Quixote, " but in the business of assisting me against Knights, you must restrain and keep in your natural impetuosity."—" I say I will do so," answered Sancho ; " and I will observe this precept as religiously as the Lord's-day."

As they were thus discoursing, there appeared in the road two monks of the order of St. Benedict, mounted upon two dromedaries ; for the mules whereon they rode were not much less. They wore travelling masks, and umbrellas. Behind them came a coach, and four or five men on horseback, who accompanied it, with two muleteers on foot. There was in the coach, as it was afterwards known, a certain Biscaine lady going to Seville to her husband, who was there ready to embark for the Indies in a very honourable post. The monks came not in her company, though they were travelling the same road. But scarcely had Don Quixote espied them, when he said to his squire : " Either I am deceived, or this is likely to prove the most famous adventure, that ever was seen ; for those black bulks, that appear yonder, must be, and without doubt are, enchanter's, who



*Don Quixote attacking the Benedictine Monks.*



are carrying away some Princess, whom they have stolen, in that coach; and I am obliged to redress this wrong to the utmost of my power.”—“ This may prove a worse job than the windmills,” said Sancho: “ pray, Sir, take notice, that those are Benedictine monks, and the coach must belong to some travellers. Pray hearken to my advice, and have a care what you do, and let not the devil deceive you.”—“ I have already told you, Sancho,” answered Don Quixote, “ that you know little of the business of adventures: what I say is true, and you will see it presently.” And so saying, he advanced forward, and planted himself in the midst of the highway, by which the monks were to pass; and when they were so near, that he supposed they could hear what he said, he cried out with a loud voice: “ Diabolical and monstrous race, either instantly release the high-born Princesses, whom you are carrying away in that coach against their wills, or prepare for instant death, as the just chastisement of your wicked deeds<sup>30</sup>.” The monks stopped their mules and stood admiring, as well at the figure of Don Quixote, as at his expressions; to which they answered: “ Signor Cavalier, we are neither diabolical nor monstrous, but a couple of religious of the Benedictine order, who are travelling on our own business, and are entirely ignorant, whether any Princesses are carried away by force in that coach, or not.”—“ Soft words do nothing

with me ; for I know ye, treacherous Scoundrels," said Don Quixote : and without staying for any other reply, he clapped spurs to Rozinante, and, with his lance couched, ran at the foremost monk with such fury and resolution, that, if he had not slid down from his mule, he would have brought him to the ground, in spite of his teeth, and wounded to boot, if not killed outright.

The second religious, seeing his comrade treated in this manner, clapped spurs to his mule's sides, and began to scour along the plain, lighter than the wind itself. Sancho Panza, seeing the monk on the ground, leaped nimbly from his ass, and running to him began to take off his habit. In the mean while the monk's two lacqueys coming up asked him why he was stripping their master of his clothes ? Sancho answered, that they were his lawful perquisites, as being the spoils of the battle, which his lord Don Quixote had just won. The lacqueys, who did not understand raillery, nor what was meant by spoils or battles, seeing Don Quixote at a distance, talking with those in the coach, fell upon Sancho, and threw him down, and, leaving him not a hair, in his beard, gave him a hearty kicking, and left him stretched on the ground, breathless, and senseless. And, without losing a minute, the monk got upon his mule again, trembling, and terribly frightened, and as pale as death ; and no sooner was he mounted, but he spurred after his companion, who stood



waiting at a good distance, to see what would be the issue of that strange encounter : but being unwilling to wait the event, they went on their way, crossing themselves oftener than if the devil had been close at their heels. Don Quixote, as was said, stood talking to the lady in the coach, saying : “ Your beauty, dear Lady, may dispose of your person as pleaseth you best ; for your haughty ravishers lie prostrate on the ground, overthrown by my invincible arm : and that you may not be at any pains to learn the name of your deliverer, know that I am called Don Quixote de la Mancha, Knight-errant and Adventurer, and captive to the peerless and beauteous Dulcinea del Toboso ; and, in requital of the benefit, you have received at my hands, all I desire is, that you would return to Toboso, and, in my name, present yourselves before that lady, and tell her what I have done to obtain your liberty.”

All that Don Quixote said was overheard by a certain squire, who accompanied the coach, a Biscainer ; who finding he would not let the coach go forward, but insisted upon its immediately returning to Toboso, flew at Don Quixote, and, taking hold of his lance, addressed him, in bad Castilian and worse Biscaine, after this manner : “ Be gone, Cavalier, and the devil go with thee : I swear by the God that made me, if thou dost not quit the coach, thou forfeitest thy life, as I am a Biscainer.” Don Quixote

understood him very well, and with great calmness answered: "Wert thou a gentleman, as thou art not, I would, before now, have chastised thy folly and presumption, thou pitiful slave." To which the Biscainer replied: "I no gentleman! I swear by the great God thou lyest, as I am a Christian; if thou wilt throw away thy lance, and draw thy sword, thou shalt see I will make no more of thee than a cat does of a mouse. Biscainer by land, gentleman by sea, gentleman for the devil, and thou lyest: look then, if thou hast any thing else to say."—"Thou shalt see that presently, as said Agrages," answered Don Quixote: and throwing down his lance, he drew his sword, and grasping his buckler set upon the Biscainer, with a resolution to kill him. The Biscainer, seeing him come on in that manner, though he would fain have alighted from his mule, which, being of the worst kind of hackneys, was not to be depended upon, had yet only time to draw his sword: but it happened well for him, that he was close to the coach side, out of which he snatched a cushion, which served him for a shield; and immediately to it they went, as if they had been mortal enemies. The rest of the company would have made peace between them: but they could not; for the Biscainer swore in his gibberish, that, if they would not let him finish the combat, he would kill his mistress and every body, that offered to hinder him. The

lady of the coach, amazed and affrighted at what she saw, bid the coachman put a little out of the way, and so sat at a distance, beholding the rigorous conflict : in the progress of which, the Biscainer gave Don Quixote such a huge stroke on one of his shoulders, and above his buckler, that, had it not been for his coat of mail, he had cleft him down to the girdle. Don Quixote, feeling the weight of that unmeasurable blow, cried out aloud, saying : “ O Lady of my soul, Dulcinea, flower of all beauty, succour this thy Knight, who to satisfy thy great goodness, exposes himself to this rigorous extremity.” The saying this, the drawing his sword, the covering himself well with his buckler, and falling furiously on the Biscainer, were all done in one moment, he resolving to venture all on the fortune of one single blow. The Biscainer, who saw him coming thus upon him, and perceived his bravery by his resolution, resolved to do the same thing that Don Quixote had done ; and so he waited for him, covering himself well with his cushion, but was not able to turn his mule about to the right, or the left, she being already so jaded, and so little used to such sport, that she would not stir a step.

Now Don Quixote, as has been said, advanced against the wary Biscainer, with his lifted sword, fully determined to cleave him sunder ; and the Biscainer expected him, with his sword also lifted up, and guarded by his cushion. All the by-

standers were trembling, and in suspense what might be the event of those prodigious blows, with which they threatened each other; and the lady of the coach, and her waiting-women, were making a thousand vows, and promises of offerings, to all the images and places of devotion in Spain, that God would deliver them and their squire from the great peril they were in. But the misfortune is, that the author of this history, in this very crisis, leaves the combat unfinished, excusing himself, that he could find no more written of the exploits of Don Quixote than what he has already related. It is true indeed, that the second undertaker of this work could not believe, that so curious an history could be lost in oblivion, or that the wits of la Mancha should have so little curiosity, as not to preserve in their archives, or their cabinets, some papers that treated of this famous Knight; and upon that presumption he did not despair to find the conclusion of this delectable history; which, Heaven favouring him, he has at last done, in the manner as shall be recounted in the following chapter.

## CHAP. IX.

WHEREIN IS CONCLUDED, AND AN END PUT TO, THE  
STUPENDOUS BATTLE BETWEEN THE VIGOROUS  
BISCAINER AND THE VALIANT MANCHEGAN.

IN the last chapter of this history, we left the valiant Biscainer and the renowned Don Quixote, with their swords lifted up and naked, ready to discharge two such furious and cleaving strokes, as must, if they had lighted full, at least have divided the combatants from head to heel, and split them asunder like a pomegranate: but in that critical instant this relishing history stopped short, and was left imperfect, without the author's giving us any notice where, what remained of it, might be found. This grieved me extremely; and the pleasure of having read so little was turned into disgust, to think what small probability there was of finding the much, that, in my opinion, was wanting of so savoury a story. It seemed to me impossible, and quite beside all laudable custom, that so accomplished a Knight should want a sage, to undertake the penning his unparalleled exploits: a circumstance that never before failed any of those Knights-errant, who travelled in quest of adventures; every one of whom had one or two sages, made as it were on purpose, who not only recorded their actions, but described likewise their most minute and trifling thoughts,

though never so secret. Surely, then, so worthy a Knight could not be so unfortunate, as to want what Plahir<sup>31</sup>, and others like him, abounded with. For this reason, I could not be induced to believe, that so gallant a history could be left maimed and imperfect; and I laid the blame upon the malignity of time, the devourer and consumer of all things, which either kept it concealed, or had destroyed it. On the other side, I considered, that, since among his books there were found some so modern as the "Cure of Jealousy," and the "Nymphs and Shepherds of Henares<sup>32</sup>," his History also must be modern; and if it was not as yet written, might, at least, still remain in the memories of the people of his village, and those of the neighbouring places. This thought held me in suspense, and made me desirous to learn, really and truly, the whole life and wonderful actions of our renowned Spaniard, Don Quixote de la Mancha, the light and mirror of Manchegan chivalry, and the first, who, in our age, and in these calamitous times, took upon him the toil and exercise of arms-errant; to redress wrongs, succour widows, and relieve that sort of damsels, who, with whip and palfrey, and with all their virginity about them, rambled up and down from mountain to mountain, and from valley to valley: unless some miscreant, or some lewd clown with hatchet and steel cap, or some prodigious giant, ravished them, damsels there were, in days

of yore, who, at the expiration of fourscore years, and never sleeping in all that time under a roof, went as spotless virgins to the grave, as themothers that bore them. Now, I say, upon these, and many other accounts, our gallant Don Quixote is worthy of immortal memory and praise; nor ought some share to be denied to me, for the labour and pains I have taken to discover the end of this delectable history; though I am very sensible, that, if Heaven and fortune had not befriended me, the world would have still been without that pastime and pleasure, which an attentive reader of it may enjoy for near two hours. Now the manner of finding it was this.

As I was walking, one day, on the exchange of Toledo, a boy came to sell some bundles of old papers to a mercer; and, as I am fond of reading, though it be torn papers, thrown about the streets: carried by this my natural inclination, I took a parcel of those the boy was selling, and perceived therein characters, which I knew to be Arabic. And whereas, though I knew the letters, I could not read them, I looked about for some Moorish rabbi, to read them for me: and it was not very difficult to find such an interpreter; for, had I even sought one for some better and more ancient language, I should have found him there. In short, my good fortune presented one to me; and acquainting him with my desire, and putting the book into his hands, he opened it towards the

middle, and, reading a little in it, began to laugh. I asked him, what he smiled at; and he answered me, at something, which he found written in the margin, by way of annotation. I desired him to tell me what it was; and he, laughing on, said; There is written on the margin as follows: “ This Dulcinea del Toboso, so often mentioned in this history, had, they say, the best hand at salting pork, of any woman in all la Mancha.” When I heard the name of Dulcinea del Toboso, I stood amazed and confounded; for I presently fancied to myself, that those bundles of paper contained the History of Don Quixote.

With this thought I pressed him to read the beginning; which he did, and rendering extempore the Arabic into Castilian, said that it began thus: “ The History of Don Quixote de la Mancha, written by Cide Hamete Benengeli, Arabian Historiographer.” Much discretion was necessary to dissemble the joy I felt at hearing the title of the book; and snatching it out of the mercer’s hands, I bought the whole bundle of papers from the boy for half a real; who, if he had been cunning, and had perceived how eager I was to have them, might very well have promised himself, and have really had, more than six for the bargain. I went off immediately with the Morisco, through the cloister of the great church, and desired him to translate for me those papers, that treated of Don Quixote, into the Castilian tongue,



without taking away or adding any thing to them, offering to pay him, whatever he should demand. He was satisfied with fifty pound of raisins, and two bushels of wheat; and promised to translate them faithfully and expeditiously. But I, to make the business more sure, and not to let so valuable a prize slip through my fingers, took him home to my own house, where, in little more than six weeks time, he translated the whole, in the manner you have it here related.

In the first sheet was drawn, in a most lively manner, Don Quixote's combat with the Biscainer, in the same attitude, in which the history sets it forth; the swords lifted up; the one covered with his buckler, the other with his cushion; and the Biscainer's mule so to the life, that you might discover it to be a hackney-jade a bow-shot off. The Biscainer had a label at his feet, on which was written, Don Sancho de Azpeytia; which, without doubt, must have been his name: and at the feet of Rozinante was another, on which was written, Don Quixote. Rozinante was wonderfully well delineated; so long and lank, so lean and feeble, with so sharp a backbone, and so like one in a galloping consumption, that you might see plainly with that exactness and propriety the name of Rozinante had been given him. Close by him stood Sancho Panza, holding his ass by the halter; at whose feet was another scroll, whereon was written, Sancho

Zancas : and not without reason, if he was, as the painting expressed, paunch-bellied, short of stature, and spindle-shanked : which, doubtless, gave him the names of Panza and Zancas ; for the history sometimes calls him by the one, and sometimes by the other of these surnames. There were some other minuter particulars observable ; but they are all of little importance, and contribute nothing to the faithful narration of the history ; though none are to be despised, if true. But, if there be any objection against the truth of this history, it can only be, that the author was an Arab, those of that nation being not a little addicted to lying : though, as they are so much our enemies, one should rather think he fell short of, than exceeded, the bounds of truth. And so, in truth, he seems to have done : for when he might, and ought to have launched out, in celebrating the praises of so excellent a Knight, it looks as if he industriously passed them over in silence : a thing ill done and worse designed ; for historians ought to be precise, faithful, and unprejudiced ; and neither interest nor fear, hatred nor affection, should make them swerve from the way of truth, whose mother is history, the rival of time, the depository of great actions, the witness of what is past, the example and instruction to the present, and monitor to the future. In this you will certainly find, whatever you can desire in the most agreeable ; and, if any per-

fection is wanting to it, it must, without all question, be the fault of the infidel its Author, and not owing to any defect in the subject. In short, this part, according to the translation, began thus.

The trenchant blades of the two valorous and enraged combatants, being brandished aloft, seemed to stand threatening Heaven, and earth, and the deep abyss; such was the courage and gallantry of their deportment. And the first, who discharged his blow, was the choleric Biscainer; which fell with such force and fury, that, if the edge of the sword had not turned aslant by the way, that single blow had been enough to have put an end to this cruel conflict, and to all the adventures of our Knight: but good fortune, that preserved him for greater things, so twisted his adversary's sword, that, though it alighted on the left shoulder, it did him no other hurt than to disarm that side, carrying off by the way a great part of his helmet, with half an ear; all which, with hideous ruin, fell to the ground, leaving him in a piteous plight.

Good God! who is he that can worthily recount the rage, that entered into the breast of our Manchegan, at seeing himself so roughly handled? Let it suffice, that it was such, that he raised himself afresh in his stirrups, and, grasping his sword faster in both hands, discharged it with such fury upon the Biscainer, taking him full upon the

cushion, and upon the head, which he could not defend, that, as if a mountain had fallen upon him, the blood began to gush out at his nostrils, his mouth, and his ears; and he seemed as if he was just falling down from his mule, which doubtless he must have done, if he had not laid fast hold of her neck: but, notwithstanding that, he lost his stirrups and let go his hold; and the mule, frightened by the terrible stroke, began to run about the field, and at two or three plunges laid her master flat upon the ground. Don Quixote stood looking on with great calmness, and, when he saw him fall, leaped from his horse, and ran with much agility up to him, and, clapping the point of his sword to his eyes, bid him yield, or he would cut off his head. The Biscainer was so stunned, that he could not answer a word; and it had gone hard with him, so blinded with rage was Don Quixote, if the ladies of the coach, who hitherto in great dismay beheld the conflict, had not approached him, and earnestly besought him, that he would do them the great kindness and favour to spare the life of their squire. Don Quixote answered with much solemnity and gravity: "Assuredly, fair Ladies, I am very willing to grant your request, but it is upon a certain condition and compact; which is, that this Knight shall promise me to repair to the town of Toboso, and present himself, as from me, before the peerless Dulcinea, that she may dispose

of him as she shall think fit." The terrified and disconsolate lady, without considering what Don Quixote required, and without inquiring who Dulcinea was, promised him her squire should perform, whatever he enjoined him. "In reliance upon this promise," said Don Quixote, "I will do him no farther hurt, though he has well deserved it at my hands."

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## CHAP. X.

OF THE DISCOURSE DON QUIXOTE HAD WITH HIS GOOD  
SQUIRE SANCHE PANZA.

BY this time Sancho Panza had got upon his legs, somewhat roughly handled by the monk's lacqueys, and stood beholding, very attentively, the combat of his master Don Quixote, and besought God in his heart, that he would be pleased to give him the victory, and that he might thereby win some island, of which to make him governor, as he had promised him. Now, seeing the conflict at an end, and that his master was ready to mount again upon Rozinante, he came and held his stirrup; and, before he got up, he fell upon his knees before him, and, taking hold of his hand, kissed it, and said to him: "Be pleased, my Lord Don Quixote, to bestow upon me the government of that island, which you have won in this rigorous combat; for, be it never so big, I

find in myself ability sufficient to govern it, as well as the best he that ever governed an island in the world." To which Don Quixote answered; "Consider, brother Sancho, that this adventure, and others of this nature, are not adventures of islands, but of cross-ways, in which nothing is to be gotten but a broken head, or the loss of an ear. Have patience: for adventures will offer, whereby I may not only make thee a governor, but something better." Sancho returned him abundance of thanks, and, kissing his hand again, and the skirt of his coat of mail, he helped him to get upon Rozinante, and himself mounting his ass began to follow his master; who going off at a round rate, without taking his leave, or speaking to those of the coach, entered into a wood, that was hard by.

Sancho followed him as fast as his beast could trot; but Rozinante made such way, that, seeing himself like to be left behind, he was forced to call aloud to his master to stay for him. Don Quixote did so, checking Rozinante by the bridle, until his weary squire overtook him; who, as soon as he came near, said to him: "Methinks, Sir, it would not be amiss to retire to some church; for considering in what condition you have left your adversary, it is not improbable they may give notice of the fact to the holy Brotherhood<sup>33</sup>, and they may apprehend us: and in faith, if they do, before we get out of their clutches we may

chance to sweat for it.”—“Peace,” quoth Don Quixote; “for where have you ever seen or read of a Knight-errant’s being brought before a court of justice, let him have committed never so many homicides.”—“I know nothing of your Omecils,” answered Sancho, “nor in my life have I ever concerned myself about them: only this I know, that the holy Brotherhood have something to say to those, who fight in the fields; and as to this other matter, I intermeddle not in it.”—“Set your heart at rest, friend,” answered Don Quixote; “for I should deliver you out of the hands of the Chaldeans: how much more out of those of the holy Brotherhood? But tell me, on your life, have you ever seen a more valorous Knight than I, upon the whole face of the known earth? Have you read in story of any other, who has, or ever had, more bravery in assailing, more breath in holding out, more dexterity in wounding, or more address in giving a fall?”—“The truth is,” answered Sancho, “that I never read any history at all; for I can neither read, nor write: but what I dare affirm is, that I never served a bolder master than your Worship, in all the days of my life; and pray God we be not called to an account for these darings, where I just now said. What I beg of your Worship, is, that you would let your wound be dressed, for there comes a great deal of blood from that ear: and I have here some lint, and a little white ointment, in my

wallet.”—“ All this would have been needless,” answered Don Quixote, “ if I had bethought myself of making a phial of the balsam of Fierabras ; for, with one single drop of that, we might have saved both time and medicines.”—“ What phial, and what balsam is that ?” said Sancho Panza. “ It is a balsam,” answered Don Quixote, “ of which I have the receipt by heart ; and he, that has it, need not fear death, nor so much as think of dying by any wound. And therefore, when I shall have made it, and given it you, all you will have to do is, when you see me in some battle cleft asunder, as it frequently happens, to take up fair and softly that part of my body which shall fall to the ground, and, with the greatest nicety, before the blood is congealed, place it upon the other half, that shall remain in the saddle, taking especial care to make them tally exactly. Then must you immediately give me to drink only two draughts of the balsam aforesaid, and then will you see me become sounder than any apple.”—“ If this be so,” said Sancho, “ I renounce from henceforward the government of the promised island, and desire no other thing, in payment of my many and good services, but only that your Worship will give me the receipt of this extraordinary liquor ; for I dare say it will any where fetch more than two reals an ounce, and I want no more to pass this life creditably and comfortably. But I should be



glad to know, wheiher it will cost much in the making?"—"For less than three reals one may make nine pints," answered Don Quixote. "Sinner that I am," replied Sancho, "why then does your Worship delay to make it, and to teach it me?"—"Peace, friend," answered Don Quixote; for I intend to teach thee greater secrets, and to do thee greater kindnesses: and, for the present, let us see about the cure; for my ear pains me more than I could wish."

Sancho took some lint and ointment out of his wallet; but, when Don Quixote perceived that his helmet was broken, he was ready to run stark mad; and, laying his hand on his sword, and lifting up his eyes to Heaven, he said: "I swear, by the Creator of all things, and by all that is contained in the four holy evangelists, to lead the life that the great Marquis of Mantua led, when he vowed to revenge the death of his nephew Valdovinos; which was, not to eat bread on a table-cloth, nor solace himself with his wife, and other things, which, though I do not now remember, I allow here for expressed, until I am fully revenged on him, who hath done me this outrage." Sancho hearing this, said to him: "Pray consider, Signor Don Quixote, that, if the Knight has performed what was enjoined him, namely, to go and present himself before my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, he will then have done his duty, and deserves no new punishment,

unless he commits a new crime.”—“ You have spoken and remarked very justly,” answered Don Quixote, “ and I annul the oath, so far as concerns the taking a fresh revenge ; but I make it, and confirm it anew, as to leading the life I have mentioned, until I shall take by force such another helmet, or one as good, from some other Knight. And think not, Sancho, I undertake this lightly, or make a smoke of straw : I know what example I follow therein ; for the same thing happened exactly with regard to Mambrino’s helmet, which cost Sacripante so dear <sup>34</sup>.”—“ Good Sir,” replied Sancho, “ give such oaths to the devil ; for they are very detrimental to health, and prejudicial to the conscience. Besides, pray tell me, if perchance in many days we should not light upon a man armed with a helmet, what must we do then ; must the oath be kept, in spite of so many difficulties and inconveniencies, such as sleeping in your clothes, and not sleeping in any inhabited place, and a thousand other penances, contained in the oath of that mad old fellow the Marquis of Mantua, which you, Sir, would now revive ? Consider well, that none of these roads are frequented by armed men, and that here are only carriers and carters, who are so far from wearing helmets, that, perhaps, they never heard them so much as named in all the days of their lives.”—“ You are mistaken in this,” said Don Quixote ; “ for we shall not be two hours in these cross-ways,

before we shall see more armed men than came to the siege of Albraca<sup>35</sup>, to carry off Angelica the fair.”—“ Well then, be it so,” quoth Sancho; “ and God grant us good success, and that we may speedily win this island, which costs me so dear; and then no matter how soon I die.”—“ I have already told you, Sancho, to be in no pain upon that account; for, if an island cannot be had, there is the kingdom of Denmark, or that of Sobradisa<sup>36</sup>, which will fit you like a ring to your finger; and moreover, being upon Terra Firma<sup>37</sup>, you should rejoice the more. But let us leave this to its own time, and see if you have any thing for us to eat in your wallet; and we will go presently in quest of some castle, where we may lodge this night, and make the balsam, that I told you of; for I vow to God, my ear pains me very much.”—“ I have here an onion, and a piece of cheese, and I know not how many crusts of bread,” said Sancho; “ but they are not eatables fit for so valiant a Knight as your Worship.”—“ How ill you understand this matter!” answered Don Quixote: “ you must know, Sancho, that it is an honour to Knights-errant not to eat in a month; and, if they do eat, it must be of what comes next in hand: and, if you had read as many histories as I have done, you would have known this: for though I have perused a great many, I never yet found any account given in

them, that ever Knights-errant did eat, unless it were by chance, and at certain sumptuous banquets made on purpose for them ; and the rest of their days they lived, as it were, upon their smelling. And though it is to be presumed, they could not subsist without eating, and without satisfying all other natural wants, it must likewise be supposed, that, as they passed most part of their lives in wandering through forests and deserts, and without a cook, their most usual diet must consist of rustic viands, such as those you now offer me. So that, friend Sancho, let not that trouble you, which gives me pleasure ; nor endeavour to make a new world, or to throw Knight-errantry off its hinges.”—“ Pardon me, Sir,” said Sancho ; “ for, as I can neither read nor write, as I told you before, I am entirely unacquainted with the rules of the knightly profession ; and from henceforward I will furnish my wallet with all sorts of dried fruits for your Worship, who are a Knight : and for myself, who am none, I will supply it with poultry, and other things of more substance.”—“ I do not say, Sancho,” replied Don Quixote, “ that Knights-errant are obliged to eat nothing but dried fruit, as you say ; but that their most usual sustenance was of that kind, and of certain herbs, they found up and down in the fields, which they very well knew ; and so do I.”—“ It is a happiness to know

these same herbs," answered Sancho ; " for I am inclined to think, we shall one day have occasion to make use of that knowledge."

And so saying, he took out what he had provided, and they ate together in a very peaceable and friendly manner. But, being desirous to seek out some place to lodge in that night, they soon finished their poor and dry commons. They presently mounted, and made what haste they could to get to some inhabited place before night: but both the sun, and their hopes, failed them near the huts of certain goatherds; and so they determined to take up their lodging there: but, if Sancho was grieved, that they could not reach some habitation, his master was as much rejoiced to lie in the open air, making account that, every time this befel him, he was doing an act possessive, or such an act as gave a fresh evidence of his title to chivalry.

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## CHAP. XI.

OF WHAT BEFEL DON QUIXOTE WITH CERTAIN  
GOATHERDS.

HE was kindly received by the goatherds; and Sancho, having accommodated Rozinante and his ass the best he could, followed the scent of certain pieces of goat's flesh, that were boiling in a kettle on the fire; and though he would willingly, at that instant, have tried, whether

they were fit to be translated from the kettle to the stomach, he forbore doing it; for the goat-herds themselves took them off the fire, and, spreading some sheep-skins on the ground, very speedily served up their rural mess, and invited them both, with show of much good-will, to take share of what they had. Six of them, that belonged to the fold, sat down round about the skins, having first, with rustic compliments, desired Don Quixote to seat himself upon a trough with the bottom upwards, placed on purpose for him. Don Quixote sat down, and Sancho remained standing to serve the cup, which was made of horn. His master, seeing him standing, said to him: "That you may see, Sancho, the intrinsic worth of Knight-errantry, and how fair a prospect its meanest retainers have of speedily gaining the respect and esteem of the world, I desire, that you sit here by my side, in company with these good folks, and that you be one and the same thing with me, who am your master and natural lord; that you eat from off my plate, and drink of the same cup, in which I drink: for the same may be said of Knight-errantry, which is said of love, that it makes all things equal." —"I give you a great many thanks, Sir," said Sancho; "but let me tell your Worship, that, provided I have victuals enough, I can eat as well, or better, standing, and alone by myself, than if I were seated close by an Emperor. And

farther, to tell you the truth, what I eat in my corner, without compliments or ceremonies, though it were nothing but bread and an onion, relishes better than turkies at other folk's tables, where I am forced to chew leisurely, drink little, wipe my mouth often, neither sneeze nor cough when I have a mind, nor do other things, which follow the being alone and at liberty. So that, good Sir, as to these honours your Worship is pleased to confer upon me, as a menial servant, and hanger-on of Knight-errantry, being squire to your Worship, be pleased to convert them into something of more use and profit to me: for, though I place them to account, as received in full, I renounce them from this time forward to the end of the world."—"Notwithstanding all this," said Don Quixote, "you shall sit down; for whosoever humbleth himself, God doth exalt;" and, pulling him by the arm, he forced him to sit down next him. The goatherds did not understand this jargon of squires and Knights-errant, and did nothing but eat, and listen, and stare at their guests, who, with much cheerfulness and appetite, swallowed down pieces as big as one's fist. The service of flesh being finished, they spread upon the skins a great quantity of acorns, together with half a cheese, harder than if it had been made of plaster of Paris. The horn stood not idle all this while; for it went round so often, now full, now empty, like the bucket of a well,

that they presently emptied one of the two wine-bags, that hung in view. After Don Quixote had satisfied his hunger, he took up an handful of acorns, and, looking on them attentively, gave utterance to expressions like these :

“ Happy times, and happy ages ! those, to which the ancients gave the name of golden, not because gold, which, in this, our iron age, is so much esteemed, was to be had, in that fortunate period, without toil and labour ; but because they, who then lived, were ignorant of these two words, *Meum* and *Tuum*. In that age of innocence, all things were in common : no one needed to take any other pains for his ordinary sustenance, than to lift up his hands and take it from the sturdy oaks, which stood inviting him liberally to taste of their sweet and relishing fruit. The limpid fountains, and running streams, offered them, in magnificent abundance, their delicious and transparent waters. In the clefts of rocks, and in the hollow of trees, did the industrious and provident bees form their commonwealths, offering to every hand, without usury, the fertile produce of their most delicious toil. The stout cork-trees, without any other inducement than that of their own courtesy, divested themselves of their light and expanded bark ; with which men began to cover their houses, supported by rough poles, only for a defence against the inclemency of the seasons. All then was peace,



all amity, all concord. As yet the heavy coulter of the crooked plough had not dared to force open, and search into, the tender bowels of our first mother, who, unconstrained, offered, from every part of her fertile and spacious bosom, whatever might feed, sustain, and delight those her children, who then had her in possession. Then did the simple and beauteous young shepherdesses trip it from dale to dale, and from hill to hill, their tresses sometimes plaited, sometimes loosely flowing, with no more clothing than was necessary modestly to cover, what modesty has always required to be concealed: nor were their ornaments then like those now in fashion, to which the Tyrian purple and the so-many-ways martyred silk give a value; but composed of green dock-leaves and ivy, interwoven; with which, perhaps, they went as splendidly and elegantly decked, as our court-ladies do now, with all those rare and foreign inventions, which idle curiosity hath taught them. Then werethe amorous conceptions of the soul clothed in simple and sincere expressions, in the same way and manner they were conceived, without seeking artificial phrases to set them off. Nor as yet were fraud, deceit, and malice, intermixed with truth and plain-dealing. Justice kept within her proper bounds; favour and interest, which now so much depreciate, confound, and persecute her, not daring then to disturb or offend her. As yet the

judge did not make his own will the measure of justice; for then there was neither cause nor person to be judged. Maidens and modesty, as I said before, went about alone and mistress of themselves, without fear of any danger from the unbridled freedom and lewd designs of others; and, if they were undone, it was entirely owing to their own natural inclination and will. But now, in these detestable ages of ours, no damsel is secure, though she were hidden and locked up in another labyrinth, like that of Crete; for even there, through some cranny, or through the air, by the zeal of cursed importunity, the amorous pestilence finds entrance, and they miscarry in spite of their closest retreat. For the security of whom, as times grew worse, and wickedness increased, the order of Knight-errantry was instituted, to defend maidens, to protect widows, and to relieve orphans and persons distressed. Of this order am I, brother goatherds, from whom I take kindly the good cheer and civil reception you have given me and my squire: for though, by the law of nature, every one living is obliged to favour Knights-errant, yet knowing that, without your being acquainted with this obligation, you have entertained and regaled me, it is but reason, that, with all possible good-will towards you, I should acknowledge yours to me."

Our Knight made this tedious discourse, which might very well have been spared, because the

acorns they had given him put him in mind of the golden age, and inspired him with an eager desire to make this strange harangue to the goatherds ; who stood in amaze, gaping and listening, without answering him a word. Sancho himself was silent, stuffing himself with the acorns, and often visiting the second wine-bag, which, that the wine might be cool, was kept hung upon a cork-tree.

Don Quixote spent more time in talking than in eating ; and, supper being over, one of the goatherds said : “ That your Worship, Signor Knight-errant, may the more truly say, that we entertain you with a ready good-will, we will give you some diversion and amusement, by making one of our comrades sing, who will soon be here : he is a very intelligent lad, and deeply enamoured ; and, above all, can read and write, and plays upon the rebeck<sup>38</sup> to your heart’s content.” The goatheard had scarce said this, when the sound of the rebeck reached their ears, and, presently after, came he that played on it, who was a youth of about two-and-twenty, and of a very good mien. His comrades asked him, if he had supped ; and he answering, Yes ; “ Then Antonio,” said he, who had made the offer, “ you may afford us the pleasure of hearing you sing a little, that this gentleman, our guest, may see we have here, among the mountains and woods, some, that understand

music. We have told him your good qualities, and would have you show them, and make good, what we have said ; and therefore I entreat you to sit down, and sing the ditty of your loves, which your uncle, the Prebendary, composed for you, and which was so well liked in our village.”—  
“ With all my heart,” replied the youth ; and, without farther entreaty, he sat down upon the trunk of an old oak, and, tuning his rebeck, after a while, with a singular good grace, he began to sing as follows.

## ANTONIO.

Olalia, in that breast there lies  
A flame, in vain conceal'd,  
Though never by your tell-tale eyes,  
Love's silent tongues ! reveal'd.  
  
Yes, e'en your prudence, gentle Maid,  
Assures me you are kind ;  
For love once known, howe'er delay'd,  
A sure reward will find.  
  
True, you have often made me feel,  
By proofs too plainly shown,  
Your cold obdurate heart is steel,  
Your snow-white bosom stone.  
  
But yet amid those looks unkind,  
Beneath that alter'd mien,  
Hope, gentle Goddess, lurk'd behind,  
Her garment's hem was seen.

A firm unalter'd faith, the while,  
My equal thoughts maintain,  
Nor rais'd by flatt'ry's fav'ring smile,  
Nor blasted by disdain.  
If love with courtesy agree ;  
By that which you possess,  
The lot, which waits my hopes and me,  
Must sure be happiness.  
Or if submissive service claim  
Aught from a heart benign,  
I shall not feed a hopeless flame ;  
That claim is surely mine.  
Have you not mark'd how spruce and neat,  
In token of respect,  
I oft in Sunday suit complete,  
On working-days am deck'd ?  
And dress, they say, will sometimes prove  
A mirror of the mind ;  
Then, sure, in mine the marks of love  
You easily may find.  
For you the dance have I forsworn,  
Forsworn the tuneful lay,  
Which you have heard from break of morn,  
Till close of summer's day,  
Why should I all the praise recite  
Which to your charms I've paid ;  
Praise justly due, yet heard with spite  
By many an envious maid !  
'Twas thus Teresa wont to rave,  
(That nymph of Berrocal,)  
" Thou deem'st thyself an angel's slave,  
" And to an ape art thrall.

“ False is her jewels’ glittering glare,

“ Her artificial tresses !

“ And feign’d that hypocritic air ;

“ Those parasite caresses !”

Enrag’d I told the nymph she lied,

Regardless of good-breeding :

Her Champion Cousin too defied,

His martial skill unheeding.

Mine is no low unworthy suit,

No base ignoble fire,

Of lurking avarice the fruit,

Or shameless bold desire.

Soft is the Church’s silken chain,

Her bonds I’d gladly wear ;

Oh wouldst thou, dear Olalia, deign

Those bonds with me to share !

Else hear my vow, ye saints above,

In heav’nly bliss who dwell !

Ne’er from these mountains will I rove,

But to the monkish cell.

Here ended the goatherd’s song, and, though Don Quixote desired him to sing something else, Sancho Panza was of another mind, being more disposed to sleep, than to hear ballads ; and therefore he said to his master ; “ Sir, you had better consider, where you are to lie to-night ; for the pains these honest men take all day will not suffer them to pass the nights in singing.”—“ I understand you, Sancho,” answered Don Quixote ; “ for I see plainly, that the visits to the wine-bag

require to be paid rather with sleep than music.” —“ It relished well with us all, blessed be God,” answered Sancho. “ I do not deny it,” replied Don Quixote; “ but lie down, where you will, for it better becomes those of my profession to watch than to sleep. However, it would not be amiss, Sancho, if you would dress this ear again; for it pains me more than it should.” Sancho did what he was commanded; and one of the goat-herds, seeing the hurt, bid him not be uneasy, for he would apply such a remedy as should quickly heal it. And taking some rosemary leaves, of which there was plenty thereabouts, he chewed them, and mixed them with a little salt, and, laying them to the ear, bound them on very fast, assuring him, he would want no other salve; and so it proved.

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## CHAP. XII.

WHAT A CERTAIN GOATHERD RELATED TO THOSE,  
THAT WERE WITH DON QUIXOTE.

WHILE this passed, there came another of those young lads, who brought them their provisions from the village, and said; “ Comrades, do you know what passes in the village?” — “ How should we know?” answered one of them. “ Know then,” continued the youth, “ that this morning died that famous shepherd, and scholar, Chrysostom; and it is whispered, that he died

for love of that devilish untoward lass Marcela, daughter of William the Rich ; she, who rambles about these woods and fields, in the dress of a shepherdess.”—“ For Marcela, say you ?” quoth one. “ For her, I say,” answered the goatherd : “ and the best of it is, he has ordered by his will, that they should bury him in the fields, as if he had been a Moor, and that it should be at the foot of the rock by the cork-tree fountain ; for, according to report, and what, they say, he himself declared, that was the very place, where he first saw her. He ordered also other things so extravagant, that the clergy say, they must not be performed ; nor is it fit they should, for they seem to be heathenish. To all which that great friend of his, Ambrosio the Student, who accompanied him likewise, in the dress of a shepherd, answers, that the whole must be fulfilled, without omitting any thing, as Chrysostom enjoined ; and upon this the village is all in an uproar : but, by what I can learn, they will at last do what Ambrosio, and all the shepherd’s friends, require ; and to-morrow they come to inter him, with great solemnity, in the place, I have already told you of. And I am of opinion, it will be very well worth seeing ; at least, I will not fail to go, though I knew, I should not return to-morrow to the village.”—“ We will do so too,” answered the goatherds, “ and let us cast lots to determine who shall stay behind, to look after all our goats.”



—"You say well, Pedro," quoth another: "but it will be needless to make use of this expedient, for I will stay for you all; and do not attribute this to virtue, or want of curiosity in me, but to the thorn which struck into my foot the other day, and hinders me from walking."—"We are obliged to you however," answered Pedro.

Don Quixote desired Pedro to tell him, who the deceased was, and who that shepherdess. To which Pedro answered, that all he knew was, that the deceased was a wealthy gentleman, of a neighbouring village, among the hills thereabout, who had studied many years in Salamanca; at the end of which time he returned home, with the character of a very knowing and well-read person: particularly, it was said, he understood the science of the stars, and what the sun and moon are doing in the sky: for he told us punctually theclipse of the sun and moon."—"Friend," quoth Don Quixote, "the obscuration of those two greater luminaries is called an Eclipse, and not a Clipse." But Pedro, not regarding niceties, went on with his story, saying: "He also foretold, when the year would be plentiful, or estril"—"Steril, you would say, friend," quoth Don Quixote. "Steril or estril," answered Pedro, "comes all to the same thing. And, as I was saying, his father and friends, who gave credit to his words, became very rich thereby; for they followed his advice in every thing. This

year, he would say, sow barley, and not wheat : in this you may sow vetches, and not barley : the next year there will be plenty of oil : the three following there will not be a drop.”—“ This science they call Astrology,” said Don Quixote. “ I know not how it is called,” replied Pedro ; but I know, that he knew all this, and more too. In short, not many months after he came from Salamanca, on a certain day he appeared dressed like a shepherd, with his crook, and sheep-skin jacket, having thrown aside his scholar’s gown ; and with him another, a great friend of his, called Ambrosio, who had been his fellow-student, and now put himself into the same dress of a shepherd. I forgot to tell you, how the deceased Chrysostom was a great man at making verses ; insomuch that he made the carols for Christmas-eve, and the religious plays for Corpus Christi, which the boys of our village represented ; and every body said they were most excellent. When the people of the village saw the two scholars so suddenly habited like shepherds, they were amazed, and could not guess at the cause, that induced them to make that strange alteration in their dress. About this time the father of Chrysostom died, and he inherited a large estate, in lands and goods, flocks, herds, and money ; of all which the youth remained dissolute master ; and indeed he deserved it all, for he was a very good companion, a charitable man, and a friend to those, that were good,

and had a face like any blessing. Afterwards it came to be known, that he changed his habit, for no other purpose, but that he might wander about those desert places after that shepherdess Marcela, whom our lad told you of before, and with whom the poor deceased Chrysostom was in love. And I will now tell you, for it is fit you should know, who this young slut is; for perhaps, and even without a perhaps, you may never have heard the like in all the days of your life, though you were as old as the Itch.”—“ Say, as old as Sarah,” replied Don Quixote, not being able to endure the goatherd’s mistaking words. “ The Itch is old enough,” answered Pedro, “ and, Sir, if you must at every turn be correcting my words, we shall not have done this twelve-month.”—“ Pardon me, friend,” said Don Quixote, “ I told you of it, because there is a wide difference between the Itch and Sarah <sup>39</sup> : and so go on with your story; for I will interrupt you no more.”

“ I say then, dearest Sir,” quoth the goatherd, “ that, in our village, there was a farmer richer than the father of Chrysostom, called William; on whom God bestowed, besides much and great wealth, a daughter, of whom her mother died in childbed, and she was the most respected woman of all our country. I cannot help thinking I see her now, with that presence, looking as if she had the sun on one side of her, and the moon on the other: and above all, she was

a notable housewife, and a friend to the poor : for which I believe her soul is at this very moment enjoying God in the other world. Her husband, William, died for grief at the death of so good a woman, leaving his daughter Marcela, young and rich, under the care of an uncle, a Priest, and beneficed in our village. The girl grew up with so much beauty, that it put us in mind of her mother's, who had a great share ; and for all that it was judged that her daughter's would surpass hers. And so it fell out ; for, when she came to be fourteen or fifteen years of age, nobody beheld her without blessing God for making her so handsome, and most men were in love with, and undone for, her. Her uncle kept her very carefully and very close : notwithstanding which, the fame of her extraordinary beauty spread itself so, that, partly for her person, partly for her great riches, her uncle was applied to, solicited, and importuned, not only by those of our own village, but by many others, and those the better sort too, for several leagues round, to dispose of her in marriage. But he, who, to do him justice, is a good Christian, though he was desirous to dispose of her as soon as she was marriageable, yet would not do it without her consent, having no eye to the benefit and advantage, he might have made of the girl's estate by deferring her marriage. And, in good truth, this has been told in praise of the good Priest, in more com-

panies than one in our village. For I would have you to know, Sir-errant, that, in these little places, every thing is talked of and every thing censured. And, my life for yours, that Clergyman must be over and above good, who obliges his parishioners to speak well of him, especially in country towns."

"It is true," said Don Quixote; "and proceed: for the story is excellent, and, honest Pedro, you tell it with a good grace."—"May the grace of the Lord never fail me, which is most to the purpose. And farther know," quoth Pedro, "that, though the uncle proposed to his niece, and acquainted her with the qualities of every one in particular of the many, who sought her in marriage, advising her to marry, and choose to her liking, she never returned any other answer, but that she was not disposed to marry at present, and that being so young, she did not find herself able to bear the burden of matrimony. Her uncle, satisfied with these seemingly just excuses, ceased to importune her, and waited, till she was grown a little older, and knew how to choose a companion to her taste. For, said he, and he said very well, parents ought not to settle their children against their will. But behold! when we least imagined it, on a certain day the coy Marcela appears a shepherdess, and, without the consent of her uncle, and against the persuasions of all the neighbours, would needs go into the fields, with the other

country-lasses, and tend her own flock. And now that she appeared in public, and her beauty was exposed to all beholders, it is impossible to tell you how many wealthy youths, gentlemen, and farmers, have taken Chrysostom's dress, and go up and down these plains, making their suit to her: one of whom, as is said already, was the deceased, of whom it is said, that he rather adored than loved her. But think not, that, because Marcela has given herself up to this free and unconfined way of life, and that with so little, or rather no reserve, she has any the least colour of suspicion to the prejudice of her modesty and discretion: no, rather so great and strict is the watch she keeps over her honour, that of all those, who serve and solicit her, no one has boasted, or can boast with truth, that she has given him the least hope of obtaining his desire. For though she does not fly nor shun the company and conversation of the shepherds, but treats them with courtesy, and in a friendly manner, yet upon any one's beginning to discover his intention, though it be as just and holy as that of marriage, she casts him from her as out of a stone-bow. And by this sort of behaviour she does more mischief in this country, than if she carried the plague about with her; for her affability and beauty attract the hearts of those, who converse with her, to serve and love her; but her disdain and frank dealing drive them to terms of despair: and so they know

not what to say to her, and can only exclaim against her, calling her cruel and ungrateful, with such other titles, as plainly denote her character. And were you to abide here, Sir, a while, you would hear these mountains and vallies resound with the complaints of those undeceived wretches, that yet follow her. There is a place not far from hence, where there are about two dozen of tall beeches, and not one of them but has the name of Marcela written and engraved on its smooth bark; and over some of them is a crown carved in the same tree, as if the lover would more clearly express, that Marcela bears away the crown, and deserves it above all human beauty. Here sighs one shepherd; there complains another: here are heard amorous sonnets, there despairing ditties. You shall have one pass all the hours of the night, seated at the foot of some oak or rock; and there, without closing his weeping eyes, wrapped up and transported in his thoughts, the sun finds him in the morning. You shall have another, without cessation or truce to his sighs, in the midst of the most irksome noon-day heat of the summer, extended on the burning sand, and sending up his complaints to all-pitying Heaven. In the mean time, the beautiful Marcela, free and unconcerned, triumphs over them all. We, who know her, wait with impatience to see what her haughtiness will come to, and who is to be the happy man, that shall subdue so intractable a

disposition, and enjoy so incomparable a beauty. All, that I have recounted, being so assured a truth, I the more easily believe what our companion told us concerning the cause of Chrysostom's death. And, therefore, I advise you, Sir, that you do not fail to-morrow to be at his funeral, which will be very well worth seeing: for Chrysostom has a great many friends; and it is not half a league from this place to that, where he ordered himself to be buried."

"I will certainly be there," said Don Quixote, "and I thank you for the pleasure, you have given me by the recital of so entertaining a story."—"Oh," replied the goatherd, "I do not yet know half the adventures, that have happened to Marcela's lovers; but to-morrow, perhaps, we shall meet by the way with some shepherd, who may tell us more: at present it will not be amiss, that you get to sleep under some roof; for the cold dew of the night may do your wound harm, though the salve I have put to it is such, that you need not fear any cross accident." Sancho Panza, who, for his part, gave this long-winded tale of the goatherd's to the devil, pressed his master to lay himself down to sleep in Pedro's hut. He did so, and passed the rest of the night in remembrances of his Lady Dulcinea, in imitation of Marcela's lovers. Sancho Panza took up his lodging between Rozinante and his ass, and slept it out, not like a discarded lover, but like a person well ribroasted.



## CHAP. XIII.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE STORY OF THE SHEPHERD-  
ESS MARCELA, WITH OTHER INCIDENTS.

**B**UT scarce had the day begun to discover itself through the balconies of the east, when five of the six goatherds got up, and went to awake Don Quixote, and asked him, whether he continued in his resolution of going to see the famous funeral of Chrysostom; for they would bear him company. Don Quixote, who desired nothing more, got up, and bid Sancho saddle and pannel immediately; which he did with great expedition: and, with the same dispatch, they all presently set out on their way.

They had not gone a quarter of a league, when, upon crossing a path-way, they saw six shepherds making towards them, clad in black sheep-skin jerkins, and their heads crowned with garlands of cypress and bitter rosemary. Each of them had a thick holly-club in his hand. There came, also, with them two cavaliers on horseback, in very handsome riding-habits, attended by three lacqueys on foot. When they had joined companies, they saluted each other courteously; and asking one another whither they were going, they found, they were all going to the place of burial; and so they began to travel in company.

One of those on horseback, speaking to his companion, said : “ I fancy, Signor Vivaldo, we shall not think the time mispent in staying to see this famous funeral : for it cannot choose but be extraordinary, considering the strange things these shepherds have recounted, as well of the deceased shepherd, as of the murdering shepherdess.”—“ I think so too,” answered Vivaldo ; “ and I do not only think much of spending one day, but I would even stay four to see it.” Don Quixote asked them, what it was, they had heard of Marcela and Chrysostom ? The traveller said, they had met those shepherds early that morning, and that, seeing them in that mournful dress, they had asked the occasion of their going clad in that manner ; and that one of them had related the story, telling them of the beauty, and unaccountable humour, of a certain shepherdess called Marcela, and the loves of many, that wooed her ; with the death of Chrysostom, to whose burial they were going. In short, he related all, that Pedro had told to Don Quixote.

This discourse ceased, and another began ; he, who was called Vivaldo, asking Don Quixote, what might be the reason, that induced him to go armed in that manner, through a country so peaceable ? To which Don Quixote answered : “ The profession I follow will not allow, or suffer, me to go in any other manner. The dance, the banquet, and the bed of down, were

invented for soft and effeminate courtiers; but toil, disquietude, and arms, were designed for those, whom the world calls Knights errant, of which number I, though unworthy, am the least." Scarcely had they heard this, when they all concluded, he was a madman. And, for the more certainty, and to try what kind of madness his was, Vivaldo asked him, what he meant by Knights-errant? "Have you not read, Sir," answered Don Quixote, "the annals and histories of England, wherein are recorded the famous exploits of King Arthur, whom in our Castilian tongue we perpetually call King Artus; of whom there goes an old tradition, and a common one all over that kingdom of Great Britain, that this King did not die, but that, by magic art, he was turned into a raven; and that, in process of time, he shall reign again, and recover his kingdom and sceptre: for which reason it cannot be proved, that, from that time to this, any Englishman hath killed a raven. Now, in this good King's time, was instituted that famous order of the Knights of the Round-Table: and the amours, therein related, of Sir Lancelot of the Lake with the Queen Ginebra, passed exactly as they are recorded; that honourable Duenna Quintaniona being their go-between and confidante: which gave birth to that well-known ballad, so cried up here in Spain, of

“ Was never Cavalier victorious,  
With love and warlike ardour burning,  
By courteous Dames so kindly treated,  
As he, from Britain’s shore returning,  
On whom high Maids of Honour waited,  
Sir Lancelot, the great, and glorious—”

with the rest of that sweet and charming recital of his amours and exploits. Now, from that time the order of chivalry has been extending and spreading itself through many and divers parts of the world: and, in this profession, many have been distinguished, and renowned for their heroic deeds; as, the valiant Amadis de Gaul, with all his sons and nephews, to the fifth generation; the valorous Felixmarte of Hircania; and the never-enough to be praised Tirante the White: and we, in our days, have, in a manner, seen, heard, and conversed with, the invincible and valorous Knight Don Belianis of Greece. This, Gentlemen, it is to be a Knight-errant, and what I have told you of is the order of chivalry: of which, as I said before, I, though a sinner, have made profession; and the very same thing, that the aforesaid Knights professed, I profess: and so I travel through these solitudes and deserts, seeking adventures, with a determined resolution to oppose my arm, and my person, to the most perilous that fortune shall present, in aid of the weak and the needy.”

By these discourses the travellers were fully convinced, that Don Quixote was out of his wits, and what kind of madness it was, that influenced him ; which struck them with the same admiration, that it did all others at the first hearing. And Vivaldo, who was a very discerning person, and also of a mirthful disposition, that they might pass without irksomeness the little of the way, that remained, before they came to the funeral mountain, resolved to give him an opportunity of going on in his extravagancies. And therefore he said to him : “ Methinks, Sir Knight-errant, you have taken upon you one of the strictest professions upon earth : and I verily believe that of the Carthusian monks themselves is not so rigid.”—“ It may be as strict, for aught I know,” answered our Don Quixote ; “ but that it is so necessary to the world, I am within two fingers breadth of doubting ; for, to speak the truth, the soldier, who executes his captain’s orders, does no less than the captain himself, who gives him the orders. I would say, that the religious, with all peace and quietness, implore Heaven for the good of the world ; but we soldiers, and Knights, really execute, what they pray for, defending it with the strength of our arms, and the edge of our swords : and that, not under covert, but in open field ; exposed to the insufferable beams of summer’s sun, and winter’s horrid ice. So that we are God’s ministers upon

earth, and the arms, by which he executes his justice in it. And considering that matters of war, and those relating thereto, cannot be put in execution without sweat, toil, and labour, it follows, that they, who profess it, do, unquestionably, take more pains than they, who, in perfect peace and repose, are employed in praying to Heaven to assist those, who can do but little for themselves. I mean not to say, nor do I so much as imagine, that the state of the Knight-errant is as good as that of the recluse religious: I would only infer, from what I suffer, that it is doubtless more laborious, more bastinadoed, more hungry and thirsty, more wretched, more ragged, and more lousy. For there is no doubt, but that the Knights-errant of old underwent many misfortunes in the course of their lives; and, if some of them rose to be Emperors by the valour of their arm, in good truth they paid dearly for it in blood and sweat: and if those, who arrived to such honour, had wanted enchanters and sages to assist them, they would have been mightily deceived in their hopes, and much disappointed in their expectations."

"I am of the same opinion," replied the traveller: "but there is one thing, in particular, among many others, which I dislike in Knights-errant, and it is this: when they are prepared to engage in some great and perilous adventure, in which they are in manifest danger of losing their

lives, in the very instant of the encounter, they never once remember to commend themselves to God, as every Christian is bound to do in the like perils; but rather commend themselves to their mistresses, and that with as much fervour and devotion, as if they were their God; a thing which, to me, savours strongly of paganism.”—“Signor,” answered Don Quixote, “this can by no means be otherwise; and the Knight-errant, who should act in any other manner, would digress much from his duty: for it is a received maxim and custom in chivalry, that the Knight-errant, who, being about to attempt some great feat of arms, has his lady before him, must turn his eyes fondly and amorously toward her, as if by them he implored her favour and protection, in the doubtful moment of distress, he is just entering upon. And, though nobody hears him, he is obliged to mutter some words between his teeth, by which he commends himself to her with his whole heart: and of this we have innumerable examples in the histories. And you must not suppose by this, that they are to neglect commending themselves to God; for there is time and leisure enough to do it in the progress of the work.”—“But, for all that,” replied the traveller, “I have one scruple still remaining; which is, that I have often read, that words arising between two Knights-errant, and choler beginning to kindle in them both, they turn their horses round,

and, fetching a large compass about the field, immediately, without more ado, encounter at full speed; and, in the midst of their career, they commend themselves to their mistresses: and what commonly happens in the encounter, is, that one of them tumbles back over his horse's crupper, pierced through and through by his adversary's lance, and, if the other had not laid hold of his horse's mane, he could not have avoided coming to the ground. Now I cannot imagine what leisure the deceased had to commend himself to God, in the course of this so hasty a work. Better it had been, if the words he spent in commending himself to his lady, in the midst of the career, had been employed about that, to which, as a Christian, he was obliged. And besides, it is certain that all Knights-errant have not ladies to commend themselves to; because they are not all in love."—"That cannot be," answered Don Quixote: "I say, there cannot be a Knight-errant without a mistress; for it as proper and as natural to them to be in love, as to the sky to be full of stars. And I affirm, you cannot show me an history, in which a Knight-errant is to be found without an amour: and for the very reason of his being without one, he would not be reckoned a legitimate Knight, but a bastard, and one, that got into the fortress of chivalry, not by the door, but over the pales, like a thief and a robber."—"Yet, for all that,"



said the traveller, "I think, if I am not much mistaken, I have read, that Don Galaor, brother to the valorous Amadis de Gaul, never had a particular mistress, to whom he might commend himself: notwithstanding which, he was not the less esteemed, and was a very valiant and famous Knight." To which our Don Quixote answered: "Signor, one swallow makes no summer. Besides, I very well know, that this Knight was in secret very deeply enamoured: he was a general lover, and could not resist his natural inclination towards all ladies, whom he thought handsome. But, in short, it is very well attested, that he had one, whom he had made mistress of his will, and to whom he often commended himself, though very secretly; for it was upon this quality of secrecy, that he especially valued himself."

"If it be essential, that every Knight-errant must be a lover," said the traveller, "it is to be presumed, that your Worship is one, as you are of the profession: and, if you do not pique yourself upon the same secrecy as Don Galaor, I earnestly entreat you, in the name of this good company, and in my own, to tell us the name, country, quality, and beauty, of your mistress, who cannot but account herself happy, if all the world knew, that she is loved and served by so worthy a Knight as your Worship appears to be." Here Don Quixote fetched a deep sigh, and said: "I cannot positively affirm, whether this sweet

enemy of mine is pleased, or not, that the world should know I am her servant : I can only say, in answer to what you so very courteously inquire of me, that her name is Dulcinea ; her country Toboso, a town of la Mancha ; her quality at least that of a Princess, since she is my Queen and sovereign Lady ; her beauty more than human, since in her all the impossible and chimerical attributes of beauty, which the poets ascribe to their mistresses, are realized : for her hairs are of gold, her forehead the Elysian fields, her eyebrows rainbows, her eyes suns, her cheeks roses, her lips coral, her teeth pearls, her neck alabaster, her bosom marble, her hands ivory, her whiteness snow ; and the parts, which modesty veils from human sight, such as, to my thinking, the most exalted imagination can only conceive, but not find a comparison for.”—“ We would know,” replied Vivaldo, “ her lineage, race, and family.” To which Don Quixote answered : “ She is not of the ancient Roman Curtii, Caii, and Scipios, nor of the modern Colonnas and Ursinis ; nor of the Moncadas and Requesenes of Catalonia ; neither is she of the Rebellas and Villanovas of Valentia ; the Palafoxes, Nuzas, Rocabertis, Corellas, Lunas, Alagones, Urreas, Foces, and Gurreas of Arragon ; the Cerdas, Manriques, Mendozas, and Guzmans of Castile ; the Alencastros, Pallas and Meneses of Portugal : but she is of those of To-

boso de la Mancha; a lineage, though modern, yet such as may give a noble beginning to the most illustrious families of the ages to come: and in this let no one contradict me, unless it be on the conditions, that Cerbino fixed under Orlando's arms, where it was said: *Let no one remove these, who cannot stand a trial with Orlando.*"—"Although mine be of the Cachopines of Laredo," replied the traveller, "I dare not compare it with that of Toboso de la Mancha; though, to say the truth, no such appellation hath ever reached my ears until now."—"Is it possible you should never have heard of it?" replied Don Quixote.

All the rest went on listening with great attention to the dialogue between these two: and even the goatherds and shepherds perceived the notorious distraction of our Don Quixote. Sancho Panza alone believed all, that his master said, to be true, knowing who he was, and having been acquainted with him from his birth. But what he somewhat doubted of, was, what concerned the fair Dulcinea del Toboso; for no such a name, or Princess, had ever come to his hearing, though he lived so near Toboso.

In these discourses they went on, when they discovered, through an opening made by two high mountains, about twenty shepherds coming down, all in jerkins of black wool, and crowned with garlands, which, as appeared afterwards, were some of yew, and some of cypress. Six of

them carried a bier, covered with great variety of flowers and boughs. Which one of the goat-herds espying, he said: "They, who come yonder, are those, who bring the corpse of Chrysostom; and the foot of yonder mountain is the place, where he ordered them to bury him." They made haste therefore to arrive; which they did just as the bier was set down on the ground: and four of them, with sharp pickaxes, were making the grave by the side of a hard rock. They saluted one another courteously: and presently Don Quixote and his company went to take a view of the bier; upon which they saw a dead body, strewed with flowers<sup>40</sup>, in the dress of a shepherd, seemingly about thirty years of age: and, though dead, you might perceive, that he had been, when alive, of a beautiful countenance, and hale constitution. Several books, and a great number of papers, some open, and others folded up, lay round about him on the bier. All that were present, as well those, who looked on, as those, who were opening the grave, kept a marvellous silence; until one of those, who brought the deceased, said to another: "Observe carefully, Ambrosio, whether this be the place, which Chrysostom mentioned, since you are so punctual in performing what he commanded in his will."—"This is it," answered Ambrosio; "for in this very place he often recounted to me the story of his misfortune. Here

it was, he told me, that he first saw that mortal enemy of human race : here it was, that he declared to her his no less honourable than ardent passion : here it was, that Marcela finally undeceived, and treated him with such disdain, that she put an end to the tragedy of his miserable life : and here, in memory of so many misfortunes, he desired to be deposited in the bowels of eternal oblivion."

Then, turning himself to Don Quixote and the travellers, he went on, saying : " This body, Sirs, which you are beholding with compassionate eyes, was the receptacle of a soul, in which Heaven had placed a great part of its treasure : this is the body of Chrysostom, who was singular for wit, matchless in courtesy, perfect in politeness, a phoenix in friendship, magnificent without ostentation, grave without arrogance, cheerful without meanness ; in short, the first in every thing that was good, and second to none in every thing that was unfortunate. He loved, he was abhorred : he adored, he was scorned : he courted a savage ; he solicited marble ; he pursued the wind ; he called aloud to solitude ; he served ingratitude ; and the recompence, he obtained, was, to become a prey to death, in the midst of the career of his life, to which an end was put by a certain shepherdess, whom he endeavoured to render immortal in the memories of men ; as these papers, you are looking at, would suffi-

ciently demonstrate, had he not ordered me to commit them to the flames, at the same time that his body was deposited in the earth.”—“ You would then be more rigorous and cruel to them,” said Vivaldo, “ than their master himself; for it is neither just nor right to fulfil the will of him, who commands something utterly unreasonable. Augustus Cæsar would not consent to the execution of what the divine Mantuan had commanded in his will. So that, Signor Ambrosio, though you commit your friend’s body to the earth, do not, therefore, commit his writings to oblivion; and if he ordered it as a person injured, do not you fulfil it as one indiscreet: rather act so, that, by giving life to these papers, the cruelty of Marcela may never be forgotten, but may serve for an example to those, who shall live in times to come, that they may avoid falling down the like precipices: for I, and all here present, already know the story of this your enamoured and despairing friend: we know also your friendship, and the occasion of his death, and what he ordered on his death-bed: from which lamentable history may be gathered, how great has been the cruelty of Marcela, the love of Chrysostom, and the sincerity of your friendship; as also the end of those, who run headlong in the path, that inconsiderate and ungoverned love sets before them. Last night, we heard of Chrysostom’s death, and that he was to be interred in this place: and

so, out of curiosity and compassion, we turned out of our way, and agreed to come, and behold with our eyes what had moved us so much in the recital : and, in return for our pity, and our desire to remedy it, if we could, we beseech you, O discreet Ambrosio, at least I request it on my own behalf, that you will not burn the papers, but let me carry away some of them." And, without staying for the shepherd's reply, he stretched out his hand, and took some of those that were nearest ; which Ambrosio perceiving, he said : " Out of civility, Signor, I will consent to your keeping those, you have taken ; but to imagine, that I shall forbear burning those that remain, is a vain thought." Vivaldo, who desired to see what the papers contained, presently opened one of them, which had for its title, " The Song of Despair." Ambrosio hearing it, said : " This is the last paper, which this unhappy man wrote ; and that you may see, Signor, to what state he was reduced by his misfortunes, read it so as to be heard ; for you will have leisure enough, while they are digging the grave." — " That I will with all my heart," said Vivaldo : and, as all the by-standers had the same desire, they drew round about him, and he read, in an audible voice, as follows :

## CHAP. XIV.

WHEREIN ARE REHEARSED THE DESPAIRING VERSES OF  
THE DECEASED SHEPHERD, WITH OTHER UNEX-  
PECTED EVENTS.

*CHRYSOSTOM'S SONG.*

**Y**ES, haughty Fair, this anguish-breathing rhyme  
Shall all thy tyrant cruelty proclaim,  
From shore to shore, from clime to distant clime,  
Where'er is heard the sounding trump of Fame.  
While shrieks, like those of tortur'd demons, mixt  
With deep-drawn sighs, and gestures mark'd with grief,  
Shall give, if aught can give, my heart relief:  
And from the bottom of a heart, transfixt  
By Mis'ry's rankling shaft, at once shall flow  
The tide of life-blood, and the plaint of woe:  
List then, nor list with inattentive ear—  
No tuneful lay, no mirth-inspiring story;  
But a despairing lover's pangs severe;  
But an unpitying maid's triumphant glory.

## II.

What voice, so sad, so solemn, can express  
The inward conflict of my tortur'd mind?  
To speak my ecstasy of wretchedness  
Asks every harsh and horrid sound combin'd.  
Say, hast thou heard, in desert wilds, alone,  
The lordly lion's deep, but stifled, growl;  
The midnight famish'd wolf's long-echoing howl;  
The dragon's hiss; the fierce hyena's moan;  
The raven's fatal croak; the screech-owl's cry;  
The wind-borne shrieks, and voices of the sky;



Or wailings of a wand'ring ghost from hell?

Such sounds as shudd'ring mortals quake at hearing,

Such sounds alone, my dismal tale should tell,

No ray of hope my dreary prospect cheering.

## III.

But not by golden Tagus will I rove,

Or olive-crowned Betis' wand'ring stream,

On their soft banks to sing the woes of love:

No! let the horrors of this mournful theme,

In savage strain, with awe-inspiring tongue,

To frowning rocks and cliffs be wildly sung;

Where human footsteps never dar'd to tread;

Or 'mid dark, silent dells, where never shone

Beam of enliv'ning morn, or light of noonday sun,

That none may hear it, but the shadowy dead.

Vain thought! for rock-born Echo, at the tale,

Pitying my wrongs, and thy proud scorn arraigning,

From her lone cave shall bid each list'ning gale

Bear wide around the world my sad complaining.

## IV.

What feeling mind can ever brook disdain?

Who bear suspicion's dark, distrustful eye;

Or frantic jealousy's still-gnawing pain;

Or those sad fears, which absence must supply;

Or cold neglect?—Such ills admit no cure:

Theirs is th' inevitable stroke of death.—

Yet daily do I draw this hated breath,

And daily their united pangs endure.

Disdain, suspicion, jealousy, neglect,

And absence all my cherish'd hopes have wreck'd;

Nor longer will I court the idle toys;

Nor to my bosom hug th' unreal treasure—

For ever banish'd are these flatt'ring joys;

For ever past each thought of earthly pleasure!

## V.

Ah no! the wearied soul can ne'er sustain  
 Uncertain hope with certain fear combin'd.  
 No charm so potent can assuage the pain  
 The wounded bosom in itself must find.  
 Alas! the purest faith must be subdued  
 By trials such as these; the truest heart  
 Must from its stedfast loyalty depart,  
 When harsh unkindness, and suspicion rude,  
 And truth to falsehood turn'd, (oh cruel change!)  
 The fond affections of the mind estrange.  
 Give me thy fatal cord, O proud Disdain!  
 Come Jealousy, thy deadly steel unsheathing!  
 Yet would her smile obliterate the pain,  
 In beauty deckt, and heav'nly sweetness breathing.

## VI.

I die—yet dying, in my inmost heart  
 The image of my tyrant Fair-one bear.  
 I die—yet dying, triumph in my smart,  
 And all the shafts of angry fortune dare.  
 Him, who most loves, most prudent I maintain;  
 Him freest, whom despotic Cupid's chain  
 Most firmly binds; nor thee, O sov'reign Dame,  
 Dare I accuse of merciless command:  
 Love sways his sceptre with an equal hand;  
 And for my ills I am alone to blame.  
 Such is my fixed mind!—And such the goal,  
 And boundary of all my woes distressing!  
 Here to the winds my body and my soul  
 I yield, without a hope of future blessing.

## VII.

And thou, whose matchless beauty is the cause,  
 That makes my soul this wretched life abhor—  
 Thou, for whose sake I spurn at Nature's laws,  
 A victim to my heart's internal war;

If, pond'ring o'er my fate, a tender sigh  
 Should, unperceiv'd, from thy soft bosom steal;  
 Or, at my woes a dewy tear should veil.  
 Awhile the heav'nly azure of thine eye;  
 Oh check that sigh, that tear; for know, I claim  
 No debt of pity for my ruin'd fame.  
 But vain the thought! for thou, proud Nymph, wilt smile,  
 Wilt hear, unmov'd, thy hapless lover's story;  
 Thy torch of vict'ry is his fun'ral pile;  
 His sorrow-breathing dirge, thy song of glory.

## VIII.

Come, then, ye Demons from the dark profound!  
 Come Tantalus, with still-increasing thirst;  
 And Sisyphus, whose rock with fierce rebound  
 Backward recoils! Come, oh thou wretch accurst,  
 Whose entrails never-sated vultures tear;  
 And thou, Ixion! Come, ye Sisters dread,  
 Who spin with pitiless hand life's mortal thread!  
 Come, and at once your mournful voices rear!  
 Howl forth your dismal obsequies aloud,  
 O'er the bare corse that lies without a shroud.  
 Let three-mouth'd Cerberus swell the fun'ral song,  
 With ev'ry ghost around his portal shrieking;  
 For only horrid rites like these belong  
 To self-slain lovers in their life-blood reeking.

## IX.

And oh! my love-inspired strain,  
 Lament not thou thy master's woe,  
 Though torn from all his bliss below;  
 For she, the cause of all his pain,  
 Rejoices in the fatal blow—  
 Then do not thou, my verse, complain!

Chrysostom's song was very much approved by those, who heard it : but he, who read it, said it did not seem to agree with the account he had heard of the reserve and goodness of Marcela ; for Chrysostom complains in it of jealousies, suspicions, and absence, all in prejudice of the credit and good name of Marcela. To which Ambrosio answered, as one well acquainted with the most hidden thoughts of his friend : “ To satisfy you, Signor, as to this doubt, you must know, that, when this unhappy person wrote this song, he was absent from Marcela, from whom he had voluntarily banished himself, to try whether absence would have its ordinary effect upon him. And as an absent lover is disturbed by every thing, and seized by every fear, so was Chrysostom perplexed with imaginary jealousies and suspicious apprehensions, as much as if they had been real. And thus the truth, which fame proclaims of Marcela's goodness, remains unimpeached ; and, excepting that she is cruel, somewhat arrogant and disdainful, envy itself neither ought, nor can, lay any defect to her charge.” — “ It is true,” answered Vivaldo ; and, going to read another paper of those, he had saved from the fire, he was interrupted by a wonderful vision, for such it seemed to be, which, on a sudden, presented itself to their sight : for on the top of a rock, under which they were digging the grave, appeared the shepherdess Marcela, so handsome, that her beauty sur-

passed the very fame of it. Those, who had never seen her until that time, beheld her with silence and admiration ; and they, who had been used to the sight of her, were no less surprised than those, who had never seen her before. But Ambrosio had scarcely espied her, when, with signs of indignation, he said to her : “ Comest thou, O fierce basilisk of these mountains<sup>41</sup>, to see whether the wounds of this unhappy youth whom thy cruelty has deprived of life, will bleed afresh at thy appearance ? Or comest thou to triumph in the cruel exploits of thy inhuman disposition, or to behold from that eminence, like another pitiless Nero, the flames of burning Rome ; or insolently to trample on this unhappy corpse, as did the impious daughter on that of her father Tarquin ? Tell us quickly, what you come for, or what it is you would have : for since I know, that Chrysostom, while living, never disobeyed you, so much as in thought, I will take care, that all those, who called themselves his friends, shall obey you, though hē be dead.”

“ I come not, O Ambrosio, for any of those purposes, you have mentioned,” answered Marcela ; “ but to vindicate myself, and to let the world know, how unreasonable those are, who blame me for their own sufferings, or for the death of Chrysostom : and therefore I beg of all here present, that they would hear me with attention ; for I need not spend much time nor use many words, to convince persons of sense of

the truth. Heaven, as you say, made me handsome, and to such a degree, that my beauty influences you to love me, whether you will or no. And in return for the love you bear me, you pretend and insist, that I am bound to love you. I know by the natural sense God has given me, that whatever is beautiful is amiable : but I do not comprehend, that, merely for being loved, the person, that is loved for being handsome, is obliged to return love for love. Besides, it may chance that the lover of the beautiful person may be ugly ; and, what is ugly deserving to be loathed, it would sound oddly to say, I love you for being handsome ; you must love me, though I am ugly. But, supposing the beauty on both sides to be equal, it does not therefore follow, that the inclinations should be so too : for all beauty does not inspire love ; and there is a kind of it, which only pleases the sight, but does not captivate the affections. If all beauties were to enamour and captivate, the wills of men would be eternally confounded and perplexed, without knowing where to fix : for the beautiful objects being infinite, the desires must be infinite too. And, as I have heard say, true love cannot be divided, and must be voluntary and unforced. This being so, as I believe it is, why would you have me subject my will by force, being no otherwise obliged to it, than only because you say you love me ? For, pray tell me, if, as Heaven has made me handsome, it had made me ugly, would

it have been just, that I should have complained of you, because you did not love me? Besides, you must consider, that my beauty is not my own choice; but, such as it is, Heaven bestowed it on me freely, without my asking or desiring it. And as the viper does not deserve blame for her sting, though she kills with it, because it is given her by nature, as little do I deserve reprehension for being handsome. Beauty in a modest woman is like fire at a distance, or like a sharp sword: the one does not burn, nor the other wound, those, that come not too near them. Honour and virtue are ornaments of the soul, without which the body, though it be really beautiful, ought not to be thought so. Now, if modesty be one of the virtues, which most adorns and beautifies both body and mind, why should she, who is loved for being beautiful, part with it, to gratify the desires of him, who, merely for his own pleasure, uses his utmost endeavours to destroy it? I was born free, and, that I might live free, I chose the solitude of these fields: the trees on these mountains are my companions; the transparent waters of these brooks my looking-glass: to the trees and the waters I communicate my thoughts and my beauty. I am fire at a distance, and a sword afar off. Those, whom the sight of me has enamoured my words have undeceived. And if desires are kept alive by hopes, as I gave none to Chrysostom nor to any one else, all hope being at an end, sure it may well be said, that his own obstinacy, rather than my

cruelty, killed him. If it be objected to me, that his intentions were honourable, and that therefore I ought to have complied with them: I answer, that, when in this very place, where they are now digging his grave, he discovered to me the goodness of his intention, I told him, that mine was to live in perpetual solitude, and that the earth alone should enjoy the fruit of my reservedness, and the spoils of my beauty: and if he, notwithstanding all this plain-dealing, would obstinately persevere against hope, and sail against the wind, what wonder if he drowned himself in the midst of the gulf of his own indiscretion? If I had held him in suspense, I had been false: if I had complied with him, I had acted contrary to my better intention and resolution. He persisted, though undeceived; he despaired, without being hated. Consider, now, whether it be reasonable to lay the blame of his sufferings upon me. Let him, who is deceived, complain; let him, to whom I have broken my promise, despair; let him, whom I shall encourage, presume; and let him pride himself, whom I shall admit: but let not him call me cruel, or murderess, whom I neither promise, deceive, encourage, nor admit. Heaven has not yet ordained, that I should love by destiny; and from loving by choice I desire to be excused. Let every one of those, who solicit me, make their own particular use of this declaration; and be it understood from henceforward, that if any one dies



for me, he does not die through jealousy or disdain ; for she, who loves nobody, should make nobody jealous ; and plain-dealing ought not to pass for disdain. Let him, who calls me a savage and a basilisk, shun me as a mischievous and evil thing : let him who calls me ungrateful, not serve me ; him, who thinks me shy, not know me ; who cruel, not follow me : for this savage, this basilisk, this ungrateful, this cruel, this shy thing, will in no wise either seek, serve, know, or follow them. If Chrysostom's impatience and precipitate desires killed him, why should he blame my modest procedure and reserve ? If I preserve my purity unspotted among these trees, why should he desire me to lose it among men ? You all know, that I have riches enough of my own, and do not covet other people's. My condition is free, and I have no mind to subject myself : I neither love nor hate any body ; I neither deceive this man, nor lay snares for that ; I neither toy with one, nor divert myself with another. The modest conversation of the shepherdesses of these villages, and the care of my goats, are my entertainment. My desires are bounded within these mountains, and, if they venture out hence, it is to contemplate the beauties of Heaven, those steps, by which the soul advances to its original dwelling." And in saying this, without staying for an answer, she turned her back, and entered into the most inaccessible part of the neighbouring mountain.

leaving all those present in admiration as well of her sense as of her beauty.

Some of those, who had been wounded by the powerful darts of her bright eyes, discovered an inclination to follow her, without profiting by so express a declaration as they had heard her make. Which Don Quixote perceiving, and thinking this a proper occasion to employ his chivalry in the relief of distressed damsels, he laid his hand on the hilt of his sword, and with a loud and intelligible voice, said: "Let no person, of what state or condition soever he be, presume to follow the beautiful Marcela, on pain of incurring my furious indignation. She has demonstrated, by clear and sufficient reasons, the little or no fault she ought to be charged with on account of Chrysostom's death, and how far she is from countenancing the desires of any of her lovers; for which reason, instead of being followed and persecuted, she ought to be honoured and esteemed by all good men in the world, for being the only woman in it whose intentions are so virtuous." Now, whether it were through Don Quixote's menaces, or because Ambrosio desired them to finish that last office to his friend, none of the shepherds stirred from thence, until, the grave being made and Chrysostom's papers burnt, they laid his body in it, not without many tears of the by-standers. They closed the sepulchre with a large fragment of a rock, until a tomb-stone

could be finished, which, Ambrosio said, he intended to have made, with an epitaph after this manner :

A shepherd's clay-cold corse here lies,  
Who watch'd his flock near yonder plain ;  
For ardent love he found disdain,  
And met his death from cruel eyes.

He lov'd a Maid unkind and coy,  
Her beauty great, her heart a stone,  
Where Love tyrannic builds his throne,  
And spreads despair with savage joy.

Then they strewed abundance of flowers and boughs on the grave, and, condoling with his friend Ambrosio, took leave and departed. Vivaldo and his companion did the same ; and Don Quixote bid adieu to his hosts and the travellers, who entreated him to accompany them to Seville, that being a place the most likely to furnish him with adventures, since, in every street, and at every turning, more were to be met with there, than in any other place whatever. Don Quixote thanked them for the notice they gave him, and the disposition they showed to do him a courtesy, and said, that for the present he could not, and ought not, to go to Seville, until he had cleared all those mountains of robbers and assassins, of which, it was reported, they were full. The travellers, seeing his good intention, would not importune him farther ; but, taking leave again,

left him, and pursued their journey; in which they wanted not a subject for discourse, as well of the story of Marcela and Chrysostom, as of the madness of Don Quixote, who resolved to go in quest of the shepherdess Marcela, and offer her all that was in his power for her service. But it fell not out as he intended, as is related in the progress of this true history.

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## CHAP. XV.

WHEREIN IS RELATED THE UNFORTUNATE ADVENTURE, WHICH BEFELL DON QUIXOTE, IN MEETING WITH CERTAIN BLOODY-MINDED YANGUESES <sup>42</sup>.

**T**HE sage Cid Hamet Benengeli relates, that, when Don Quixote had taken leave of his hosts, and of all those who were present at Chrysostom's funeral, he and his squire entered the same wood, into which they had seen the shepherdess Marcela enter before. And having ranged through it for above two hours, looking for her every where, without being able to find her, they stopped in a meadow full of fresh grass, near which ran a pleasant and refreshing brook; insomuch that it invited and compelled them to pass there the sultry hours of the noonday heat, which already began to come on with great violence. Don Quixote and Sancho alighted, and, leaving the ass and Rozinante at large, to feed upon the abun-

dance of grass, that sprung in the place, they ransacked the wallet; and, without any ceremony, in a friendly and social manner, master and man ate what they found in it. Sancho had taken no care to fetter Rozinante, being well assured he was so tame and so little gamesome, that all the mares of the pastures of Cordova would not provoke him to any unlucky pranks. But fortune, or the devil, who is not always asleep, so ordered it, that there were grazing in that valley a parcel of Galician mares, belonging to certain Yangucian carriers, whose custom it is to pass the mid-day, with their drove, in places, where there is grass and water: and that, where Don Quixote chanced to be, was very fit for the purpose of the Yangueses. Now it fell out, that Rozinante had a mind to console himself with the fillies, and, having them in the wind, broke out of his natural and accustomed pace, and, without asking his master's leave, betook himself to a smart trot, and went to communicate his need to them. But they, as it seemed, having more inclination to feed than any thing else, received him with their heels and their teeth, in such a manner, that in a little time his girths broke, and he lost his saddle. But what must have more sensibly affected him, was, that the carriers, seeing the violence offered to their mares, ran to him with their pack-staves, and so belaboured him, that they laid him along on the ground in wretched plight.

By this time Don Quixote and Sancho, who had seen the drubbing of Rozinante, came up out of breath; and Don Quixote said to Sancho: "By what I see, friend Sancho, these are no Knights, but rascally people, of a scoundrel race. I tell you this, because you may very well help me to take ample revenge for the outrage, they have done to Rozinante before our eyes."—"What the devil of revenge can we take," answered Sancho, "they being about twenty, and we no more than two, and perhaps but one and a half?"—"I am as good as a hundred," replied Don Quixote: and, without saying more, he laid his hand on his sword, and flew at the Yangueses; and Sancho did the same, incited and moved thereto by the example of his master. At the first blow, Don Quixote gave one of them a terrible wound, through a leathern doublet which he wore on the shoulder. The Yangueses, seeing themselves assaulted in this manner by two men only, they being so many, betook themselves to their clubs, and hemming them in, began to belabour them with great vehemence and animosity. It is true, that at the second pale they brought Sancho to the ground; and the same befell Don Quixote, neither his dexterity nor courage standing him in any stead: and, as fate would have it, he fell just at Rozinante's feet, who had not yet got up: whence we may learn how unmercifully pack-staves will bruise, when put into rustic

and wrathful hands. The Yanguesses, perceiving the mischief they had done, loaded their beasts with all speed, and pursued their journey, leaving the two adventurers in evil plight.

The first, who came to himself, was Sancho Panza; who, finding himself close to his master, with a feeble and plaintive voice, cried: "Signor Don Quixote! ah, Signor Don Quixote!"—"What would you have, brother Sancho?" answered Don Quixote, in the same feeble and lamentable tone. "I could wish, if it were possible," answered Sancho Panza, "your Worship would give me two draughts of that drink of Feo Blass, if you have it here at hand; perhaps it may do as well for broken bones as it does for wounds."—"Unhappy I, that we have it not!" answered Don Quixote. "But I swear to you, Sancho Panza, on the faith of a Knight-errant, that, before two days pass, if fortune does not order it otherwise, I will have it in my power, or my hand must be very much out."—"But in how many days, do you think, Sir, we shall recover the use of our feet?" replied Sancho Panza. "For my part," said the battered Knight Don Quixote, "I cannot limit the number: but it is all my own fault; for I ought not to have laid hand on my sword against men, who were not dubbed Knights like myself. And therefore, I believe, the god of battles has permitted this chastisement to fall upon me, as a punishment

for having transgressed the laws of chivalry. Wherefore, brother Sancho, it is requisite that you be forwarned of what I shall now tell you; for it highly concerns the good of us both: and, it is this; that, when you see we are insulted by such rascally rabble, do not stay till I lay hand on my sword against them, for I will in no wise do it; but do you draw your sword, and chastise them to your own heart's content: but, if any Knights shall come up to their assistance, I shall then know how to defend you, and offend them with all my might: for you have already seen, by a thousand tokens and experiments, how far the valour of this strong arm of mine extends:" so arrogant was the goor gentleman become by his victory over the valiant Biscainer.

But Sancho Panza did not so thoroughly like his master's instructions, as to forbear answering, and saying: " Sir, I am a peaceable, tame, quiet man, and can dissemble any injury whatsoever; for I have a wife and children to maintain and bring up: so that give me leave, Sir, to tell you, by way of hint, since it is not my part to command, that I will upon no account draw my sword, either against peasant or against Knight; and that, from this time forward, in the presence of God, I forgive all injuries any one has done, or shall do me, or that any person is now doing, or may hereafter do me, whether he be high or low, rich or poor, gentle or simple, without ex-

Sancho  
says 11, 12



cepting any state or condition whatever." Which his master hearing, he answered: "I wish I had breath to talk a little at my ease, and that the pain I feel in this rib would cease ever so short a while, that I might convince you, Panza, of the error you are in. Harkye, sinner, should the gale of fortune, hitherto so contrary, come about in our favour, filling the sails of our desires, so that we may safely, and without any hindrance, make the port of some one of those islands I have promised you, what would become of you, if, when I had gained it, and made you lord thereof, you should render all ineffectual by not being a Knight, nor desiring to be one, and by having neither valour nor intention to revenge the injuries done you, or to defend your dominions? For you must know, that, in kingdoms and provinces newly conquered, the minds of the natives are never so quiet, nor so much in the interest of their new master, but there is still ground to fear, that they will endeavour to bring about a change of things, and once more, as they call it, try their fortune: and therefore the new possessor ought to have understanding to know how to conduct himself, and courage to act offensively and defensively, whatever shall happen."—"In this that hath now befallen us," answered Sancho, "I wish I had been furnished with that understanding and valour your Worship speaks of; but I swear, on the faith of a poor man, I am at

this time fitter for plasters than discourses. Try, Sir, whether you are able to rise, and we will help up Rozinante, though he does not deserve it, for he was the principal cause of all this mauling. I never believed the like of Rozinante, whom I took to be chaste, and as peaceable as myself. But it is a true saying, that much time is necessary to come to a thorough knowledge of persons; and that we are sure of nothing in this life. Who could have thought, that, after such swinging slashes as you gave that unfortunate adventurer, there should come post, as it were, in pursuit of you, this vast tempest of pack-staves, which has discharged itself upon our shoulders?" — "Thine, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "should, one would think, be used to such storms; but mine, that were brought up between muslins and cambrics, must needs be more sensible of the grief of this mishap. And were it not that I imagine, do I say imagine? did I not know for certain, that all these inconveniences are inseparably annexed to the profession of arms, I would suffer myself to die here out of pure vexation." To this replied the squire: "Sir, since these mishaps are the genuine fruits and harvests of chivalry, pray tell me, whether they fall out often, or whether they have their set times, in which they happen; for, to my thinking, two more such harvests will disable us from ever reaping a third, if God of his infinite mercy does not succour us."

“ Learn, friend Sancho,” answered Don Quixote, “ that the life of Knights-errant is subject to a thousand perils and mishaps : but then they are every whit as near becoming Kings and Emperors ; and this experience hath shown us in many and divers Knights, whose histories I am perfectly acquainted with. I could tell you now, if the pain would give me leave, of some, who, by the strength of their arm alone, have mounted to the high degrees, I have mentioned ; and these very men were, before and after, involved in sundry calamities and misfortunes. For the valorous Amadis de Gaul saw himself in the power of his mortal enemy, Archelaus the Enchanter, of whom it is positively affirmed, that, when he had him prisoner, he gave him above two hundred lashes with his horse’s bridle, after he had tied him to a pillar in his court-yard. And moreover there is a private author, of no small credit, who tells us, that the Knight of the Sun, being caught by a trap-door, which sunk under his feet, in a certain castle, found himself at the bottom in a deep dungeon under ground, bound hand and foot ; where they administered to him one of those things they call a clyster, of snow-water and sand, that almost did his business ; and, if he had not been succoured in that great distress by a certain sage, his special friend, it had gone very hard with the poor Knight. So that I may very well suffer among so many worthy

persons, who underwent much greater affronts than those we now undergo: for I would have you know, Sancho, that wounds, which are given with instruments, that are accidentally in one's hand, are no affront. And thus it is expressly written in the law of combat, that if a shoemaker strikes a person with the last he has in his hand, though it be really of wood, it will not therefore be said, that the person thus beaten with it was cudgelled. I say this, that you may not think, though we are mauled in this scuffle, we are disgraced: for the arms those men carried, wherewith they pounded us, were no other than their pack-staves; and none of them, as I remember, had either tuck, sword, or dagger."—"They gave me no leisure," answered Sancho, "to observe so narrowly; for scarcely had I laid hand on my whinyard<sup>43</sup>, when they crossed my shoulders with their saplings, in such a manner, that they deprived my eyes of sight, and my feet of strength, laying me now where I now lie, and where I am not so much concerned to think, whether the business of the thrashing be an affront or no, as I am troubled at the pain of the blows, which will leave as deep an impression in my memory, as on my shoulders."—"All this notwithstanding, I tell you, brother Panza," replied Don Quixote, "there is no remembrance, which time does not obliterate, nor pain, which death does not put an end to."—"What greater

misfortune can there be," replied Panza, "than that, which remains till time effaces it, and till death puts an end to it? If this mischance of ours were of that sort, which people cure with a couple of plasters, it would not be altogether so bad: but, for aught I see, all the plasters of an hospital will not be sufficient to set us to rights again."

"Have done with this, and gather strength out of weakness, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "for so I purpose to do: and let us see how Rozinante does; for, by what I perceive, not the least part of this misfortune has fallen to the poor beast's share."—"That is not at all strange," answered Sancho, "since he also appertains to a Knight-errant. But what I wonder at, is, that my ass should come off scot-free, where we have paid so dear."—"Fortune always leaves some door open in disasters, whereby to come at a remedy," said Don Quixote. "I say this, because this poor beast may now supply the want of Rozinante, by carrying me hence to some castle, where I may be cured of my wounds. Nor do I take the being mounted in this fashion to be dishonourable; for I remember to have read, that the good old Silenus, governor and tutor of the merry god of laughter, when he made his entry into the city of the hundred gates, went riding, much to his satisfaction, on a most beautiful ass."—"Perhaps he rode as your Worship

says," answered Sancho; "but there is a main difference between riding, and lying athwart like a sack of rubbish." To which Don Quixote answered: "The wounds received in battle rather give honour than take it away; so that, friend Panza, answer me no more; but, as I have already said to you, raise me up as well as you can, and place me in whatever manner you please upon your ass, that we may get hence before night comes on, and overtake us in this uninhabited place."—"Yet I have heard your Worship say," quoth Panza, "that it is usual for Knights-errant to sleep on heaths and deserts most part of the year, and that they look upon it to be very fortunate."—"That is," said Don Quixote, "when they cannot help it, or are in love: and this is so true, that there have been Knights, who, unknown to their mistresses, have exposed themselves, for two years together, upon rocks, to the sun and the shade, and to the inclemencies of heaven. One of these was Amadis, when, calling himself Beltenebros, he took up his lodging on the poor rock, whether for eight years or eight months I know not, for I am not perfect in his history. It is sufficient, that there he was, doing penance for I know not what distaste shown him by the Lady Oriana. But let us have done with this, Sancho, and dispatch before such another misfortune happens to the ass as hath befallen Rozinante."

“ That would be the devil indeed,” quoth Sancho ; and sending forth thirty Oh’s, and sixty sighs, and a hundred and twenty curses, on whomsoever had brought him thither, he raised himself up, but remained bent by the way like a Turkish bow, entirely unable to stand upright : and with all this fatigue he made a shift to saddle his ass, who had also taken advantage of that day’s excessive liberty, to go a little astray. He then heaved up Rozinante, who, had he had a tongue to complain with, most certainly would not have been outdone either by Sancho or his master. In short, Sancho settled Don Quixote upon the ass, and tying Rozinante by the head to his tail, led them both by the halter, he proceeding, now faster now slower toward the place, where he thought the road might lie. And he had scarce gone a short league, when fortune, which was conducting his affairs from good to better, discovered to him the road, in which he espied an inn ; which, to his sorrow and Don Quixote’s joy, must needs be a castle. Sancho positively maintained it was an inn, and his master that it was a castle ; and the obstinate dispute lasted so long, that they had time to arrive there before it ended ; and without more words, Sancho entered into it with his string of cattle.

## CHAP. XVI.

OF WHAT HAPPENED TO THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN IN THE INN, WHICH HE IMAGINED TO BE A CASTLE.

THE innkeeper, seeing Don Quixote laid across the ass, inquired of Sancho, what ailed him? Sancho answered him, that it was nothing but a fall from a rock, whereby his ribs were somewhat bruised. The innkeeper had a wife of a different disposition from those of the like occupation; for she was naturally charitable, and touched with the misfortunes of her neighbours; so that she presently set herself to cure Don Quixote, and made her daughter, a very comely young maiden, assist her in the cure of her guest. There was, also, a servant in the inn, an Asturian wench, *gata* broad-faced, flat-headed, and saddle-nosed, with one eye squinting, and the other not much better. It is true, the activity of her body made amends for her other defects. She was not seven hands high from her feet to her head; and her shoulders, which burdened her a little too much, made her look down to the ground, more than she cared to do. Now this agreeable lass helped the damsel; and both of them made Don Quixote a very sorry bed in a garret, which gave evident tokens of having formerly served many years as a horse-loft. In which room lodged also a carrier, whose



bed lay a little beyond that of our Don Quixote. And though it was composed of pannels, and other trappings of his mules, it had much the advantage of Don Quixote's, which consisted of four not very smooth boards, upon two not very equal tressels, and a flock-bed, no thicker than a quilt, and full of knobs, which, if one had not seen through the breaches, that they were not wool, by the hardness might have been taken for pebble stones; with two sheets, like the leather of an old target, and a rug, the threads of which, if you had a mind, you might number without losing a single one of the account.

In this wretched bed was Don Quixote laid; and immediately the hostess and her daughter plastered him from head to foot, Maritornes, for so the Asturian was called, holding the light. And as the hostess laid on the plasters, perceiving Don Quixote to be so full of bruises in all parts, she said, that they seemed to be rather marks of blows than of a fall. "They were not blows," said Sancho; "but the rock had many sharp points and knobs, and every one has left its mark." He said also, "Pray, forsooth, order it so, that some tow may be left; somebody else may have occasion for it, for my sides also ache a little."—"So then," said the hostess, "you have had a fall too?"—"No fall," said Sancho Panza; "but the fright I took at seeing my master fall has made my body so sore, that methinks I have received a

thousand drubs.”—“ That may very well be,” said the girl ; “ for I have often dreamed, that I was falling down from some high tower, and could never come to the ground ; and when I have awaked, I have found myself as bruised and battered, as if I had really fallen.”—“ But here is the point, mistress,” answered Sancho Panza, “ that I, without dreaming at all, and more awake than I am now, find myself with almost as many bruises as my master Don Quixote.”—“ How is this Cavalier called ?” quoth the Asturian Martines. “ Don Quixote de la Mancha,” answered Sancho Panza : “ he is a Knight-errant, and one of the best and most valiant, that has been seen this long time in the world.”—“ What is a Knight-errant ?” replied the wench. “ Are you such a novice, that you do not know ?” answered Sancho Panza. “ Then learn, sister of mine, that a Knight-errant is a thing that, in two words, is seen cudgelled and an Emperor ; to-day is the most unfortunate creature in the world, and the most necessitous ; and to-morrow will have two or three crowns or kingdoms to give to his squire.”—“ How comes it then to pass, that you, being squire to this so worthy a gentleman,” said the hostess, “ have not yet, as it seems, got so much as an earldom ?”—“ It is early days yet,” answered Sancho ; “ for it is but a month since we set out in quest of adventures, and hitherto we have met with none, that deserve

the name. And sometimes one looks for one thing, and finds another. True it is, if my master Don Quixote recovers of this wound or fall, and I am not disabled thereby, I would not truck my hopes for the best title in Spain."

All this discourse Don Quixote listened to very attentively ; and, setting himself up in his bed, as well as he could, and taking the hostess by the hand, he said to her : " Believe me, beauteous Lady, you may reckon yourself happy in having lodged my person in this your castle, and such a person, that, if I do not praise myself, it is because, as is commonly said, self-praise depreciates : but my squire will inform you who I am. I only say, that I shall retain the service, you have done me, eternally engraved in my memory, and be grateful to you, whilst my life shall remain. And had it pleased the high Heavens, that love had not held me so enthralled, and subjected to his laws, and to the eyes of that beautiful ingrate, whose name I mutter between my teeth, the eyes of this lovely virgin had been mistresses of my liberty."

The hostess, her daughter, and the good Maritornes, stood confounded at hearing our Knight-errant's discourse, which they understood just as much as if he had spoken Greek : though they guessed, that it all tended to compliments and offers of service. And, not being accustomed to such kind of language, they stared at him with

admiration, and thought him another sort of man than those now in fashion; and so, thanking him, with inn-like phrase, for his offers, they left him. The Asturian Maritornes doctored Sancho, who stood in no less need of it than his master. The carrier and she had agreed to solace themselves together that night; and she had given him her word, that, when the guests were in bed, and her master and mistress asleep, she would repair to him, and satisfy his desire as much as he pleased. And it is said of this honest wench, that she never made the like promise, but she performed it, though she had made it on a mountain, without any witness: for she stood much upon her gentility, and yet thought it no disgrace to be employed in that calling of serving in an inn; often saying, that misfortunes and unhappy accidents had brought her to that state.

Don Quixote's hard, scanty, beggarly, feeble bed, stood first in the middle of that illustrious cock-loft; and close by it stood Sancho's, which consisted only of a flag-mat, and a rug, that seemed to be rather of beaten hemp than of wool. Next these two stood the carrier's, made up, as has been said, of pannels, and the whole furniture of two of the best mules he had; which were twelve in number, sleek, fat, and stately: for he was one of the richest carriers of Arevalo, as the author of this history relates, who makes particular mention of this carrier, whom he knew very

well ; nay, some go so far as to say, he was somewhat of kin to him. Besides, Cid Hamet Benengeli was a very curious and very punctual historian in all things : and this appears plainly from the circumstances already related ; which, however seemingly minute and trivial, he would not pass over in silence. Which may serve as an example to the grave historians, who relate facts so very briefly and succinctly, that we have scarcely a taste of them, leaving behind, either through neglect, malice, or ignorance, the most substantial part of the work. The blessing of God a thousand times on the author of *Tablante*, of *Ricamonte*, and on him, who wrote the *Exploits of the Count de Tomillas* ! With what punctuality do they describe every thing !

I say then, that, after the carrier had visited his mules, and given them their second course, he laid himself down upon his pannels, in expectation of his most punctual *Maritornes*. Sancho was already plastered and laid down ; and, though he endeavoured to sleep, the pain of his ribs would not consent ; and Don Quixote, through the anguish of his, kept his eyes as wide open as a hare. The whole inn was in profound silence, and no other light in it than what proceeded from a lamp, which hung burning in the middle of the entry. This marvellous stillness, and the thoughts, which our Knight always carried about him, from the accidents recounted in every page of the books,

the authors of his misfortune, brought to his imagination one of the strangest whimsies that can well be conceived : which was, that he fancied he was arrived at a certain famous castle, for, as has been said, all the inns where he lodged were, in his opinion, castles, and that the innkeeper's daughter was daughter to the lord of the castle ; who, captivated by his fine appearance, was fallen in love with him, and had promised him, that night, unknown to her parents, to steal privately to him, and pass a good part of it with him. And taking all this chimera, which he had formed to himself, for reality and truth, he began to be uneasy, and to reflect on the dangerous crisis, to which his fidelity was going to be exposed ; and he resolved in his heart not to commit disloyalty against his Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, though Queen Ginebra herself, with the Lady Quintaniona, should present themselves before him.

Whilst his thoughts were taken up with these extravagancies, the time and the hour (which to him proved an unlucky one) of the Asturian's coming drew near ; who in her smock, and barefooted, her hair tucked up under a fustian coif, came with silent and cautious steps into the room, where the three were lodged, to find her carrier. But scarce was she come to the door, when Don Quixote perceived her, and, sitting up in his bed, in spite of his plasters and the pain of his ribs, stretched out his arms to receive his beauteous

damsel the Asturian, who, crouching, and holding her breath, went with hands extended feeling for her lover. Thus she encountered Don Quixote's arms, who caught fast hold of her by the wrist, and pulling her toward him, she not daring to speak a word, made her sit down on the bed by him. Presently he fell to feeling her shift, which, though it was of canvass, seemed to him to be of the finest and softest lawn. She had on her wrist a string of glass beads; but to his fancy they were precious oriental pearls. Her hairs, not unlike those of a horse's mane, he took for threads of the brightest gold of Arabia, whose splendour obscures that of the sun itself. And though her breath, doubtless, smelt of stale last night's salt-fish, he fancied himself sucking from her lips a delicious and aromatic odour. In short, he painted her in his imagination in the very form and manner, he had read described in his books, of some Princess, who comes, adorned in the manner here mentioned, to visit the dangerously wounded Knight, with whom she is in love. And so great was the poor gentleman's infatuation, that neither the touch, nor the breath, nor other things the good wench had about her, could undeceive him, though enough to make any one, but a carrier, vomit. Yet he imagined he held the goddess of beauty between his arms; and clasping her fast, with an amorous and low voice, he began to say to her:

“ Oh ! that I were in a condition, beautiful and high Lady, to be able to return so vast a favour, as this you have done me by the presence of your great beauty : but fortune, who is never weary of persecuting the good, is pleased to lay me on this bed, where I lie so bruised and disabled, that, though I were ever so much inclined to gratify your desires, it would be impossible. And to this is added another still greater impossibility, which is the plighted faith I have given to the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the sole mistress of my most hidden thoughts. Had it not been for these obstacles, I should not have been so dull a Knight, as to let slip the happy opportunity your great goodness has put into my hands.”

Maritornes was in the utmost pain, and in a violent heat, to find herself held so fast by Don Quixote ; and not hearing or minding what he said to her, she struggled, without speaking a word, to get away from him. The honest carrier, whose loose desires kept him awake, heard his sweetheart from the first moment she entered the door, and listened attentively to all that Don Quixote said ; and, jealous that the Asturian had broken her word with him for another, he drew nearer and nearer to Don Quixote's bed, and stood still, to see what would come of those speeches, which he did not understand. But, seeing that the wench strove to get from him, and that Don Quixoté laboured to hold her, not



liking the jest, he lifted up his arm, and discharged so terrible a blow on the lantern jaws of the enamoured Knight, that he bathed his mouth in blood : and, not content with this, he mounted upon his ribs, and paced them over, somewhat above a trot, from end to end. The bed, which was a little crazy, and its foundations none of the strongest, being unable to bear the additional weight of the carrier, came down with them to the ground : at which great noise the host awaked, and presently imagined it must be some prank of Maritornes ; for having called to her aloud, she made no answer. With this suspicion he got up ; and, lighting a candle, went toward the place, where he had heard the bustle. The wench, perceiving her master coming, and knowing him to be terribly passionate, all trembling and confounded, betook herself to Sancho Panza's bed, who was now asleep ; and creeping in, she lay close to him, and as round as an egg. The inn-keeper entering, said : “ Where are you, strumpet ? These are most certainly some of your doings.” Now Sancho awoke, and perceiving that bulk lying as it were a-top of him, fancied he had got the night-mare, and began to lay about him on every side : and not a few of his fisty-cuffs reached Maritornes, who, provoked by the smart, and laying all modesty aside, made Sancho such a return in kind, that she quite roused him from sleep, in spite of his drowsiness : who finding

himself handled in that manner, without knowing by whom, raised himself up as well as he could, and grappled with Maritornes; and there began between these two the toughest and pleasantest skirmish in the world. The carrier perceiving, by the light of the host's candle, how it fared with his mistress, quitted Don Quixote, and ran to give her the necessary assistance. The landlord did the same, but with a different intention; for his was to chastise the wench, concluding, without doubt, that she was the sole occasion of all this harmony. And so, as the proverb goes, *the cat to the rat, the rat to the rope, and the rope to the stick*: the carrier belaboured Sancho, Sancho the wench, the wench him, the innkeeper the wench; and all laid about them so thick, that they gave themselves not a minute's rest: and the best of it was, that the landlord's candle went out; and they, being left in the dark, thrashed one another so unmercifully, that, let the hand light where it would, it left nothing sound.

There lodged by chance that night in the inn an officer of those, they call the holy Brotherhood of Toledo<sup>44</sup>; who, likewise hearing the strange noise of the scuffle, caught up his wand, and the tin box which held his commission, and entered the room in the dark, crying out: "Forbear, in the name of justice; forbear in the name of the holy Brotherhood." And the first he lighted on was the battered Don Quixote, who lay on his

demolished bed, stretched upon his back, and quite senseless; and laying hold of his beard, as he was groping about, he cried out incessantly, "I charge you to aid and assist me:" but, finding that the person he had laid hold of neither stirred nor moved, he concluded that he must be dead, and that the people within the room were his murderers: and with this suspicion he raised his voice still louder, crying, "Shut the inn-door, see that nobody gets out; for they have killed a man here." This voice astonished them all, and each of them left the conflict the very moment the voice reached them. The landlord withdrew to his chamber, the carrier to his pannels, and the wench to her straw: only the unfortunate Don Quixote and Sancho could not stir from the place they were in. Now the officer let go Don Quixote's beard, and went out to get a light, to search after and apprehend the delinquents: but he found none; for the innkeeper had purposely extinguished the lamp, when he retired to his chamber; and the officer was forced to have recourse to the chimney, where, after much pains and time, he lighted another lamp.

## CHAP. XVII.

WHEREIN ARE CONTINUED THE NUMBERLESS HARD-SHIPS, WHICH THE BRAVE DON QUIXOTE AND HIS GOOD SQUIRE, SANCHO PANZA, UNDERWENT IN THE INN, WHICH HE UNHAPPILY TOOK FOR A CASTLE.

BY this time, Don Quixote was come to himself, and with the very same tone of voice with which, the day before, he had called to his squire, when he lay stretched along in the valley of pack-staves, he began to call to him, saying: "Sancho, friend, sleepest thou; sleepest thou, friend Sancho?"—"How should I sleep, woe is me?" answered Sancho, full of trouble and vexation; "I cannot but think all the devils in hell have been in my company to-night."—"You may well believe so," answered Don Quixote, "and either I know little, or this castle is enchanted. For you must know—but what I am now going to tell you, you must swear to keep secret, until after my death."—"Yes, I swear," answered Sancho. "I say it," replied Don Quixote, "because I am an enemy to the taking away any body's reputation."—"I do swear," said Sancho again, "I will keep it secret, until after your decease, and God grant I may discover it to-morrow."—"Have I done you so many ill turns, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "that you would willingly see me dead so very soon?"—"It is not for that," an-

swered Sancho ; “ but I am an enemy to keeping things long, and I would not have them rot with keeping.”—“ Be it for what it will,” said Don Quixote ; “ I trust for greater matters than that, to your love and kindness: and therefore you must know, that this night there has befallen me one of the strangest adventures imaginable ; and, to tell it you in few words, know, that a little while ago there came to me the daughter of the lord of this castle, who is the most accomplished and beautiful damsel, that is to be found in a great part of the habitable earth. What could I not tell you of the gracefulness of her person ? What of the sprightliness of her wit ? What of other hidden charms, which, to preserve the fidelity I owe to my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, I will pass over untouched and in silence ? Only I must tell you, that Heaven, envying so great happiness as fortune had put into my hands, or perhaps, which is more probable, this castle, as I said before, being enchanted at the time, that she and I were engaged in the sweetest and most amorous conversation, without my seeing it, or knowing whence it came, comes a hand, fastened to the arm of some monstrous giant, and gave me such a dowse on the chaps, that they were all bathed in blood ; and it afterwards pounded me in such sort, that I am in a worse case than yesterday, when the carriers, for Rozinante’s frolic, did us the mischief you know. Whence I con-

jecture, that the treasure of this damsel's beauty is guarded by some enchanted Moor, and is not reserved for me."—"Nor for me neither," answered Sancho; "for more than four hundred Moors have cudgelled me in such a manner, that the basting of the pack-staves was tarts and cheesecakes to it. But tell me, pray, Sir, call you this an excellent and rare adventure, which has left us in such a pickle? Though it was not quite so bad with your Worship, who had between your arms that incomparable beauty aforesaid. But I, what had I, besides the heaviest blows, that, I hope, I shall ever feel as long as I live? Woe is me, and the mother that bore me! for I am no Knight-errant, nor ever mean to be one; and yet, of all the misadventures, the greater part still falls to my share."—"What! have you been pounded too?" answered Don Quixote.—"Evil befall my lineage!" quoth Sancho, "have I not told you I have?"—"Be in no pain, friend," said Don Quixote; "for I will now make the precious balsam, with which we will cure ourselves in the twinkling of an eye." By this time the officer had lighted his lamp, and entered to see the person he thought was killed; and Sancho, seeing him come in, and perceiving him to be in his shirt, with a nightcap on his head, a lamp in his hand, and a very ill-favoured countenance, he demanded of his master; "Pray, Sir, is this the enchanted Moor, coming to finish the correction

he has bestowed upon us?"—"It cannot be the Moor," answered Don Quixote; "for the enchanted suffer not themselves to be seen by any body."—"If they will not be seen, they will be felt," said Sancho: "witness my shoulders."—"Mine might speak too," answered Don Quixote: "but this is not sufficient evidence to convince us, that what we see is the enchanted Moor."

The officer entered; and, finding them communing in so calm a manner, stood in suspense. It is true indeed, Don Quixote still lay flat on his back, without being able to stir, through mere pounding and plastering. The officer approached him, and said: "How fares it, honest friend?"—"I would speak more respectfully," answered Don Quixote, "were I in your place. Is it the fashion of this country to talk in this manner to Knights-errant, Blockhead?" The officer, seeing himself so ill treated by one of so scurvy an appearance, could not bear it; and, lifting up the brass lamp, with all its oil, gave it Don Quixote over the pate, in such a manner, that he broke his head; and, all being in the dark, he ran instantly out of the room. "Doubtless, Sir," quoth Sancho Panza, "this is the enchanted Moor; and he reserves the treasure for others, and for us only blows and lamp-knocks."—"It is even so," answered Don Quixote: "and it is to no purpose to regard this business of enchant-

ments, or to be out of humour or angry with them; for as they are invisible and fantastical only, we shall find nothing to be revenged on, though we endeavour it never so much. Get you up, Sancho, if you can, and call the governor of this fortress; and take care to get me some oil, wine, salt, and rosemary, to make the healing balsam: for, in truth, I believe I want it very much at this time; for the wound this phantom has given me bleeds very fast."

Sancho got up, with pain enough of his bones, and went in the dark towards the landlord's chamber; and meeting with the officer, who was listening to discover what his enemy would be at, said to him: "Sir, whoever you are, do us the favour and kindness to help us to a little rosemary, oil, salt, and wine; for they are wanted to cure one of the best Knights-errant in the world, who lies in yon bed, sorely wounded by the hands of the enchanted Moor, that is in this inn." The officer, hearing him talk at this rate, took him for one out of his senses. And the day beginning to dawn, he opened the inn-door, and calling the host, told him what the honest man wanted. The innkeeper furnished him with what he desired, and Sancho carried them to Don Quixote, who lay with his hands on his head, complaining of the pain of the lamp-knock, which had done him no other hurt than the raising a couple of bumps pretty much swelled: and what



he took for blood was nothing but sweat, occasioned by the anguish of the past storm. In short, he took his simples, and made a compound of them, mixing them together, and boiling them a good while, until he thought they were enough. Then he asked for a phial to put it in: and there being no such thing in the inn, he resolved to put it in a cruise, or oil-flask of tin, which the host made him a present of. And immediately he said over the cruise above fourscore Pater-nosters, and as many Ave-marias, Salves and Credos, and every word was accompanied with a cross by way of benediction: at all which were present, Sancho, the innkeeper, and the officer: as for the carrier, he was gone soberly about the business of tending his mules.

This done, he resolved immediately to make trial of the virtue of that precious balsam, as he imagined it to be; and so he drank about a pint and a half of what the cruise could not contain, and which remained in the pot it was infused and boiled in: and scarcely had he done drinking, when he began to vomit so violently, that nothing was left in his stomach; and, through the convulsive strainings and agitation of the vomit, he fell into a most copious sweat; wherefore he ordered them to cover him up warm, and to leave him alone. They did so, and he continued fast asleep above three hours, when he awoke and found himself greatly relieved in his

body, and so much recovered of his bruising, that he thought himself as good as cured. And he was thoroughly persuaded that he had hit on the true balsam of Fierabras, and that, with this remedy, he might thenceforward encounter, without fear, any dangers, battles, and conflicts whatever, though never so perilous.

Sancho Panza, who likewise took his master's amendment for a miracle, desired he would give him what remained in the pipkin, which was no small quantity. Don Quixote granting his request, he took it in both hands, and, with a good faith and better will, tossed it down into his stomach, swallowing very little less than his master had done. Now the case was, that poor Sancho's stomach was not so nice and squeamish as his master's; and therefore, before he could throw it up, it gave him such pangs and loathings, with such cold sweats and faintings, that he verily thought his last hour was come: and finding himself so afflicted and tormented, he cursed the balsam, and the thief that had given it him. Don Quixote, seeing him in that condition, said to him: "I believe, Sancho, that all this mischief has befallen you, because you are not dubbed a Knight: for I am of opinion, this liquor can do no good to those who are not."—"If your Worship knew that," replied Sancho, "evil betide me and all my generation! why did you suffer me to drink it?" By this time the drench operated

effectually, and the poor squire began to discharge at both ends with so much precipitation, that the flag mat upon which he lay, and the blanket, in which he wrapped himself, were never after fit for use. He sweated and sweated again, with such faintings and fits, that not only himself, but every body else, thought he was expiring. This hurricane and evacuation lasted him near two hours; at the end of which he did not remain as his master did, but so shattered and broken, that he was not able to stand. But Don Quixote, who, as is said, found himself at ease and whole, would needs depart immediately in quest of adventures, believing that all the time he loitered away there was depriving the world, and the distressed in it, of his aid and protection; and the rather, through the security and confidence he placed in the balsam: and thus, hurried away by this strong desire, he saddled Rozinante with his own hands, and pannelled his squire's beast, whom he also helped to dress, and to mount him upon the ass. He presently got on horseback; and, coming to a corner of the inn, he laid hold of a <sup>new</sup> pique, that stood there, to serve him for a lance. All the folks in the inn stood gazing at him, being somewhat above twenty persons: among the rest, the host's daughter stared at him, and he on his part removed not his eyes from her, and now and then sent forth a sigh, which he seemed to tear up from the bot-

tom of his bowels; all imagining it to proceed from the pain he felt in his ribs, at least those, who the night before had seen how he was plastered.

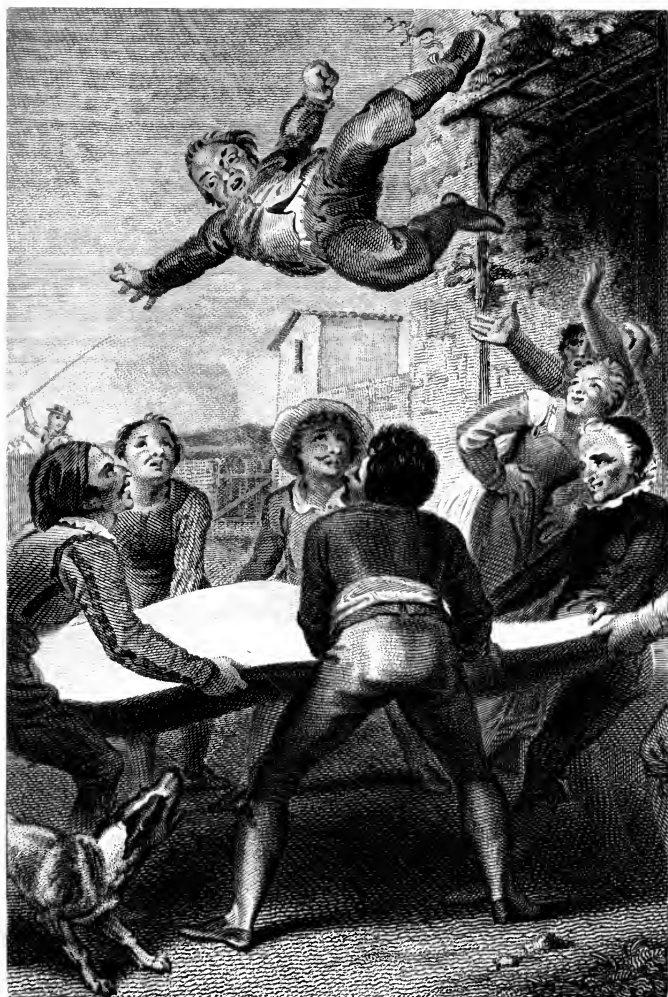
They being now both mounted, and standing at the door of the inn, he called to the host, and, with a very solemn and grave voice, said to him : “ Many and great are the favours, Signor Governor, which in this your castle, I have received, and I remain under infinite obligations to acknowledge them all the days of my life. If I could make you a return, by revenging you on any insolent, who has done you outrage, know, that the duty of my profession is no other than to strengthen the weak, to revenge the injured, and to chastise the perfidious. Run over your memory, and if you find any thing of this nature to recommend to me, you need only declare it; for I promise you, by the order of Knighthood I have received, to procure you satisfaction and amends to your heart’s desire.” The host answered with the same gravity : “ Sir Knight, I have no need of your Worship’s avenging any wrong for me; I know how to take the proper revenge, when any injury is done me: I only desire your Worship to pay me for what you have had in the inn, as well for the straw and barley for your two beasts, as for your supper and lodging.”—“What then, is this an inn?” replied Don Quixote. “And a very creditable one,” answered the host. “Hitherto

then I have been in an error," answered Don Quixote; "for in truth, I took it for a castle, and no bad one neither: but since it is so, that it is no castle, but an inn, all that can now be done, is, that you excuse the payment; for I cannot act contrary to the law of Knights-errant, of whom I certainly know, having hitherto read nothing to the contrary, that they never paid for lodging, or any thing else, in any inn, where they have lain; and that because, of right and good reason, all possible good accommodation is due to them, in recompence of the insufferable hardships they endure in quest of adventures, by night and by day, in winter and in summer, on foot and on horseback, with thirst and with hunger, with heat and with cold, subject to all the inclemencies of Heaven, and to all the inconveniences upon earth."—"I see little to my purpose in all this," answered the host: "pay me what is my due, and let us have none of your stories and Knight-errantries; for I make no account of any thing, but how to come by my own."—"Thou art a blockhead, and a pitiful innkeeper," answered Don Quixote: so clapping spurs to Rozinante, and brandishing his lance, he sallied out of the inn, without any body's opposing him; and, without looking to see whether his squire followed him or not, got a good way off.

The host, seeing him go off, without paying him, ran to seize on Sancho Panza, who said,

that, since his master would not pay he would not pay neither; for being squire to a Knight-errant, as he was, the same rule and reason held as good for him as for his master, not to pay any thing in public houses and inns. The innkeeper grew very testy at this, and threatened him, if he did not pay him, to get it in a way he should be sorry for. Sancho swore by the order of chivalry, which his master had received, that he would not pay a single farthing, though it should cost him his life; for the laudable and ancient usage of Knights-errant should not be lost for him, nor should the squires of future Knights have reason to complain of, or reproach him for the breach of so just a right.

Poor Sancho's ill luck would have it, that, among those, who were in the inn, there were four cloth-workers of Segovia, three needle-makers of the horse-fountain of Cordova<sup>45</sup>, and two butchers of Seville, all arch, merry, unlucky, and frolicsome fellows; who, as it were, instigated and moved by the self-same spirit, came up to Sancho, and dismounting him from the ass, one of them went in for the landlord's blanket; and putting him in it they looked up, and seeing that the ceiling was somewhat too low for their work, they determined to go out into the yard, which was bounded only by the sky. Having placed Sancho in the midst of the blanket, they began to toss him aloft, and to divert themselves with



Brothard R.A. del.

J. Neagle sculp.

*Sancho tossed in the Blanket.*





him, as with a dog at Shrovetide. The cries, which the poor blanketed squire sent forth, were so many, and so loud, that they reached his master's ears ; who, stopping to listen attentively, believed that some new adventure was at hand, until he found plainly that he, who cried, was his squire : and turning the reins, with a constrained gallop, he came up to the inn ; and finding it shut, he rode round it to discover, if he could get an entrance. But he was scarcely got to the wall of the yard, which was not very high, when he perceived the wicked sport they were making with his squire. He saw him ascend and descend through the air with so much grace and agility, that, if his choler would have suffered him, I am of opinion, he would have laughed<sup>46</sup>. He tried to get from his horse upon the pales : but he was so bruised and battered, that he could not so much as alight ; he then from on horseback began to utter so many reproaches and revilings against those, who were tossing Sancho, that it is impossible to put them down in writing : but they did not therefore desist from their laughter, nor their labour ; nor did the flying Sancho forbear his complaints, mixed sometimes with menaces, sometimes with entreaties : yet all availed little, nor would have availed ; but at last they left off from pure weariness. They then brought him his ass ; and, wrapping him in his loose coat, mounted him on it. The compassionate Maritornes,

seeing him so harassed, thought good to help him to a jug of water, which she fetched from the well, that it might be the cooler. Sancho took it, and as he was lifting it to his mouth, stopped at his master's calling to him aloud, saying, "Son Sancho, drink not water; Child, do not drink it; it will kill thee: see here, I hold the most holy balsam," showing him the cruise of the potion, "by drinking but two drops of which, you will doubtless be whole and sound again." At these words, Sancho turned his eyes as it were askew, and said with a louder voice: "Perhaps, you have forgot, Sir, that I am no Knight, or you would have me vomit up what remains of my guts, after last night's work. Keep your liquor, in the devil's name, and let me alone." He immediately began to drink, but at the first sip, finding it was water, he would proceed no further, and prayed Mari-tornes to bring him some wine: which she did with a very good will, and paid for it with her own money; for they say of her, that though she was in that station, she had some shadows and faint outlines of a Christian. As soon as Sancho had done drinking, he fell kicking his ass; and the inn-gate being thrown wide open, out he went, mightily satisfied that he had paid nothing, and had carried his point, though at the expense of his accustomed surety, his carcase. The landlord, indeed, was in possession of his wallets for payment of what was due to him; but Sancho never missed

them, so confused was he at going off. The inn-keeper would have fastened the door well after him, as soon as he saw him out ; but the blanke-teers would not consent, being persons of that sort, that, though Don Quixote had really been one of the Knights of the Round Table, they would not have cared two farthings for him.



## CHAP. XVIII.

IN WHICH IS REHEARSED THE DISCOURSE, WHICH SANC  
HO PANZA HELD WITH HIS MASTER DON QUIXOTE ;  
WITH OTHER ADVENTURES WORTH RELATING.

**S**ANCHO came up to his master, pale, and dispirited to that degree, that he was not able to spur on his ass. Don Quixote, perceiving him in that condition, said : “ Now am I convinced, honest Sancho, that this castle, or inn, is doubtless enchanted ; for what could they, who so cruelly sported themselves with you, be, but hobgoblins, and people of the other world ? And I am confirmed in this by having found, that, when I stood at the pales of the yard, beholding the acts of your sad tragedy, I could not possibly get over them, nor so much as alight from Rozinante ; so that they must certainly have held me enchanted : for I swear to you, by the faith of what I am, that, if I could have got over or alighted, I would have avenged you in such a

manner, as would have made those poltroons and assassins remember the jest as long as they lived, though I knew I had transgressed the laws of chivalry thereby: for as I have often told you, they do not allow a Knight to lay hand on his sword against any one, who is not so, unless it be in defence of his own life and person, and in case of urgent and extreme necessity.”—“And I too,” quoth Sancho, “would have revenged myself if I could, dubbed or not dubbed; but I could not: though I am of opinion, that they, who diverted themselves at my expense, were no hobgoblins, but men of flesh and bones, as we are; and each of them, as I heard while they were tossing me, had his proper name: one was called Pedro Martinez, another Tenorio Hernandez; and the landlord’s name is John Palomeque the left-handed: so that, Sir, as to your not being able to leap over the pales, nor to alight from your horse, the fault lay in something else, and not in enchantment. And what I gather clearly from all this is, that these adventures we are in quest of will, at the long run, bring us into so many disventures, that we shall not know, which is our right foot. So that, in my poor opinion, the better and surer way would be, to return to our village, now that it is reaping-time, and look after our business, and not run rambling from Ceca to Mecca<sup>47</sup>, leaping out of the frying-pan into the fire.”

“How little do you know, Sancho,” answered

Don Quixote, " what belongs to chivalry ! Peace, and have patience ; the day will come, when you will see with your eyes how honourable a thing, it is to follow this profession : for tell me, what greater satisfaction can there be in the world, or what pleasure can be compared with that of winning a battle, and triumphing over one's enemy ? None, without doubt."—" It may be so," answered Sancho, " though I do not know it. I only know, that since we have been Knights-errant, or you have been, Sir, for there is no reason I should reckon myself in that honourable number, we have never won any battle, except that of the Biscainer ; and even there you came off with the loss of half an ear, and half a helmet ; and, from that day to this, we have had nothing but drubbings upon drubbings, cuffs upon cuffs, beside my blanket tossing into the bargain, and that by persons enchanted, on whom I cannot revenge myself, to know how far the pleasure reaches of overcoming an enemy, as your Worship is pleased to say."—" That is what troubles me, and ought to trouble you, Sancho," answered Don Quixote : " but henceforward I will endeavour to have ready at hand a sword made by such art, that no kind of enchantment can touch him, that wears it. And perhaps fortune may procure me that of Amadis, when he called himself Knight of the Burning Sword, which was one of the best weapons, that ever Knight had in the

world; for, beside the virtue aforesaid, it cut like a razor; and no armour, though ever so strong, or ever so much enchanted, could stand against it.”—“I am so fortunate,” quoth Sancho, “though this were so, and you should find such a sword, it would be of service and use only to those, who are dubbed Knights, like the balsam: as for the poor squires, they may sing sorrow.”—“Fear not that, Sancho,” said Don Quixote; “Heaven will deal more kindly by thee.”

Don Quixote and his squire went on thus conferring together, when Don Quixote perceived, on the road they were in, a great and thick cloud of dust coming towards them; and seeing it, he turned to Sancho, and said: “This is the day, O Sancho, in which will be seen the good, that fortune has in store for me. This is the day, I say, in which will appear, as much as in any, the strength of my arm; and in which I shall perform such exploits, as shall remain written in the book of fame, to all succeeding ages. Seest thou yon cloud of dust, Sancho? It is raised by a prodigious army of divers and innumerable nations, who are on the march this way.”—“By this account there must be two armies,” said Sancho; “for, on this opposite side, there arises such another cloud of dust.” Don Quixote turned to view it, and seeing it was so, rejoiced exceedingly, taking it for granted they were two armies coming to engage in the midst of that spacious plain: for at

all hours and moments his imagination was full of the battles, enchantments, adventures, extravagancies, amours, and challenges, which he found in the books of chivalry; and whatever he said, thought, or did, had a tendency that way. Now the cloud of dust, he saw, was raised by two great flocks of sheep, going the same road from different parts, and the dust hindered them from being seen, until they came near. But Don Quixote affirmed with so much positiveness, that they were armies, that Sancho began to believe it, and said: "Sir, what then must we do?"—"What," replied Don Quixote, "but favour and assist the weaker side? Now you must know, Sancho, that the army, which marches towards us in front, is led and commanded by the great Emperor Alifanfaron, Lord of the great island of Taprobana: this other, which marches behind us, is that of his enemy, the King of the Garamantes, Pentapolin of the Naked Arm; for he always enters into the battle with his right arm bare."—"But why do these two Princes hate one another so?" demanded Sancho, "They hate one another," answered Don Quixote, "because this Alifanfaron is a furious pagan, and is in love with the daughter of Pentapolin, who is a most beautiful and superlatively graceful lady, and a Christian; and her father will not give her in marriage to the pagan King, unless he will first renounce the religion of his false prophet Mahomet, and turn

Christian.”—“ By my beard,” said Sancho, “ Pentapolin is in the right ; and I am resolved to assist him to the utmost of my power.”—“ In so doing, you will do your duty, Sancho,” said Don Quixote ; “ for, in order to engage in such fights, it is not necessary to be dubbed a Knight.”—“ I easily comprehend that,” answered Sancho : “ but where shall we dispose of this ass, that we may be sure to find him, when the fray is over ? For, I believe, it was never yet the fashion to go to battle upon such a kind of beast.”—“ You are in the right,” said Don Quixote ; “ and what you may do with him is, to let him take his chance, whether he be lost or not : for we shall have such choice of horses after the victory, that Rozinante himself will run a risk of being trucked for another. But listen with attention, whilst I give you an account of the principal Knights of both the armies. And, that you may see and observe them the better, let us retire to yon rising ground, from whence both the armies may be distinctly seen.” They did so, and got upon a hillock, from whence the two flocks, which Don Quixote took for two armies, might easily have been discerned, had not the clouds of dust, they raised, obstructed and blinded the sight : but, for all that, seeing in imagination what he neither did, nor could see, he began with a loud voice to say :

“ The Knight <sup>48</sup> you may see yonder with the gilded armour, who bears in his shield a lion



crowned couchant at a damsel's feet, is the valorous Laurcalco, Lord of the silver bridge : the other, with the armour flowered with gold, who bears three crowns argent, in a field azure, is the formidable Micocolembó, grand Duke of Quirocia : the third, with gigantic limbs, who marches on his right, is the undaunted Brandabarbaran of Boliche, Lord of the three Arabias ; he is armed with a serpent's skin, and bears, instead of a shield, a gate, which, fame says, is one of those belonging to the temple, which Sampson pulled down, when, with his death, he avenged himself upon his enemies. But turn your eyes to this other side, and you will see, in the front of this other army, the ever victorious and never vanquished Timonel de Carcajona, Prince of New Biscay, who comes armed with amour quartered, azure, vert, argent, and or, bearing in his shield a cat or in a field gules, with a scroll inscribed MIAU, being the beginning of his mistress's name, who, it is reported, is the peerless Miaulina, daughter to Alphenniquen Duke of Algarve. That other, who burdens and oppresses the back of yon sprightly steed, whose armour is as white as snow, and his shield white, without any device, is a new Knight, by birth a Frenchman, called Peter Papin, Lord of the baronies of Utrique. The other, whom you see, with his armed heels, pricking the flanks of that pyed fleet courser, and his armour of pure azure,

is the powerful Duke of Nerbia, Espartafilardo of the Wood, whose device is an asparagus-bed, with this motto in Castilian, *Rastrea mi suerte*, Thus drags my fortune.”

In this manner he went on, naming sundry Knights of each squadron, as his fancy dictated, and giving to each their arms, colours, devices, and mottoes, extempore, carried on by the strength of his imagination and unaccountable madness: and so, without hesitation, he went on thus: —“That body fronting us is formed and composed of people of different nations: here stand those, who drink the sweet waters of the famous Xanthus; the mountaineers, who tread the Massilian fields; those, who sift the pure and fine gold-dust of Arabia Felix; those, who dwell along the famous and refreshing banks of the clear Thermodon; those, who drain, by sundry and divers ways, the golden veins of Pactolus; the Numidians, unfaithful in their promises; the Persians, famous for bows and arrows; the Parthians and Medes, who fight flying; the Arabians, perpetually shifting their habitations; the Scythians, as cruel as fair; the broad-lipped Ethiopians; and an infinity of other nations, whose countenances I see and know, though I cannot recollect their names. In that other squadron come those, who drink the crystal streams of olive-bearing Betis; those, who brighten and polish their faces with the liquor of the ever-rich and golden Tagus;

those, who enjoy the profitable waters of the divine Genil; those, who tread the Tartesian fields, abounding in pasture; those, who recreate themselves in the Elysian meads of Xereza; the rich Manchegans, crowned with yellow ears of corn; those clad in iron, the antique remains of the Gothic race; those, who bathe themselves in Pisuerga, famous for the gentleness of its current; those, who feed their flocks on the spacious pastures of the winding Guadiana, celebrated for its hidden source; those, who shiver on the cold brow of the shady Pyrenees, and the snowy tops of the lofty Appennines; in a word, all that Europe contains and includes."

Good God! how many provinces did he name! how many nations did he enumerate! giving to each, with wonderful readiness, its peculiar attributes, wholly absorbed and wrapped up in what he had read in his lying books. Sancho Panza stood confounded at his discourse, without speaking a word; and now and then he turned his head about, to see whether he could discover the Knights and giants his master named. But seeing none, he said: "Sir, the devil a man, or giant, or Knight, of all you have named, appears any where; at least I do not see them: perhaps all may be enchantment, like last night's goblins."—"How say you, Sancho?" answered Don Quixote. "Do you not hear the neighing of the steeds, the sound of the trumpets, and rattling of the

drums?"—"I hear nothing," answered Sancho, "but the bleating of sheep and lambs." And so it was; for now the two flocks were come very near them. "The fear you are in, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "makes you either unable to see or hear aright; for one effect of fear is to disturb the senses, and make things not to appear what they are: and if you are so much afraid, get you aside, and leave me alone: for I am able, with my single arm, to give the victory to that side I shall favour with my assistance." And saying this, he clapped spurs to Rozinante, setting his lance in its rest, and darted down the hillock like lightning. Sancho cried out to him: "Hold, Signor Don Quixote, come back; as God shall save me, they are lambs and sheep you are going to encounter: pray come back; woe to the father that begot me, what madness is this? Look; there is neither giant, nor Knight, nor cats, nor arms, nor shields quartered nor entire, nor true azures nor be-devilled. Sinner that I am, what is it you do?" For all this, Don Quixote turned not again, but still went on, crying aloud: "Ho! Knights, you that follow and fight under the banner of the valiant Emperor Pentapolin of the Naked Arm, follow me all, and you shall see with how much ease I revenge him on his enemy Alifanfaron of Taprobana." And saying thus, he rushed into the midst of the squadron of sheep, and began to attack them with his lance, as cou-

rageously and intrepidly, as if in good earnest he was engaging his mortal enemies. The shepherds and herdsmen, who came with the flocks, called out to him to desist : but seeing it was to no purpose, they unbuckled their slings, and began to let drive about his ears with stones as big as one's fist. Don Quixote did not mind the stones, but, running about on all sides, cried out : " Where art thou, proud Alifanfaron ? Present thyself before me : I am a single Knight, desirous to prove thy valour hand to hand, and to punish thee with the loss of life, for the wrong thou dost to the valiant Pentapolin Garamanta." At that instant came a large pebble-stone, and struck him such a blow on the side, that it buried a couple of his ribs in his body. Finding himself thus ill-treated, he believed for certain he was slain, or sorely wounded ; and remembering his liquor, he pulled out his cruise, and set it to his mouth, and began to let some go down : but, before he could swallow what he thought sufficient, comes another of those almonds, and hit him so full on the hand, and on the cruise, that it dashed it to pieces, carrying off three or four of his teeth by the way, and grievously bruising two of his fingers. Such was the first blow, and such the second, that the poor Knight tumbled from his horse to the ground. The shepherds ran to him, and verily believed they had killed him : whereupon in all haste they got their flock together, took up their dead, which

were about seven, and marched off without farther inquiry.

*Sancho  
being  
DQ*

All this while Sancho stood upon the hillock, beholding his master's extravagancies, tearing his beard, and cursing the unfortunate hour and moment, that ever he knew him. But, seeing him fallen to the ground, and the shepherds already gone off, he descended from the hillock, and running to him, found him in a very ill plight, though he had not quite lost the use of his senses; and said to him: "Did I not desire you, Signor Don Quixote, to come back; for those, you went to attack, were a flock of sheep, and not an army of men?"—"How easily," replied Don Quixote, "can that thief of an enchanter, my enemy, make things appear or disappear! You must know, Sancho, that it is a very easy matter for such to make us seem what they please; and this malignant, who persecutes me, envious of the glory he saw I was likely to acquire in this battle, has transformed the hostile squadrons into flocks of sheep. However, do one thing, Sancho, for my sake, to undeceive yourself, and see the truth of what I tell you: get upon your ass, and follow them fair and softly, and you will find, that, when they are got a little farther off, they will return to their first form, and, ceasing to be sheep, will become men, proper and tall, as I described them at first. But do not go now; for I want your help and assistance; come hither to me, and

see how many grinders I want ; for it seems to me that I have not one left in my head." Sancho came so close to him, that he almost thrust his eyes into his mouth ; and it being precisely at the time the balsam began to work in Don Quixote's stomach, at the instant Sancho was looking into his mouth, he discharged the contents, with as much violence as if it had been shot out of a demi-culverin, directly in the face and beard of the compassionate squire : " Blessed Virgin !" quoth Sancho, " what is this that has befallen me ? Without doubt this poor sinner is mortally wounded, since he vomits blood at the mouth. But reflecting a little, he found by the colour, savour, and smell, that it was not blood, but the balsam of the cruise he saw him drink ; and so great was the loathing he felt at it, that his stomach turned, and he vomited up his very guts upon his master ; so that they both remained in the same pickle. Sancho ran to his ass, to take something out of his wallets, to cleanse himself, and cure his master ; but, not finding them, he was very near running distracted. He cursed himself afresh, and purposed in his mind to leave his master, and return home, though he should lose his wages for the time past, and his hopes of the government of the promised island.

Hereupon Don Quixote got up, and, laying his left hand on his mouth, to prevent the remainder of his teeth from falling out, with the other he

why he  
stays

laid hold on Rozinante's bridle, who had not stirred from his master's side, so trusty was he and good conditioned, and went where his squire stood leaning his breast on his ass, and his cheek on his hand, in the posture of a man overwhelmed with thought. Don Quixote, seeing him in that guise, with the appearance of so much sadness, said: "Know, Sancho, that one man is no more than another, unless he does more than another. All these storms, that fall upon us, are signs that the weather will clear up, and things will go smoothly: for it is impossible, that either evil or good should be durable; and hence it follows, that, the evil having lasted long, the good cannot be far off. So that you ought not to afflict yourself for the mischances, that befall me, since you have no share in them."—"How! no share in them!" answered Sancho: "peradventure he, they tossed in a blanket yesterday, was not my father's son; and the wallets I miss to-day, with all my moveables, are somebody's else?"—"What! are the wallets missing, Sancho?" said Don Quixote. "Yes, they are," answered Sancho. "Then we have nothing to eat to-day," replied Don Quixote. "It would be so," answered Sancho, "if these fields did not produce those herbs, you say you know, with which such unlucky Knights-errant as your Worship are wont to supply the like necessities."—"For all that," answered Don Quixote, "at this time I would



rather have a slice of bread, and a couple of heads of salt pilchards, than all the herbs described by Dioscorides, though commented upon by Dr. Laguna himself. But, good Sancho, get upon your ass, and follow me; for God, who is the Provider of all things, will not fail us, and the rather seeing we are so employed in his service as we are, since he does not fail the gnats of the air, the worms of the earth, nor the frogs of the water; and so merciful is he, that he makes his sun to shine upon the good and the bad, and causes rain to fall upon the just and unjust.”—

“Your Worship,” said Sancho, “would make a better preacher than a Knight-errant.”—“Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “the Knights-errant ever did and must know something of every thing; and there have been Knights-errant in times past, who would make sermons or harangues on the king’s highway, with as good a grace, as if they had taken their degrees in the university of Paris: whence we may infer, that the lance never blunted the pen, nor the pen the lance.”—

“Well! let it be as your Worship says,” answered Sancho; “but let us be gone hence, and endeavour to get a lodging to-night; and pray God it be, where there are neither blankets, nor blanket-heavers, nor hobgoblins, nor enchanted Moors: for if there be, the devil take both the flock and the fold.”

“Child,” said Don Quixote, “do thou pray to God, and conduct me, whither thou wilt: for this time I leave it to your choice, where to lodge us: but reach hither your hand, and feel with your finger how many grinders I want on the right side of my upper jaw; for there I feel the pain.” Sancho put in his fingers, and, feeling about, said: “How many did your Worship use to have on this side?”—“Four,” answered Don Quixote; “beside the eye-tooth, all whole and very sound.”—“Take care what you say, Sir,” answered Sancho. “I say four, if not five,” replied Don Quixote: “for in my whole life I never drew tooth nor grinder, nor have I lost one by rheum or decay.”—“Well then,” said Sancho, “on this lower side your Worship has but two grinders and a half; and in the upper, neither half nor whole: all is as smooth and even as the palm of my hand.”—“Unfortunate that I am!” said Don Quixote, hearing the sad news his squire told him: “I had rather they had torn off an arm, provided it were not the sword-arm; for, Sancho, you must know, that a mouth without grinders is like a mill without a stone; and a diamond is not so precious as a tooth. But all this we are subject to, who profess the strict order of chivalry. Mount, friend Sancho, and lead on; for I will follow thee what pace thou wilt.” Sancho did so, and went toward the place, where he thought

to find a lodging, without going out of the high road, which was thereabouts very much frequented. As they thus went on, fair and softly, for the pain of Don Quixote's jaws gave him no ease, nor inclination to make haste, Sancho had a mind to amuse and divert him by talking to him, and said, among other things, what you will find written in the following chapter.



## CHAP. XIX.

OF THE SAGE DISCOURSE, THAT PASSED BETWEEN  
SANCHO AND HIS MASTER, AND THE SUCCEEDING  
ADVENTURE OF THE DEAD BODY; WITH OTHER  
FAMOUS OCCURRENCES.

“IT is my opinion, Master of mine, that all the misfortunes, which have befallen us of late, are doubtless in punishment of the sin committed by your Worship against your own order of Knight-hood, in not performing the oath you took, not to eat bread on a table-cloth, nor solace yourself with the Queen, with all the rest, that you swore to accomplish, until your taking away that helmet of Malandrino, or how do you call the Moor, for I do not well remember.”—“Sancho, you are in the right,” said Don Quixote: “but to tell you the truth, it had quite slipped out of my memory: and you may depend upon it, the affair of the blanket happened to you for your fault in not put-

ting me in mind of it in time : but I will make amends ; for in the order of chivalry there are ways of compounding for every thing.”—“ Why, did I swear any thing ?” answered Sancho. “ It matters not, that you have not sworn,” said Don Quixote : “ it is enough, that I know, you are not free from the guilt of an accessory ; and, at all adventures, it will not be amiss to provide ourselves a remedy.”—“ If it be so,” said Sancho, “ see, Sir, you do not forget this too, as you did the oath : perhaps the goblins may again take a fancy to divert themselves with me, and, perhaps, with your Worship, if they find you so obstinate.”

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While they were thus discoursing, night overtook them in the middle of the highway, without their lighting on, or discovering, any place of reception ; and the worst of it was, they were perishing with hunger : for with the loss of their wallets, they had lost their whole larder of provisions. And, as an additional misfortune, there befell them an adventure, which, without any forced construction, had really the face of one. It happened thus. The night was very dark ; notwithstanding which they went on, Sancho believing, that, since it was the king's highway, they might very probably find an inn within a league or two.

Thus travelling on, the night dark, the squire hungry, and the master with a good appetite,

they saw, advancing towards them, on the same road, a great number of lights, resembling so many moving stars. Sancho stood aghast at the sight of them, and Don Quixote could not well tell what to make of them. The one checked his ass by the halter, and the other his horse by the bridle, and stood still, viewing attentively what it might be. They perceived the lights were drawing toward them, and the nearer they came, the bigger they appeared. Sancho trembled at the sight, as if he had been quicksilver; and Don Quixote's hair bristled upon his head: but, recovering a little courage, he cried out: "Sancho, this must be a most prodigious and most perilous adventure, in which it will be necessary for me to exert my whole might and valour."—"Woe is me!" answered Sancho; "should this prove to be an adventure of goblins, as to me it seems to be, where shall I find ribs to endure?"—"Let them be ever such goblins," said Don Quixote, "I will not suffer them to touch a thread of your garment: for, if they sported with you last time, it was because I could not get over the pales: but we are now upon even ground, where I can brandish my sword at pleasure."—"But, if they should enchant and benumb you, as they did the other time," quoth Sancho, "what matters it, whether we are in the open field, or no?"—"For all that," replied Don Quixote, "I beseech you, Sancho, be of good courage; for experience

will show you how much of it I am master of."

—"I will, if it please God," answered Sancho; and, leaving the highway a little on one side, they looked again attentively to discover what those walking lights might be; and soon after they perceived a great many persons in white; which dreadful apparition entirely sunk Sancho Panza's courage, whose teeth began to chatter, as if he were in a quartan ague: and his trembling and chattering increased, when he saw distinctly what it was: for now they discovered about twenty persons in white robes, all on horseback, with lighted torches in their hands; behind whom came a litter covered with black, which was followed by six persons in deep mourning; and the mules, they rode on, were covered likewise with black down to their heels; and it was easily seen they were not horses by the slowness of their pace. Those in white came muttering to themselves in a low and plaintive tone.

This strange vision, at such an hour, and in a place so uninhabited, might very well strike terror into Sancho's heart, and even into that of his master; and so it would have done, had he been any other than Don Quixote. As for Sancho, his whole stock of courage was already exhausted. But it was quite otherwise with his master, whose lively imagination at that instant represented to him, that this must be one of the adventures of his books. He figured to himself, that the litter

was a bier, on which was carried some Knight sorely wounded or slain, whose revenge was reserved for him : and without more ado he couched his spear, settled himself firm in his saddle, and, with a sprightly vigour and mien, posted himself in the middle of the road, by which the men in white must of necessity pass ; and when he saw them come near, he raised his voice, and said : “ Hold, Knights, whoever you are, give me an account, to whom you belong, whence you come, whither you are going, and what it is you carry upon that bier ? For, in all appearance, either you have done some injury to others, or others to you ; and it is expedient and necessary, that I should be informed of it, either to chastise you for the evil, you have done, or to revenge you of the wrong done you.” — “ We are going in haste,” answered one of those in white ; “ the inn is a great way off ; and we cannot stay to give so long an account as you require :” and so spurring his mule he passed forward. Don Quixote, highly resenting this answer, laid hold of his bridle, and said : “ Stand, and be more civil, and give me an account of what I have asked you ; otherwise I challenge you all to battle.” The mule was skittish, and started at his laying his hand on the bridle ; so that, rising upright on her hind-legs, she fell backward to the ground with her rider under her. A lacquey, that came on foot, seeing him in white fall, began to revile

Don Quixote : whose choler being already stirred, he couched his spear, and, without staying longer, assaulted one of the mourners, and laid him on the ground grievously wounded ; and turning him about to the rest, it was worth seeing with what agility he attacked and defeated them, in-somuch that you would have thought Rozinante had wings grown on him in that instant, so nimbly and proudly did he bestir himself. All those in white were timorous and unarmed people, and of course presently quitted the skirmish, and ran away over the field, with the lighted torches in their hands, looking like so many masqueraders on a carnival, or a festival night. The mourners likewise were so wrapped up and muffled in their long robes, that they could not stir : so that Don Quixote, with entire safety to himself, demolished them all, and obliged them to quit the field sorely against their wills : for they thought him no man, but the devil from hell broke loose upon them, to carry away the dead body they bore in the litter <sup>49</sup>.

All this Sancho beheld, with admiration at his master's intrepidity, and said to himself : " Without doubt this master of mine is as valiant and magnanimous as he pretends to be." There lay a burning torch on the ground, just by the first, whom the mule had overthrown ; by the light of which Don Quixote espied him, and coming to him set the point of his spear to his throat, com-



manding him to surrender, or he would kill him. To which the fallen man answered : “ I am more than enough surrendered already ; for I cannot stir, having one of my legs broken. I beseech you, Sir, if you are a Christian gentleman, do not kill me : you would commit a great sacrilege ; for I am a <sup>licentiate</sup> ~~licentiate~~, and have taken the lesser Orders.”—“ Who the devil then,” said Don Quixote, “ brought you hither, being an ecclesiastic ? ” —“ Who, Sir ? ” replied he that was overthrown. “ My misfortune.”—“ A greater yet threatens you,” said Don Quixote, “ if you do not satisfy me in all I first asked of you.”—“ Your Worship shall soon be satisfied,” answered the licentiate : “ and therefore you must know, Sir, that, though I told you before I was a licentiate, I am indeed only a bachelor of arts, and my name is Alonzo Lopez. I am a native of Alcovendas ; I came from the city of Baeza, with eleven more ecclesiastics, the same who fled with the torches ; we are accompanying a corpse in that litter to the city of Segovia : it is that of a gentleman, who died in Baeza, where he was deposited ; and now, as I say, we are carrying his bones to his burying-place in Segovia, where he was born.” —“ And who killed him ? ” demanded Don Quixote. “ God,” replied the bachelor, “ by means of a <sup>pestilential</sup> ~~pestilential~~ fever, he sent him.”—“ Then,” said Don Quixote, “ our Lord has saved me the labour of revenging his death, in case any body

else had slain him : but, since he fell by the hand of Heaven, there is no more to be done, but to be silent, and shrug up our shoulders ; for just the same must I have done, had it been pleased to have slain me. And I would have your Reverence know, that I am a Knight of la Mancha, Don Quixote by name, and that it is my office and exercise to go through the world, righting wrongs, and redressing grievances.”—“ I do not understand your way of righting wrongs,” said the bachelor : “ for from right you have set me wrong, having broken my leg, which will never be right again, whilst I live ; and the grievance you have redressed in me is, to leave me so aggrieved, that I shall never be otherwise ; and it was a very unlucky adventure to me, to meet you, who are seeking adventures.”—“ All things,” answered Don Quixote, “ do not fall out the same way : the mischief, master bachelor Alonzo Lopez, was occasioned by your coming, as you did, by night, arrayed in those surplices, with lighted torches, chanting, and clad in doleful weeds, so that you really resembled something wicked, and of the other world : which laid me under a necessity of complying with my duty, and of attacking you ; and I would have attacked you, though I had certainly known you to be so many devils of hell ; for until now I took you to be no less.”—“ Since my fate would have it so,” said the bachelor, “ I beseech you, Signor Knight-

errant, who have done me such arrant mischief, help me to get from under this mule ; for my leg is held fast between the stirrup and the saddle.” —“ I might have talked on until to-morrow morning,” said Don Quixote : “ why did you delay acquainting me with your uneasiness ? ” Then he called out to Sancho Panza to come to him : but he did not care to stir, being employed in ransacking a sumpter-mule, which those good men had brought with them, well stored with catables. Sancho made a bag of his cloak, and, cramming into it as much as it would hold, he loaded his beast ; and then running to his master’s call, he helped to disengage the bachelor from under the oppression of his mule, and setting him on it gave him the torch, and Don Quixote bid him follow the track of his comrades, and beg their pardon in his name for the injury, which he could not avoid doing them. Sancho likewise said : “ If perchance those gentlemen would know, who the champion is that routed them, tell them it is the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure.”

The bachelor being gone, Don Quixote asked Sancho, what induced him to call him the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, at that time more than at any other ? “ I will tell you,” answered Sancho ; “ it is because I have been viewing you by the light of the torch, which that unfortunate

man carried ; and in truth your Worship makes at present very near the most woful figure I have ever seen ; which must be occasioned either by the fatigue of this combat, or the want of your teeth.”—“ It is owing to neither,” replied Don Quixote ; “ but the sage, who has the charge of writing the history of my achievements, has thought fit I should assume a surname, as all the Knights of old were wont to do : one called himself *the Knight of the burning Sword* ; another, *he of the Unicorn* : this, *of the Damsels* ; that, *of the Phœnix* ; another, *the Knight of the Griffin* ; and another, *he of Death* ; and were known by these names and ensigns over the whole globe of the earth<sup>50</sup>. And therefore I say, that the aforesaid sage has now put it into your head, and into your mouth, to call me the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, as I purpose to call myself from this day forward : and that this name may fit me the better, I determine, when there is an opportunity, to have a most sorrowful figure painted on my shield.”—“ You need not spend time and money in getting this figure made,” said Sancho ; “ your Worship need only show your own, and present yourself to be looked at ; and, without either image or shield, they will immediately call you *Him of the Sorrowful Figure* ; and be assured I tell you the truth ; for I promise you, Sir, and let not this be said in jest, that hunger, and the

loss of your grinders, makes you look so ruefully, that, as I have said, the sorrowful picture may very well be spared."

Don Quixote smiled at Sancho's conceit, yet resolved to call himself by that name, and to paint his shield or buckler as he had imagined; and he said: "I conceive, Sancho, that I am liable to excommunication for having laid violent hands on holy things, *Juxta illud, Si quis suadente diabolo*, &c. though I know I did not lay my hands, but my spear, upon them: besides, I did not think I had to do with priests, or things belonging to the church, which I respect and reverence like a good Catholic and faithful Christian as I am, but with ghosts and goblins of the other world. And though it were so, I perfectly remember what befell the Cid Ruy Diaz, when he broke the chair of that king's ambassador in the presence of his Holiness the Pope, for which he was excommunicated; yet honest Roderigo de Vivar passed, that day, for an honourable and courageous Knight."

The bachelor having gone off, as has been said, without replying a word, Don Quixote had a mind to see, whether the corpse in the hearse were only bones, or not; but Sancho would not consent, saying, "Sir, your Worship has finished this perilous adventure at the least expense of any I have seen; and, though these folks are conquered and defeated, they may chance to reflect,

that they were beaten by one man, and, being confounded and ashamed thereof, may recover themselves, and return in quest of us, and then we may have enough to do. The ass is properly furnished; the mountain is near: hunger presses; and we have no more to do but decently to march off; and, as the saying is, *To the grave with the dead, and the living to the bread;*" and driving on his ass before him, he desired his master to follow: who, thinking Sancho in the right, followed without replying. They had not gone far between two little hills, when they found themselves in a spacious and retired valley, where they alighted. Sancho disburdened the ass; and lying along on the green grass, with hunger for sauce, they dispatched their breakfast, dinner, afternoon's luncheon, and supper, all at once, regaling their palates with more than one cold mess, which the ecclesiastics, that attended the deceased, such gentlemen seldom failing to make much of themselves, had brought with them on the sumpter-mule. But another mishap befell them, which Sancho took for the worst of all; which was, that they had no wine, nor so much as water, to drink; and they being very thirsty, Sancho, who perceived the meadow, they were in, covered with green and fine grass, said, what will be related in the following chapter.

## CHAP. XX.

OF THE ADVENTURE (THE LIKE NEVER BEFORE SEEN OR HEARD OF) ACHIEVED BY THE RENOWNED DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA WITH LESS HAZARD THAN EVER ANY WAS ACHIEVED BY THE MOST FAMOUS KNIGHT IN THE WORLD.

“IT is impossible, Sir, but there must be some fountain or brook hereabouts, to water these herbs ; and therefore we should go a little farther on : for we shall meet with something to quench this terrible thirst, that afflicts us, and is doubtless more painful than hunger itself.” Don Quixote approved the advice ; and he, taking Rozinante by the bridle, and Sancho his ass by the halter, after he had placed upon him the relics of the supper, began to march forward through the meadow, feeling their way ; for the night was so dark, they could see nothing. But they had not gone two hundred paces, when a great noise of water reached their ears, like that of some mighty cascade pouring down from a vast and steep rock. The sound rejoiced them exceedingly, and, stopping to listen from whence it came, they heard on a sudden another dreadful noise, which abated the pleasure occasioned by that of the water, especially in Sancho, who was naturally fearful and pusillanimous. I say, they heard a dreadful din of irons and chains rattling across one another, and giving mighty strokes in time and measure ;

which, together with the furious noise of the water, would have struck terror into any other heart but that of Don Quixote. The night, as is said, was dark, and they chanced to enter among certain tall trees, whose leaves, agitated by a gentle breeze, caused a kind of fearful and still noise: so that the solitude, the situation, the darkness, and the noise of the water, with the whispering of the leaves, all occasioned horror and astonishment; especially when they found, that neither the blows ceased, the wind slept, nor the morning approached; and as an addition to all this, their total ignorance where they were<sup>51</sup>. But Don Quixote, accompanied by his intrepid heart, leaped upon Rozinante, and, bracing on his buckler, brandished his spear, and said: “ Friend Sancho, you must know, that, by the will of Heaven, I was born in this age of iron, to revive in it that of gold, or as people usually express it, the golden age. I am he, for whom are reserved dangers, great exploits, and valorous achievements. I am he, I say again, who am destined to revive the Order of the Round Table, that of the twelve Peers of France, and the nine Worthies, and to obliterate the memory of the Platirs, the Tablantes, Olivantes, and Tirantes, the Knights of the Sun, and the Belianises, with the whole tribe of the famous Knights-errant of times past, performing, in this age, in which I live, such stupendous deeds and feats of arms, as are



sufficient to obscure the brightest, they ever achieved. Trusty and loyal squire, you observe the darkness of this night, its strange silence, the confused and deaf sound of these trees, the fearful noise of that water, we come to seek, which, one would think, precipitated itself headlong from the high mountains of the moon; that incessant striking and clashing, that wounds our ears: all which together, and each by itself, are sufficient to infuse terror, fear, and amazement into the breast of Mars himself; how much more into that, which is not accustomed to similar adventures and accidents? Now all I have described to you serves to rouse and awaken my courage, and my heart already beats in my breast with eager desire of encountering this adventure, however difficult it may appear. Wherefore straiten Rozinante's girths a little, and God be with you. Stay for me here three days, and no more: if I do not return in that time, you may go back to our town; and thence, to do me a favour and good service, you shall go to Toboso, where you shall say to my incomparable Lady Dulcinea, that her inthralled Knight died in the attempting things, that might have made him worthy to be styled hers."

When Sancho heard these words of his master, he began to weep with the greatest tenderness in the world, and to say: "Sir, I do not understand, why your Worship should encounter this

so fearful an adventure : it is now night, and nobody sees us ; we may easily turn aside, and get out of harm's way, though we should not drink these three days : and, as nobody sees us, much less will there be any body to tax us with cowardice. Besides, I have heard the priest of our village, whom your Worship knows very well, preach, that he, who seeketh danger, perisheth therein : so that it is not good to tempt God, by undertaking so extravagant an exploit, whence there is no escaping, but by a miracle. Let it suffice, that Heaven has delivered you from being tossed in a blanket, as I was, and brought you off victorious, safe, and sound, from among so many enemies as accompanied the dead man. And though all this be not sufficient to move you, nor soften your stony heart, let this thought and belief prevail, that, scarcely shall your Worship be departed hence, when I, for very fear, shall give up my soul to whomsoever shall be pleased to take it. I left my country, and forsook my wife and children, to follow and serve your Worship, believing I should be the better, and not the worse for it : but as covetousness bursts the bag, so hath it rent from me my hopes : for, when they were most lively, and I just expecting to obtain that cursed unlucky island, which you have so often promised me, I find myself, in exchange thereof, ready to be abandoned by your Worship in a place remote from all human society. For God's sake, dear Sir,

do me not such a diskindness; and, since your Worship will not wholly desist from this enterprise, at least adjourn it until daybreak, to which, according to the little skill I learned, when a shepherd, it cannot be above three hours; for the muzzle of the north-bear is at the top of the head, and makes midnight in the line of the left arm.” —“How can you, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “see where this line is made, or where this muzzle or top of the head you talk of is, since the night is so dark, that not a star appears in the whole sky?” —“True,” said Sancho; “but fear has many eyes, and sees things beneath the earth, how much more above in the sky: besides, it is reasonable to think it does not want much of day-break.” —“Want what it will,” answered Don Quixote, “it shall never be said of me, neither now, nor at any other time, that tears or entreaties could dissuade me from doing the duty of a Knight: therefore pray thee, Sancho, hold thy tongue; for God, who has put it in my heart to attempt this unparalleled and fearful adventure, will take care to watch over my safety, and to comfort thee in thy sadness. What you have to do is, to girt Rozinante well, and to stay here; for I will quickly return, alive or dead.”

Sancho, then, seeing his master's final resolution, and how little his tears, prayers, and counsels prevailed with him, determined to have recourse to a stratagem, and oblige him to wait

until day, if he could: and so, while he was straitening the horse's girths, softly, and without being perceived, he tied Rozinante's two hinder feet together with his ass's halter; so that, when Don Quixote would have departed, he was not able: for the horse could not move but by jumps. Sancho, seeing the good success of his contrivance, said: "Ah, Sir! behold how Heaven, moved by my tears and prayers, has ordained, that Rozinante cannot go: and, if you will obstinately persist to spur him, you will but provoke fortune, and, as they say, kick against the pricks." This made Don Quixote quite desperate, and the more he spurred his horse, the less he could move him: and, without suspecting the ligature, he thought it best to be quiet, and either stay, until day appeared, or until Rozinante could stir; believing certainly that it proceeded from some other cause, and not from Sancho's cunning; to whom he thus spoke: "Since it is so, Sancho, that Rozinante cannot stir, I am contented to stay, until the dawn smiles, though I weep all the time she delays her coming."—"You need not weep," answered Sancho; "for I will entertain you, until day, with telling you stories, if you had not rather alight, and compose yourself to sleep a little upon the green grass, as Knights-errant are wont to do, and so be the less weary, when the day and hour comes for attempting that unparalleled adventure you wait for."—"What call

you alighting, or sleeping?" said Don Quixote: "Am I one of those Knights, who take repose in time of danger? Sleep thou, who wert born to sleep, or do what thou wilt: I will do what I see best befits my profession."—"Pray, good Sir, be not angry," answered Sancho: "I do not say it with that design." And, coming close to him, he put one hand on the pommel of the saddle before, and the other on the back part, and there he stood embracing his master's left thigh, without daring to stir from him a finger's breadth, so much was he afraid of the blows, which still sounded alternately in his ears. Don Quixote bade him tell some story to entertain him, as he had promised: to which Sancho replied, he would, if the dread of what he heard would permit him: "Notwithstanding," said he, "I will force myself to tell a story, which, if I can hit upon it, and it slips not through my fingers, is the best of all stories; and, pray, be attentive, for now I begin.—

"What hath been, hath been; the good, that shall befall, be for us all; and evil to him, that evil seeks. And pray, Sir, take notice, that the beginning, which the ancients gave to their tales, was not just what they pleased, but rather some sentence of Cato Zonzorinus the Roman, who says, *And evil to him that evil seeks*; which is as apt to the present purpose, as a ring to your finger, signifying, that your Worship should be quiet,

and not go about searching after evil, but rather that we turn aside into some other road ; for we are under no obligation to continue in this, wherein so many fears overwhelm us.”—“ Go on with your story, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “ and leave me to take care of the road we are to follow.”—“ I say then,” continued Sancho, “ that, in a place of Estremadura, there was a shepherd, I mean a goatherd ; which shepherd, or goatherd, as my story says, was called Lope Ruiz ; and this Lope Ruiz was in love with a shepherdess called Torralva ; which shepherdess, called Torralva, was daughter to a rich herdsman, and this rich herdsman—” “ If you tell your story after this fashion, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “ repeating every thing you say twice, you will not have done these two days : tell it concisely, and like a man of sense, or else say no more.”—“ In the very same manner that I tell it,” answered Sancho, “ they tell all stories in my country ; and I can tell it no otherwise, nor is it fit your Worship should require me to make new customs !”—“ Tell it as you will then,” answered Don Quixote ; “ since fate will have it, that I must hear thee : go on.”

“ And so, dearest Sir,” continued Sancho, “ as I said before, this shepherd was in love with the shepherdess Torralva, who was a jolly strapping wench, a little scornful, and somewhat masculine : for she had certain small whiskers ; and

methinks I see her just now.”—“ What, did you know her?” said Don Quixote. “ I did not know her,” answered Sancho; “ but he, who told me this story, said it was so certain and true, that I might, when I told it to another, affirm and swear I had seen it all. And so, in process of time, the devil, who sleeps not, and troubles all things, brought it about, that the love, which the shepherd bore to the shepherdess, was converted into mortal hatred; and the cause, according to evil tongues, was a certain quantity of little jealousies she gave him, beyond measure: and so much did he hate her from thenceforward, that, to avoid the sight of her, he chose to absent himself from that country, and go, where his eyes should never behold her more. Torralva, who found herself disdained by Lope, presently began to love him better than ever she had loved him before.”—“ It is a natural quality of women,” said Don Quixote, “ to slight those, who love them, and love those, who slight them: go on, Sancho.”

“ It fell out,” proceeded Sancho, “ that the shepherd put his design in execution; and, collecting together his goats, went on towards the plains of Estremadura, in order to pass over into the kingdom of Portugal. Torralva knowing it, went after him, following him on foot and barelegged, at a distance, with a pilgrim’s staff in her hand, and a wallet about her neck, in which she

carried, as is reported, a piece of a looking-glass, a piece of a comb, and a sort of a small gallipot of pomatum for the face. But, whatever she carried, for I shall not now set myself to vouch what it was, I only tell you, that, as they say, the shepherd came with his flock to pass the river Guadiana, which at that time was swollen, and had almost overflowed its banks; and, on the side he came to, there was neither boat, nor any body to ferry him, or his flock, over to the other side; which grieved him mightily, for he saw, that Torralva was at his heels, and would give him much disturbance by her entreaties and tears. He therefore looked about, until he espied a fisherman with a boat near him, but so small, that it could hold only one person and one goat: however, he spoke to him, and agreed with him to carry over him, and his three hundred goats. The fisherman got into the boat, and carried over a goat: he returned, and carried over another: he came back again, and again carried over another. Pray, Sir, keep an account of the goats, that the fisherman is carrying over; for if one slips out of your memory, the story will be at an end, and it will be impossible to tell a word more of it. I go on then, and say, that the landing-place on the opposite side was covered with mud, and slippery, and the fisherman was a great while in coming and going. However, he returned for another goat, and for others,



and for another.”—“ Make account he carried them all over,” said Don Quixote, “ and do not be going and coming in this manner ; for, at this rate, you will not have done carrying them over in a twelvemonth.”—“ How many are passed already ?” said Sancho. “ How the devil should I know ?” answered Don Quixote. “ See there now ; did I not tell you to keep an exact account ? Before God, there is an end of the story ; I can go no farther.”—“ How can this be ?” answered Don Quixote. “ Is it so essential to the story, to know the exact number of goats, that passed over, that, if one be mistaken, the story can proceed no farther ?”—“ No, Sir, in no wise,” answered Sancho : “ for when I desired your Worship to tell me now many goats had passed, and you answered, you did not know, in that very instant, all that I had left to say fled out of my memory ; and in faith it was very edifying and satisfactory.”—“ So then,” said Don Quixote, “ the story is at an end ?”—“ As sure as my mother is,” quoth Sancho. “ Verily,” answered Don Quixote, “ you have told one of the rarest tales, fables, or histories, imaginable ; and your way of telling and concluding it is such, as never was, nor will be, seen in one’s whole life ; though I expected nothing less from your good sense : but I do not wonder at it ; for perhaps this incessant din may have disturbed your understanding.”—“ All that may be,” answered

Sancho : " but, as to my story, I know there's no more to be said ; for it ends just where the error in the account of carrying over the goats begins." " Let it end where it will in God's name," said Don Quixote, " and let us see whether Rozinante can stir himself." Again he clapt spurs to him, and again he jumped, and then stood stock still, so effectually was he fettered.

Now, whether the cold of the morning, which was at hand, or whether some lenitive food on which he had supped, or whether the motion was purely natural, which is rather to be believed, it so happened, that Sancho had a desire to do what nobody could do for him. But so great was the fear that had possessed his heart, that he durst not stir the breadth of a finger from his master ; and, to think to leave that business undone, was also impossible : and so what he did for peace sake, was, to let go his right hand, which held the hinder part of the saddle, with which, softly, and without any noise, he loosed the running-point, that kept up his breeches ; whereupon down they fell, and hung about his legs like shackles : then he lifted up his shirt the best he could, and exposed to the open air, those parts, which were none of the smallest. This being done, which he thought the best expedient towards getting out of that terrible anguish and distress, another and a greater difficulty attended him, which was, that he thought he could not

case himself without making some noise: so he set his teeth close, and squeezed up his shoulders, and held in his breath as much as possibly he could. But, notwithstanding all these precautions, he was so unlucky after all, as to make a little noise, very different from that, which had put him into so great a fright. Don Quixote heard it, and said: "What noise is this, Sancho?"—"I do not know, Sir," answered he: "it must be some new business; for adventures and misadventures never begin with a little matter." He tried his fortune a second time, and it succeeded so well with him, that, without the least noise or rumbling more, he found himself discharged of the burden, that had given him so much uneasiness. But, as Don Quixote had the sense of smelling no less perfect than that of hearing, and Sancho stood so close, and as it were sewed to him, some of the vapours, ascending in a direct line, could not fail to reach his nostrils: which they had no sooner done, but he relieved his nose by taking it between his fingers, and, with a kind of snuffling tone, said: "Methinks, Sancho, you are in great bodily fear."—"I am so," said Sancho; "but wherein does your Worship perceive it now more than ever?"—"In that you smell stronger than ever, and not of ambergris," answered Don Quixote. "That may very well be," said Sancho; "but your Worship alone is in fault, for carrying me

about at these unseasonable hours, and into these unfrequented places.”—“ Get three or four steps off, friend,” said Don Quixote, without taking his fingers from his nostrils, “ and henceforward be more careful of your own person, and of what you owe to mine ; my overmuch familiarity with you has bred this contempt.”—“ I will lay a wager,” replied Sancho, “ you think I have been doing something with my person that I ought not.”—“ The more you stir it, friend Sancho, the worse it will savour,” answered Don Quixote.

In these and the like dialogues the master and man passed the night. But Sancho, perceiving that at length the morning was coming on, with much caution untied Rozinante, and tied up his breeches. Rozinante, finding himself at liberty, though naturally he was not over-mettlesome, seemed to feel himself alive, and began to paw the ground ; but as for curvetting, begging his pardon, he knew not what it was. Don Quixote, perceiving that Rozinante began to bestir himself, took it for a good omen, and believed it signified, he should forthwith attempt that fearful adventure. By this time the dawn appeared, and, every thing being distinctly seen, Don Quixote perceived he was got among some tall chesnut-trees, which afforded a gloomy shade : he perceived also, that the striking did not cease ; but he could not see what caused it. So, without farther delay, he made Rozinante feel the spur,

and, turning again to take leave of Sancho, commanded him to wait there for him three days at the farthest, as he had said before, and that, if he did not return by that time, he might conclude for certain, it was God's will he should end his days in that perilous adventure. He again repeated the embassy and message he was to carry to his Lady Dulcinea; and as to what concerned the reward of his service, he need be in no pain, for he had made his will before he left his village, in which he would find himself gratified as to his wages, in proportion to the time he had served; but, if God should bring him off safe and sound from that danger, he might reckon himself infallibly secure of the promised island. Sancho wept afresh at hearing again the moving expressions of his good master, and resolved not to leave him to the last moment and end of this business. The author of this history gathers from the tears, and this so honourable a resolution of Sancho Panza's, that he must have been well born, and at least an old Christian<sup>52</sup>. This tender concern somewhat softened his master, but not so much as to make him discover any weakness: on the contrary, dissembling the best he could, he began to put on toward the place, from whence the noise of the water and of the strokes seemed to proceed. Sancho followed him on foot, leading, as usual, his ass, that constant companion of his prosperous and adverse fortunes, by the halter.

And having gone a good way among those shady chesnut-trees, they came to a little green spot, at the foot of some steep rocks, from which a mighty gush of water precipitated itself. At the foot of the rocks were certain miserable huts, which seemed rather the ruins of buildings than houses; from amidst which proceeded, as they perceived, the sound and din of the strokes, which did not yet cease. Rozinante started, and was in disorder, at the noise of the water and of the strokes; and Don Quixote, quieting him, went on fair and softly toward the huts, recommending himself devoutly to his Lady, and beseeching her to favour him in that fearful expedition and enterprise; and, by the by, besought God also not to forget him. Sancho stirred not from his side, stretching out his neck, and looking between Rozinante's legs, to see, if he could perceive what held him in such dread and suspense. They had gone about a hundred yards farther, when, at doubling a point, the very cause, for it could be no other, of that horrible and dreadful noise, which had held them all night in such suspense and fear, appeared plain and exposed to view.

It was, kind reader, and take it not in dudgeon, six fulling-hammers, whose alternate strokes formed that hideous sound. Don Quixote seeing what it was, was struck dumb, and in the utmost confusion. Sancho looked at him, and saw he hung down his head upon his breast, with mani-

fest indications of being quite abashed. Don Quixote looked also at Sancho, and saw his cheeks swollen, and his mouth full of laughter, with evident signs of being ready to burst with it; and notwithstanding his vexation, he could not forbear laughing himself at sight of Sancho; who, seeing his master had led the way, burst out in so violent a manner, that he was forced to hold his sides with his hands, to save himself from splitting with laughter. Four times he ceased, and four times he returned to his laughter, with the same impetuosity as at first. At which Don Quixote gave himself to the devil, especially when he heard him say, by way of irony: “ You must know, friend Sancho, that I was born, by the will of Heaven, in this our age of iron, to revive in it the golden or that of gold. I am he, for whom are reserved dangers, great exploits, and valorous achievements !” And so he went on, repeating most or all of the expressions, which Don Quixote had used at the first hearing those dreadful strokes. Don Quixote, perceiving that Sancho played upon him, grew so ashamed, and enraged to that degree, that he lifted up his lance, and discharged two such blows on him, that, had he received them on his head, as he did on his shoulders, the Knight had acquitted himself of the payment of his wages, unless it were to his heirs. Sancho, finding he paid so dearly for his jokes, and fearing lest his master

should proceed farther, cried out with much humility: "Pray, Sir, be pacified: by the living God, I did but jest."—"Though you jest, I do not," answered Don Quixote. "Come hither, merry Sir; what think you? Suppose these mill-hammers had been some perilous adventure, have I not showed the courage requisite to undertake and achieve it? Am I, think you, obliged, being a Knight as I am, to distinguish sounds, and know which are, or are not, of a fulling-mill? Besides, it may be, as it really is, that I never saw any fulling-mills in my life, as thou hast, like a pitiful rustic as thou art, having been born and bred amongst them. But let these six fulling-hammers be transformed into six giants, and let them beard me one by one, or all together, and if I do not set them all on their heads, then make what jest you will of me."—"It is enough, good Sir," replied Sancho; "I confess I have been a little too jocose: but pray tell me, now that it is peace between us, as God shall bring you out of all the adventures that shall happen to you, safe and sound, as he has brought you out of this, was it not a thing to be laughed at, and worth telling, what great fear we were in, at least what I was in? For, as to your Worship, I know you are unacquainted with it, nor do you know what fear or terror is."—"I do not deny," answered Don Quixote, "but that what has befallen us is fit to be laughed at, but not fit to be told; for



all persons are not discreet enough to know how to take things by the right handle."—"But," answered Sancho, "your Worship knew how to handle your lance aright, when you pointed it at my head, and hit me on the shoulders; thanks be to God and to my own agility in slipping aside. But let that pass; it will out in the bucking: for I have heard say, *he loves thee well, who makes thee weep*: and besides, your people of condition, when they have given a servant a hard word, presently give him some old hose and breeches; though what is usually given after a beating, I cannot tell, unless it be that your Knights-errant, after bastinados, bestow islands, or kingdoms on the continent."

—"The die may run so," said Don Quixote, "that all you have said may come to pass; and forgive what is past, since you are considerate; and know, that the first motions are not in a man's power: and henceforward be apprized of one thing, that you may abstain and forbear talking too much with me, that, in all the books of chivalry I ever read, infinite as they are, I never found, that any squire conversed so much with his master as you do with yours. And really I account it a great fault, both in you and in me: in you, because you respect me so little; in me, that I do not make myself respected more. Was not Gandalin, squire to Amadis de Gaul, Earl of the Firm Island? And we read of him, that he always spoke to his master cap in hand, his

head inclined, and his body bent after the Turkish fashion. What shall we say of Gasabal, squire to Don Galaor, who was so silent, that, to illustrate the excellency of his marvellous taciturnity, his name is mentioned but once in all that great and faithful history? From what I have said, you may infer, Sancho, that there ought to be a difference between master and man, between lord and lacquey, and between Knight and squire. So that, from this day forward, we must be treated with more respect; for which way soever I am angry with you, it will go ill with the pitcher. The favours and benefits I promised you, will come in due time; and, if they do not come, the wages, at least, as I have told you, will not be lost.”--“Your Worship says very well,” quoth Sancho: “but I would fain know, if perchance the time of the favours should not come, and it should be expedient to have recourse to the article of the wages, how much might the squire of a Knight-errant get in those times; and whether they agreed by the month, or by the day, like labourers?”--“I do not believe,” answered Don Quixote, “that those squires were at stated wages, but relied on courtesy. And if I have appointed you any, in the will I left sealed at home, it was for fear of what might happen; for I cannot yet tell you how chivalry may succeed in these calamitous times of ours, and I would not have my soul suf-

fer in the other world for a trifle : for I would have you to know, Sancho, that there is no state more perilous than that of adventurers.”—“ It is so, in truth,” said Sancho ; “ since the noise of the hammers of a fulling-mill were sufficient to disturb and discompose the heart of so valorous a Knight as your Worship. But you may depend upon it, that from henceforward I shall not open my lips to make merry with your Worship’s matters, but shall honour you as my master and natural lord.”—“ By so doing,” replied Don Quixote, “ your days shall be long in the land ; for, next to our parents, we are bound to respect our masters, as if they were our fathers.”

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## CHAP. XXI.

WHICH TREATS OF THE HIGH ADVENTURE AND RICH PRIZE OF MAMBRINO’S HELMET, WITH OTHER THINGS, WHICH BEFELL OUR INVINCIBLE KNIGHT.


ABOUT this time it began to rain a little, and Sancho had a mind they should betake themselves to the fulling-mills. But Don Quixote had conceived such an abhorrence of them for the late jest, that he would, by no means, go in : and so turning to the right hand, they struck into another road like that they had lighted upon the day before. Soon after, Don Quixote discovered a man on horseback, who had on his head some-

thing, which glittered, as if it had been of gold; and scarce had he seen it, but, turning to Sancho, he said: "I am of opinion, Sancho, there is no proverb but what is true, because they are all sentences, drawn from experience itself, the mother of all the sciences; especially that which says, *Where one door is shut another is opened*. I say this, because, if fortune last night shut the door against what we looked for, deceiving us with the fulling-mills, it now sets another wide open for a better and more certain adventure, which if I fail to enter right into, the fault will be mine, without imputing it to my little knowledge of fulling-mills, or to the darkness of the night. This I say, because, if I mistake not, there comes one towards us, who carries on his head Mambrino's helmet<sup>53</sup>, about which I swore the oath you know."—"Take care, Sir, what you say, and more, what you do," said Sancho; "for I would not wish for other fulling-mills, to finish the milling and mashing our senses."—"The devil take you!" replied Don Quixote: "what has a helmet to do with fulling-mills?"—"I know not," answered Sancho; "but, in faith, if I might talk as much as I used to do, perhaps I could give such reasons, that your Worship would see you are mistaken, in what you say."—"How can I be mistaken in what I say, scrupulous traitor?" said Don Quixote. "Tell me, seest thou not yon Knight, coming


*Is that not a knight?*

toward us on a dapple-gray steed, with a helmet of gold on his head?"—"What I see and perceive," answered Sancho, "is only a man on a gray ass like mine, with something on his head, that glitters."—"Why, that is Mambrino's helmet," said Don Quixote: "get aside, and leave me alone to deal with him; you shall see me conclude this adventure, to save time, without speaking a word; and the helmet, I have so much longed for, shall be my own."—"I shall take care to get out of the way," replied Sancho: "but, I pray God, I say again, it may not prove another fulling-mill adventure."—"I have already told you, Brother, not to mention those fulling-mills, nor so much as to think of them, any more," said Don Quixote: "if you do, I say no more, but I vow to mill your soul for you." Sancho held his peace, fearing lest his master should perform his vow, which had struck him all of a heap.

Now the truth of the matter, concerning the helmet, the steed, and the Knight, which Don Quixote saw, was this. There were two villages in that neighbourhood, one of them so small, that it had neither shop nor barber, but the other adjoining to it had both; and the barber of the greater served also the less; in which a person indisposed wanted to be let blood, and another to be trimmed; and for this purpose was the barber coming, and brought with him his brass

basin. And fortune so ordered it, that, as he was upon the road, it began to rain, and, that his hat might not be spoiled, for it was a new one, he clapped the basin on his head, and being new scoured it glittered half a league off. He rode on a gray ass, as Sancho said; and this was the reason, why Don Quixote took the barber for a Knight, his ass for a dappled-gray steed, and his basin for a golden helmet: for he very readily adapted, whatever he saw, to his knightly  extravagancies and wild conceits. And when he saw the poor cavalier approach, without staying to reason the case with him, he advanced at Rozinante's best speed, and couched his lance low, designing to run him through and through. But when he came up to him, without checking the fury of his career, he cried out: "Defend yourself, caitiff, or surrender willingly, what is so justly my due." The barber, who, not suspecting or apprehending any such thing, saw this phantom coming upon him, had no other way to avoid the thrust of the lance, but to let himself fall down from the ass: and no sooner had he touched the ground, when, leaping up nimbler than a roebuck, he began to scour over the plain with such speed, that the wind could not overtake him. He left the basin on the ground; with which Don Quixote was satisfied, and said, the miscreant had acted discreetly in imitating the beaver, who, finding itself closely pursued by

the hunters, tears off, with its teeth, that for which it knows, by natural instinct, it is hunted. He ordered Sancho to take up the helmet, who, holding it in his hand, said: "Before God, the basin is a special one, and is as well worth a piece of eight as a farthing." Then he gave it to his master, who immediately clapped it on his head, twirling it about, to find the visor: and, not finding it, he said: "Doubtless the pagan, for whom this famous helmet was first forged, must have had a prodigious large head; and the worst of it is, that one half is wanting." When Sancho heard the basin called a helmet, he could not forbear laughing; but, recollecting his master's late choler, he checked it in the middle. "What dost thou laugh at, Sancho?" said Don Quixote. He answered: "I laugh to think what a huge head the pagan had, who owned this helmet, which is, for all the world, just like a barber's basin."—"Knowest thou, Sancho, what I take to be the case? this famous piece, this enchanted helmet, by some strange accident, must have fallen into the hands of some one, who, being ignorant of its true value, and not considering what he did, seeing it to be of the purest gold, has melted down the one half for lucre's sake, and of the other half made this, which, as you say, does look like a barber's basin: but, be it what it will, to me, who know it, its transformation signifies nothing; for I will



get it put to rights in the first town, where there is a smith, and in such sort, that even that, which the god of smiths made and forged for the god of battles, shall not surpass, nor equal it : in the mean time, I will wear it as I can ; for something is better than nothing ; and the rather, since it will be more than sufficient to defend me from stones.” —“ It will so,” said Sancho, “ if they do not throw them with slings, as they did in the battle of the two armies, when they crossed your Worship’s chaps, and broke the cruise, in which was contained that most blessed drench, which made me vomit up my guts.” —“ I am in no great pain for having lost it ; for you know, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “ I have the receipt by heart.” —“ So have I too,” answered Sancho ; “ but if ever I make or try it again while I live, may I never stir from this place. Besides, I do not intend to expose myself to the hazard of standing in need of it ; for I mean to keep myself, with all my five senses, from being wounded, or from wounding any body. As to being tossed again in a blanket, I say nothing ; for it is difficult to prevent such mishaps : and if they do come, there is nothing to be done, but to shrug up one’s shoulders, hold one’s breath, shut one’s eyes, and let one’s self go, whither fortune and the blanket please to toss one.” —“ You are no good Christian, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, at hearing this ; “ for you never forget an injury once done you : but know,



it is inherent in generous and noble breasts to lay no stress upon trifles. What leg have you lamed, what rib, or what head, have you broken, that you cannot yet forget that jest ? For, to take the thing right, it was mere jest and pastime ; and, had I not understood it so, I had long ago returned thither, and done more mischief in revenging your quarrel, than the Greeks did for the rape of Helen ; who, if she had lived in these times, or my Dulcinea in those, would never, you may be sure, have been so famous for beauty as she is :” and here he uttered a sigh, and sent it to the clouds. “ Let it then pass for a jest,” said Sancho, “ since it is not likely to be revenged in earnest : but I know of what kinds the jests and the earnest were ; and I know also, they will no more slip out of my memory, than off my shoulders.

“ But setting this aside, tell me, Sir, what we shall do with this dapple-gray steed, which looks so like a gray ass, and which that caitiff, whom your Worship overthrew, has left behind here to shift for itself ; for, to judge by his scouring off so hastily, and flying for it, he does not think of ever returning for him ; and, by my beard, Dapple is a special one.”—“ It is not my custom,” said Don Quixote, “ to plunder those, I overcome, nor is it the usage of chivalry to take from them their horses, and leave them on foot, unless the victor hath lost his own in the conflict : for,

in such a case, it is lawful to take that of the vanquished, as fairly won in battle. Therefore, Sancho, leave this horse, or ass, or what you will have it to be; for, when his owner sees us gone a pretty way off, he will come again for him.”—“ God knows whether it were best for me to take him,” replied Sancho, “ or at least to truck mine for him, which methinks is not so good: verily the laws of chivalry are very strict, since they do not extend to the swapping one ass for another; and I would fain know, whether I might exchange furniture, if I had a mind.”—“ I am not every clear as to that point,” answered Don Quixote; “ and in case of doubt, until better information can be had, I say, you may truck, if you are in extreme want of them.”—“ So extreme,” replied Sancho, “ that I could not want them more, if they were for my own proper person.” And so saying, he proceeded, with that licence, to an exchange of caparisons, and made his own beast three parts in four the better for his new furniture. This done, they breakfasted on the remains of the plunder of the sumpter-mule, and drank of the water of the fulling-mills, without turning their faces to look at them, such was their abhorrence of them for the fright, they had put them in. Their choler and hunger being thus allayed, they mounted; and, without resolving to follow any particular road, as is the custom of Knights-errant, they

put on whithersoever Rozinante's will led him<sup>54</sup>, which drew after it that of his master, and also that of the ass, which followed, in love and good fellowship, wherever he led the way. Notwithstanding which, they soon turned again into the great road, which they followed at a venture, without any other design.

As they thus sauntered on, Sancho said to his master: "Sir, will your Worship be pleased to indulge me the liberty of a word or two; for, since you imposed on me that harsh command of silence, sundry things have rotted in my breast, and I have one just now at my tongue's end, that I would not for any thing should miscarry."—"Out with it," said Don Quixote, "and be brief in thy discourse; for none, that is long, can be pleasing."—"I say then, Sir," answered Sancho, "that for some days past, I have been considering how little is gained by wandering up and down in quest of those adventures your Worship is seeking through these deserts and crossways, where, though you overcome and achieve the most perilous, there is nobody to see or know any thing of them; so that they must remain in perpetual oblivion, to the prejudice of your Worship's intention, and their deserts. And therefore I think it would be more advisable, with submission to your better judgment, that we went to serve some Emperor or other great prince, who is engaged in war; in whose service

your Worship may display the worth of your person, your great courage, and greater understanding : which being perceived by the lord we serve, he must of necessity reward each of us according to his merits ; nor can you there fail of meeting with somebody to put your Worship's exploits in writing, for a perpetual remembrance of them. I say nothing of my own, because they must not exceed the squirely limits ; though I dare say, if it be the custom in chivalry to pen the deeds of squires, mine will not be forgotten."

" You are not much out, Sancho," answered Don Quixote : " but, before it comes to that, it is necessary for a Knight-errant to wander about the world, seeking adventures, by way of probation ; that, by achieving some, he may acquire such fame and renown, that, when he comes to the court of some great monarch, he shall be known by his works beforehand ; and scarcely shall the boys see him enter the gates of the city, but they shall all follow and surround him, crying aloud, *This is the Knight of the Sun, or of the Serpent*, or of any other device under which he may have achieved great exploits. ' This is he,' will they say, ' who overthrew the huge giant Brocabruno of mighty force, in single combat ; he, who disenchanted the great Mameluco of Persia from the long enchantment, which held him confined almost nine hundred years.' Thus, from hand to hand, they shall go on blazoning his

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recognition

deeds ; and presently, at the bustle of the boys, and of the rest of the people, the King of that country shall appear at the windows of his royal palace ; and, as soon as he espies the Knight, knowing him by his armour, or by the device on his shield, he must necessarily say ; ‘ Ho, there, go forth, my Knights, all that are at court, to receive the flower of chivalry, who is coming yonder.’ At which command they all shall go forth, and the King himself, descending half way down the stairs, shall receive him with a close embrace, saluting and kissing him ; and then, taking him by the hand, shall conduct him to the apartment of the Queen, where the Knight shall find her accompanied by her daughter, the Infanta, who is so beautiful and accomplished a damsel, that her equal cannot easily be found in any part of the known world. After this, it must immediately fall out, that she fixes her eyes on the Knight, and he his eyes upon hers, and each shall appear to the other something rather divine than human ; and without knowing how, or which way, they shall be taken, and entangled in the inextricable net of love, and be in great perplexity of mind through not knowing how to converse, and discover their amorous anguish to each other. From thence, without doubt, they will conduct him to some quarter of the palace, richly furnished, where, having taken off his armour, they will bring him a rich scarlet

mantle to put on; and, if he looked well in armour, he must needs make a much more graceful figure in ermines<sup>55</sup>. The night being come, he shall sup with the King, Queen, and Infanta, where he shall never take his eyes off the Princess, viewing her by stealth, and she doing the same by him with the same wariness: for, as I have said, she is a very discreet damsel<sup>56</sup>. The tables being removed, there shall enter, unexpectedly, at the hall door, a little ill-favoured dwarf, followed by a beautiful matron between two giants, with the offer of a certain adventure, so contrived by a most ancient sage, that he, who shall accomplish it, shall be esteemed the best Knight in the world. The King shall immediately command all, who are present, to try it, and none shall be able to finish it, but the stranger Knight, to the great advantage of his fame; at which the Infanta will be highly delighted, and reckon herself overpaid for having placed her thoughts on so exalted an object. And the best of it is, that this King, or Prince, or whatever he be, is carrying on a bloody war with another monarch as powerful as himself; and the stranger Knight, after having been a few days at his court, asks leave to serve his Majesty in the aforesaid war. The King shall readily grant his request, and the Knight shall most courteously kiss his royal hands for the favour he does him. And that night he shall take his leave of his Lady, the In-

fanta, at the iron rails of a garden, adjoining to her apartment, though which he had already conversed with her several times, by the mediation of a certain female confidante, in whom the Infanta greatly trusted. He sighs, she swoons; the damsel runs for cold water: he is very uneasy at the approach of the morning-light, and would by no means they should be discovered, for the sake of his Lady's honour. The Infanta at length comes to herself, and gives her snowy hands to the Knight to kiss through the rails, who kisses them a thousand and a thousand times over, and bedews them with his tears. They agree how to let one another know their good or ill fortune; and the Princess desires him to be absent as little a while as possible; which he promises with many oaths: he kisses her hands again, and takes leave with so much concern, that it almost puts an end to his life. From thence he repairs to his chamber, throws himself on his bed, and cannot sleep for grief at the parting: he rises early in the morning, and goes to take leave of the King, the Queen, and the Infanta: having taken his leave of the two former, he is told that the Princess is indisposed, and cannot admit of a visit: the Knight thinks it is for grief at his departure; his heart is pierced, and he is very near giving manifest indications of his passion: the damsel confidante is all this while present, and observes what passes; she goes and tells it her Lady, who receives the ac-

count with tears, and tells her, that her chief concern is, that she does not know, who her Knight is, and whether he be of royal descent, or not: the damsel assures her he is, since so much courtesy, politeness, and valour, as her Knight is endowed with, cannot exist but in a royal and grave subject<sup>57</sup>. The afflicted Princess is comforted hereby, and endeavours to compose herself, that she may not give her parents cause to suspect any thing amiss, and two days after she appears in public. The Knight is now gone to the war; he fights, and overcomes the King's enemy; takes many towns; wins several battles; returns to court; sees his Lady at the usual place of interview; it is agreed he shall demand her in marriage of her father, in recompence for his services: the King does not consent to give her to him, not knowing who he is. Notwithstanding which, either by carrying her off, or by some other means, the Infanta becomes his wife, and her father comes to take it for a piece of the greatest good fortune, being assured that the Knight is son to a valorous king, of I know not what kingdom, for I believe it is not in the map. The father dies; the Infanta inherits; and, in two words, the Knight becomes a King. Here presently comes in the rewarding his squire, and all those, who assisted him in mounting to so exalted a state. He marries his squire to one of the Infanta's maids of honour, who is, doubtless, the very confidante of this



amour, and daughter to one of the chief Dukes."

"This, and a clear stage, is what I would be at," quoth Sancho: "this I stick to; for every tittle of this must happen precisely to your Worship, being called the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure."—"Doubt it not, Sancho," replied Don Quixote; "for by those very means, and those very steps, I have recounted, the Knights-errant do rise, and have risen, to be Kings and Emperors. All, that remains to be done, is, to look out, and find what King of the Christians or of the Pagans, is at war, and has a beautiful daughter: but there is time enough to think of this; for, as I have told you, we must procure renown elsewhere, before we repair to court. Besides, there is still another thing wanting: for supposing a King were found, who is at war, and has an handsome daughter, and that I have gotten incredible fame throughout the whole universe, I do not see how it can be made appear, that I am of the lineage of Kings, or even second cousin to an Emperor: for the King will not give me his daughter to wife until he is first very well assured that I am such, though my renowned actions should deserve it ever so well. So that, through this defect, I am afraid, I shall lose that, which my arm has richly deserved. It is true, indeed, I am a gentleman of an ancient family, possessed of a real estate of one hundred and twenty

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crowns a year ; and perhaps the sage, who writes my history, may so brighten up my kindred and genealogy, that I may be found the fifth or sixth in descent from a king. For you must know, Sancho, that there are two kinds of lineages in the world. Some there are, who derive their pedigree from princes and monarchs, whom time has reduced, by little and little, until they have ended in a point, like a pyramid reversed : others have had poor and low beginnings, and have risen by degrees, until at last they have become great lords. So that the difference lies in this, that some have been, what now they are not, and others are now, what they were not before ; and who knows but I may be one of the former, and that, upon examination, my origin may be found to have been great and glorious ; with which the King my father-in-law that is to be, ought to be satisfied ; and though he should not be satisfied, the Infanta is to be so in love with me, that, in spite of her father, she is to receive me for her lord and husband, though she certainly knew I was the son of a water-carrier ; and in case she should not, then is the time to take her away by force, and convey her whither I please ; and time or death will put a period to the displeasure of her parents."

"Here," said Sancho, "comes in properly what some naughty people say, *Never stand begging for that, which you may take by force*, though this other is nearer to the purpose ; *A leap*

*from a hedge is better than the prayer of a good man.* I say this, because, if my Lord the King, your Worship's father-in-law, should not vouchsafe to yield unto you my Lady the Infanta, there is no more to be done, as your Worship says, but to steal and carry her off. But the mischief is, that while peace is making, and before you can enjoy the kingdom quietly, the poor squire may go whistle for his reward ; unless the damsel go-between, who is to be his wife, goes off with the Infanta, and he shares his misfortune with her, until it shall please Heaven to ordain otherwise ; for I believe his master may immediately give her to him for his lawful spouse."—"That you may depend upon," said Don Quixote. "Since it is so," answered Sancho, "there is no more to be done but to commend ourselves to God, and let things take their course."—"God grant it," answered Don Quixote, "as I desire and you need, and let him be wretched, who thinks himself so."—"Let him in God's name," said Sancho ; "for I am an old Christian, and that is enough to qualify me to be an Earl."—"Ay, and more than enough," said Don Quixote : "but it matters not, whether you are or no ; for I being a King can easily bestow nobility on you, without your buying it, or doing me the least service ; and, in creating you an Earl, I make you a gentleman of course : and, say what they will, in good faith, they must style you Your Lordship, though it grieve them never

so much.”—“Do you think,” quoth Sancho, “I should not know how to give authority to the indignity?”--“Dignity, you should say, and not indignity,” said his master. “So let it be,” answered Sancho Panza: “I say, I should do well enough with it; for I assure you I was once beadle of a company, and the beadle’s gown became me so well, that every body said, I had a presence fit to be warden of the said company. Then what will it be when I am arrayed in a Duke’s robe all shining with gold and pearls, like a foreign Count? I am of opinion folks will come a hundred leagues to see me.”—“You will make a goodly appearance indeed,” said Don Quixote, “but it will be necessary to trim your beard a little oftener; for it is so rough and frowzy, that, if you do not shave with a razor every other day at least, you will discover what you are a musket shot off.”—“Why,” said Sancho, “it is but taking a barber into the house, and giving him wages; and, if there be occasion, I will make him follow me like a gentleman of the horse to a grandee.” “How came you to know,” demanded Don Quixote, “that grandees have their gentlemen of the horse to follow them?”—“I will tell you,” said Sancho: “some years ago, I was about the court for a month, and there I saw a very little gentleman riding backward and forward, who, they said, was a very great lord: a man followed him on horseback, turning about as he turned, that one

would have thought he had been his tail. I asked why that man did not ride by the other's side, but kept always behind him ? they answered me, that it was his gentleman of the horse, and that noblemen commonly have such to follow them : and from that day to this I have never forgotten it."—" You are in the right," said Don Quixote, " and in the same manner you may carry about your barber ; for all customs do not arise together, nor were they invented at once ; and you may be the first Earl, who carried about his barber after him : and indeed it is a greater trust to shave the beard than to saddle a horse."—" Leave the business of the barber to my care," said Sancho ; " and let it be your Worship's to procure yourself to be a King, and to make me an Earl."—" So it shall be," answered Don Quixote ; and, lifting up his eyes, he saw, what will be told in the following chapter.

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## CHAP. XXII.

HOW DON QUIXOTE SET AT LIBERTY SEVERAL UNFORTUNATE PERSONS, WHO WERE CARRYING, MUCH AGAINST THEIR WILLS, TO A PLACE THEY DID NOT LIKE.

**C**ID Hamet Benengeli, the Arabian and Manchegan author, relates, in this most grave, lofty, accurate, delightful, and ingenious history, that, presently after those discourses, which

passed between the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha and Sancho Panza his squire, as they are related at the end of the foregoing chapter, Don Quixote lifted up his eyes, and saw coming on, in the same road, about a dozen men on foot, strung like beads in a row, by the necks, in a great iron chain, and all handcuffed. There came also with them two men on horseback, and two on foot; those on horseback, armed with firelocks, and those on foot with pikes and swords. And Sancho Panza, espying them, said: "This is a chain of galley-slaves, persons forced by the King to the galleys."—"How! persons forced!" cried Don Quixote: "is it possible the King should force any body?"—"I say not so," answered Sancho, "but that they are persons condemned by the law for their crimes to serve the King in the galleys per force."—"In short," replied Don Quixote, "however it be, still they are going by force, and not with their own liking."—"It is so," said Sancho. "Then," said his master, "here the execution of my office takes place, to defeat violence, and to succour and-relieve the miserable."—"Consider, Sir," quoth Sancho, "that justice, that is, the King himself, does no violence nor injury to such persons, but only punishes them for their crimes."

By this the chain of galley-slaves were come up, and Don Quixote, in most courteous terms,

desired of the guard, that they would be pleased to inform and tell him the cause or causes, why they conducted those persons in that manner. One of the guards on horseback answered, that they were slaves belonging to his Majesty, and going to the galleys, which was all he could say, or the other need know, of the matter. "For all that," replied Don Quixote, "I should be glad to know from each of them in particular the cause of his misfortune." To these he added such other courteous expressions, to induce them to tell him what he desired, that the other horseman said: "Though we have here the record and certificate of the sentence of each of these wretches, this is no time to produce and read them: draw near, Sir, and ask it of themselves: they may inform you, if they please; and inform you they will, for they are such as take a pleasure both in acting and relating rogueries." With this leave, which Don Quixote would have taken though they had not given it, he drew near to the chain, and demanded of the first, for what offence he marched in such evil plight. He answered, that he went in that manner for being in love. "For that alone?" replied Don Quixote: "if they send folks to the galleys for being in love, I might long since have been rowing in them."—"It was not such love as your Worship imagines," said the galley-slave: "mine was for the being so deeply enamoured of a flasket of fine

linen, and embracing it so close, that, if justice had not taken it from me by force, I should not have parted with it by my good-will to this very day. I was taken in the fact, so there was no place for the torture; the process was short; they accommodated my shoulders with a hundred lashes, and have sent me, by way of supplement, for three years to the Gurapas, and there is an end of it.”—“What are the Gurapas?” said Don Quixote. “The Gurapas are galleys,” answered the slave, who was a young man about twenty-four years of age, and said he was born at Piedrahita. Don Quixote put the same question to the second, who returned no answer, he was so melancholy and dejected; but the first answered for him, and said: “This gentleman goes for being a canary-bird, I mean, for being a musician and a singer.”—“How so,” replied Don Quixote; “are men sent to the galleys for being musicians and singers?”—“Yes, Sir,” replied the slave; “for there is nothing worse than to sing in an agony.”—“Nay,” said Don Quixote, “I have heard say, *Who sings in grief, procures relief.*”—“This is the very reverse,” said the slave; “for here, he, who sings once, weeps all his life after.”—“I do not understand that,” said Don Quixote. One of the guards said to him: “Signor Cavalier, to sing in an agony means, in the cant of these rogues, to confess upon the rack. This offender



was put to the torture, and confessed his crime, which was that of being a Quartrero, that is, a stealer of cattle; and, because he confessed, he is sentenced for six years to the galleys, besides two hundred lashes, he has already received on the shoulders. And he is always pensive and sad, because the rest of the rogues, both those behind, and those before, abuse, vilify, flout, and despise him for confessing, and not having the courage to say No: for, say they, No contains the same number of letters as Ay; and it is lucky for a delinquent, when his life or death depends upon his own tongue, and not upon proofs and witnesses: and, for my part, I think they are in the right of it.”—“And I think so too,” answered Don Quixote; who, passing on to the third, interrogated him as he had done the others: who answered very readily, and with very little concern; “I am going to Mesdames the Gurapas for five years, for wanting ten ducats.”—“I will give twenty with all my heart,” said Don Quixote, “to redeem you from this misery.”—“That,” said the slave, “is like having money at sea, and dying for hunger, where there is nothing to be bought with it. I say this, because, if I had been possessed in time of those twenty ducats you now offer me, I would have so greased the clerk’s pen, and sharpened my advocate’s wit, that I should have been this day upon the market-place of Zocodover in Toledo, and

not upon this road, coupled and dragged like a nound; but God is great: patience; I say no more."

Don Quixote passed on to the fourth, who was a man of a venerable aspect, with a white beard reaching below his breast; who, hearing himself asked the cause of his coming thither, began to weep, and answered not a word: but the fifth lent him a tongue, and said: "This honest gentleman goes for four years to the galleys, after having gone in the usual procession pompously apparelled and mounted<sup>58</sup>."—"That is, I suppose," said Sancho, "put to public shame."—"Right," replied the slave; "and the offence, for which he underwent this punishment, was, his having been a broker of the ear, yea, and of the whole body: in effect, I would say, that this cavalier goes for pimping, and exercising the trade of a conjurer."—"Had it been merely for pimping," said Don Quixote, "he had not deserved to row in, but to command, and be general of the galleys: for the office of a pimp is not a slight business, but an employment fit only for discreet persons, and a most necessary one in a well-regulated commonwealth; and none, but persons well born, ought to exercise it; and in truth there should be inspectors and controllers of it, as there are of other offices, with a certain number of them deputed, like exchange-brokers; by which means many mischiefs would be pre-

vented, which now happen, because this office and profession is in the hands of foolish and ignorant persons, such as silly waiting-women, pages, and buffoons, of a few years standing, and of small experience, who, in the greatest exigency, and when there is occasion for the most dexterous management and address, suffer the morsel to freeze between the fingers and the mouth, and scarce know, which is their hand. I could go on, and assign the reasons, why it would be expedient to make choice of proper persons, to exercise an office so necessary in the commonwealth: but this is no proper place for it; and I may one day or other lay this matter before those, who can provide a remedy. At present I only say, that the concern I felt at seeing those gray hairs, and that venerable countenance, in so much distress for pimping, is entirely removed by the additional character of his being a wizard: though I very well know, there are no sorceries in the world, which can affect and force the will, as some foolish people imagine; for our will is free, and no herb nor charm can compel it. What some silly women and crafty knaves are wont to do, is, with certain mixtures and poisons, to turn people's brains, under pretence that they have power to make one fall in love; it being, as I say, a thing impossible to force the will."—"It is so," said the honest old fellow: "and truly, Sir, as to being a wizard, I am not

guilty; but as for being a pimp, I cannot deny it; but I never thought there was any harm in it; for the whole of my intention was, that all the world should divert themselves, and live in peace and quiet, without quarrels or troubles: but this good design could not save me from going, whence I shall have no hope of returning, considering I am so loaden with years, and so troubled with the strangury, which leaves me not a moment's repose:” And here he began to weep, as at first; and Sancho was so moved with compassion, that he drew out from his bosom a real, and gave it him as an alms.

Don Quixote went on, and demanded of another what his offence was; who answered, not with less, but much more alacrity than the former: “I am going for making a little too free with two she cousin-germans of mine, and with two other cousin-germans not mine: in short, I carried the jest so far with them all, that the result of it was the increasing of kindred so intricately, that no casuist can make it out. The whole was proved upon me; I had neither friends, nor money; my windpipe was in the utmost danger; I was sentenced to the galleys for six years; I submit; it is the punishment of my fault; I am young; life may last, and time brings every thing about: if your Worship, Signor Cavalier, has any thing about you to relieve us poor wretches, God will repay you in Heaven, and we will make

it the business of our prayers to beseech Him, that your Worship's life and health may be as long and prosperous, as your goodly presence deserves." This slave was in the habit of a student; and one of the guards said, he was a great talker, and a very pretty latinist.

Behind all these came a man some thirty years of age, of a goodly aspect; only he seemed to thrust one eye into the other; he was bound somewhat differently from the rest; for he had a chain to his leg, so long, that it was fastened round his middle, and two collars about his neck, one of which was fastened to the chain, and the other, called a keep-friend, or friend's foot, had two straight irons, which came down from it to his waist, at the ends of which were fixed two manacles, wherein his hands were secured with a huge padlock; insomuch, that he could neither lift his hands to his mouth, nor bend down his head to his hands. Don Quixote asked, why this man went fettered and shackled so much more than the rest. The guard answered, because he alone had committed more villanies than all the rest put together; and that he was so bold and desperate a villain, that, though they carried him in that manner, they were not secure of him, but were still afraid he would make his escape. "What kind of villanies has he committed," said Don Quixote, "that they have deserved no greater punishment than being sent to the gal-

leys ?"—“ He goes for ten years,” said the guard, “ which is a kind of civil death: you need only be told, that this honest gentleman is the famous Gines de Passamonte, alias Ginesillo de Parapilla.”—“ Fair and softly, Signor Commissary,” said the slave; “ let us not be now lengthening out names and surnames. Gines is my name, and not Ginesillo; and Passamonte is the name of my family, and not Parapilla, as you say; and let every one turn himself round, and look at home, and he will find enough to do.”—“ Speak with more respect, Sir Thief above measure,” replied the commissary, “ unless you will oblige me to silence you to your sorrow.”—“ You may see,” answered the slave, “ that man goeth as God pleaseth; but somebody may learn one day, whether my name is Ginesillo de Parapilla, or no.”—“ Are you not called so, lying rascal ?” said the guard. “ They do call me so,” answered Gines; “ but I will oblige them not to call me so, or I will flay them where I care not at present to say. Signor Cavalier,” continued he, “ if you have any thing to give us, give it us now, and God be with you; for you tire us with inquiring so much after other men’s lives: if you would know mine, know that I am Gines de Passamonte, whose life is written by these very fingers.”—“ He says true,” said the commissary; “ for he himself has written his own history, as well as heart could wish, and has left the book in prison, in pawn

for two hundred reals.”—“ Ay, and I intend to redeem it,” said Gines, “ if it lay for two hundred ducats.”—“ What! is it so good?” said Don Quixote. “ So good,” answered Gines, “ that woe be to Lazarillo de Tormes, and to all that have written or shall write in that way.”

What I can affirm is, that it relates truths, and truths so ingenious and entertaining, that no fictions can come up to them.”—“ How is the book intituled?” demanded Don Quixote. “ The Life of Gines de Passamonte,” replied Gines himself. “ And is it finished?” quoth Don Quixote. “ How can it be finished,” answered he, “ since my life is not finished? what is written, is from my cradle to the moment of my being sent this last time to the galleys.”—“ Then you have been there before?” said Don Quixote. “ Four years, the other time,” replied Gines, “ to serve God and the King; and I know already the relish of the biscuit and bull’s pizzle: nor does it grieve me much to go to them again, since I shall there have the opportunity of finishing my book: for I have a great many things to say, and in the galleys of Spain there is leisure more than enough, though I shall not want much for what I have to write, because I have it by heart.”—“ You seem to be a witty fellow,” said Don Quixote. “ And an unfortunate one,” answered Gines; “ but misfortunes always pursue the ingenious.”—“ Pursue the villanous,” said the commissary.

“ I have already desired you, Signor Commissary,” answered Passamonte, “ to go on fair and softly ; for your superiors did not give you that staff to misuse us poor wretches here, but to conduct and carry us, whither his Majesty commands; now by the life of——I say no more ; but the spots, which were contracted in the inn, may perhaps one day come out in the bucking ; and let every one hold his tongue, and live well, and speak better ; and let us march on, for this has held us long enough.”

The commissary lifted up his staff, to strike Passamonte, in return for his threats : but Don Quixote interposed, and desired he would not abuse him, since it was but fair, that he, who had his hands so tied up, should have his tongue a little at liberty. Then, turning about to the whole string, he said : “ From all you have told me, dearest brethren, I clearly gather, that, though it be only to punish you for your crimes, you do not much relish the punishment you are going to suffer, and that you go to it much against the grain and against your good liking : and, perhaps, the pusillanimity of him, who was put to the torture, this man’s want of money, and the other’s want of friends, and in short the judge’s wresting of the law, may have been the cause of your ruin, and that you did not come off, as in justice you ought to have done. And I have so strong a persuasion, that this is the truth of the



case, that my mind prompts, and even forces me, to show in you the effect, for which Heaven threw me into the world, and ordained me to profess the order of chivalry, which I do profess, and the vow I made in it to succour the needy, and those oppressed by the mighty. But, knowing, that it is one part of prudence, not to do that by foul means, which may be done by fair, I will entreat these gentlemen, your guard, and the commissary, that they will be pleased to loose, and let you go in peace, there being people enough to serve the King for better reasons: for it seems to me a hard case to make slaves of those, whom God and nature made free. Besides, gentlemen guards," added Don Quixote, "these poor men have committed no offence against you: let every one answer for his sins in the other world: there is a God in Heaven, who does not neglect to chastise the wicked, nor to reward the good; neither is it fitting, that honest men should be the executioners of others, they having no interest in the matter. I request this of you in this calm and gentle manner, that I may have some ground to thank you for your compliance: but if you do it not willingly, this lance, and this sword, with the vigour of my arm, shall compel you to do it." — "This is pleasant fooling," answered the commissary; "an admirable conceit he has hit upon at last: he would have us let the King's prisoners go, as if we had authority to set them free, or he

to command us to do it. Go on your way, Signor, and adjust that basin on your noddle, and do not go feeling for three legs in a cat.”—“ You are a cat, and a rat, and a rascal to boot,” answered Don Quixote; and so, with a word and a blow, he attacked him so suddenly, that, before he could stand upon his defence, he threw him to the ground, much wounded with a thrust of the lance. And it happened luckily for Don Quixote, that this was one of the two, who carried firelocks. The rest of the guards were astonished and confounded at the unexpected encounter; but recovering themselves, those on horseback drew their swords, and those on foot laid hold of their javelins, and fell upon Don Quixote, who waited for them with much calmness; and doubtless it had gone ill with him, if the galley-slaves, perceiving the opportunity, which offered itself to them, of recovering their liberty, had not procured it, by breaking the chain, with which they were linked together. The hurry was such, that the guards, now endeavouring to prevent the slaves from getting loose, and now engaging with Don Quixote, who attacked them, did nothing to any purpose. Sancho, for his part, assisted in loosing of Gines de Passamonte, who was the first that leaped free and disembarassed upon the plain; and, setting upon the fallen commissary, he took away his sword and his gun, and by levelling it, first

at one, and then at another, without discharging it, he cleared the field of all the guard, who fled no less from Passamonte's gun, than from the shower of stones, which the slaves, now at liberty, poured upon them.

Sancho was much grieved at what had happened; for he imagined, that the fugitives would give notice of the fact to the holy Brotherhood, who, upon ringing a bell, would sally out in quest of the delinquents; and so he told his master, and begged of him to be gone from thence immediately, and take shelter among the trees and rocks of the neighbouring mountain. "It is well," said Don Quixote; "but I know what is now expedient to be done." Then having called all the slaves together, who were in a fright, and had stripped the commissary to his buff, they gathered in a ring about him, to know his pleasure; when he thus addressed them: "To be thankful for benefits received, is the property of persons well born; and one of the sins, at which God is most offended, is ingratitude. This I say, Gentlemen, because you have already found, by manifest experience, the benefit you have received at my hands; in recompence of which, my will and pleasure is, that, laden with this chain, which I have taken off from your necks, you immediately set out, and go to the city of Toboso, and there present yourselves before the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and tell her, that the

Knight of the Sorrowful Figure sends you to present his service to her; and recount to her every tittle and circumstance of this memorable adventure, to the point of setting you at your wish—*for liberty*: this done, you may go, in God's name, whither you list<sup>59</sup>."

Gines de Passamonte answered for them all, and said: "What your Worship commands us, noble Sir, and our Deliverer, is of all impossibilities the most impossible to be complied with: for we dare not be seen together on the road, but must go separate and alone, each man by himself, and endeavour to hide ourselves in the very bowels of the earth from the holy Brotherhood, who, doubtless, will be out in quest of us. What your Worship may, and ought to do, is, to change this service and duty to the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso into a certain number of Ave Marias and Credos, which we will say for the success of your design; and this is what we may do, by day or by night, flying or reposing, in peace or in war: but to think that we will now return to the brick-kilns of Egypt, I say, to take our chains, and put ourselves on the way to Toboso, is to think it is now night already, whereas it is not yet ten o'clock in the morning; and to expect this from us, is to expect pears from an elm-tree."—"I vow then," said Don Quixote, already enraged, "Don son of a whore, Don Ginesillo de Parapilla, or however you call your-

self, you alone shall go, with your tail between your legs, and the whole chain upon your back." Passamonte, who was not over passive, and had already perceived, that Don Quixote was not wiser than he should be, since he committed such an extravagance as the setting them at liberty, seeing himself treated in this manner, winked upon his comrades; and they all, stepping aside, began to rain such a shower of stones upon Don Quixote, that he could not contrive to cover himself with his buckler; and poor Rozinante made no more of the spur than if he had been made of brass. Sancho got behind his ass, and by that sheltered himself from the storm and hail that poured upon them both. Don Quixote could not screen himself so well, but that he received I know not how many thumps on the body, with such force, that they brought him to the ground; and scarce was he fallen, when the student set upon him, and taking the basin from off his head, gave him three or four blows with it on the shoulders, and then struck it as often against the ground, whereby he almost broke it to pieces. They stripped him of a jacket he wore over his armour, and would have stripped him of his trowsers too, if the greaves had not hindered them. They took from Sancho his cloak, leaving him in his doublet; and sharing among themselves the spoils of the battle, they made the best of their way off, each a several way, with more care

how to escape the holy Brotherhood, they were in fear of, than to load themselves with the chain, and to go and present themselves before the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso.

The ass and Rozinante, Sancho and Don Quixote, remained by themselves; the ass hanging his head and pensive, and now and then shaking his ears, thinking, that the storm of stones was not yet over, but still whizzing about his head; Rozinante stretched along close by his master, he also being knocked down with another stone; Sancho in his doublet, and afraid of the holy Brotherhood; and Don Quixote very much out of humour, to find himself so ill treated by those very persons, to whom he had done so much good.

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## CHAP. XXIII.

OF WHAT BEFELL THE RENOWNED DON QUIXOTE IN THE SABLE MOUNTAIN; BEING ONE OF THE MOST CURIOUS AND UNCOMMON ADVENTURES OF ANY RELATED IN THIS FAITHFUL HISTORY.

DON Quixote, finding himself so ill treated, said to his squire: "Sancho, I have always heard it said, that to do good to low fellows, is to throw water into the sea. Had I believed what you said to me, I might have prevented this trouble; but it is done, I must have patience, and take warning from henceforward."—"Your Worship will

as much take warning," answered Sancho, "as I am a Turk: but since you say, that, if you had believed me, you had avoided this mischief, believe me now, and you will avoid a greater; for, let me tell you, there is no putting off the holy Brotherhood with chivalries: they do not care two farthings for all the Knights-errant in the world: and know, that I fancy already I hear their arrows<sup>65</sup> whizzing about my ears."—"Thou art naturally a coward, Sancho," said Don Quixote: "but that you may not say I am obstinate, and that I never do what you advise, I will for once take your counsel, and get out of the reach of that fury, you fear so much; but upon this one condition, that, neither living nor dying, you shall ever tell any body, that I retired, and withdrew myself from this peril, out of fear, but that I did it out of mere compliance with your entreaties: for if you say otherwise, you will lie in so doing; and from this time to that, and from that time to this, I tell you, you lie, and will lie, every time you say, or think it: and reply no more; for the bare thought of withdrawing and retreating from any danger, and especially from this, which seems to carry some or no appearance of fear with it, makes me, that I now stand prepared to abide here, and expect alone, not only that holy Brotherhood, you talk of and fear, but the brothers of the twelve tribes of Israel, and the seven Maccabees, and Castor and

Pollux, and even all the brothers and brotherhoods, that are in the world.”—“ Sir,” answered Sancho, “ retreating is not running away, nor is staying wisdom, when the danger overbalances the hope; and it is the part of wise men to secure themselves to-day for to-morrow, and not to venture all upon one throw. And know, though I am but a clown and a peasant, I have yet some smattering of what is called good conduct: therefore repent not of having taken my advice, but get upon Rozinante if you can, and if not, I will assist you; and follow me; for my noddle tells me, that, for the present, we have more need of heels than hands.” Don Quixote mounted, without replying a word more; and, Sancho leading the way upon his ass, they entered on one side of the Sable Mountain <sup>61</sup>, which was hard by, it being Sancho’s intention to pass quite cross it, and to get out at Viso, or Almodovar del Campo, and to hide themselves, for some days, among those craggy rocks, that they might not be found, if the holy Brotherhood should come in quest of them. He was encouraged to this by seeing, that the provisions carried by his ass had escaped safe from the skirmish with the galley-slaves, which he looked upon as a miracle, considering what the slaves took away, and how narrowly they searched.

They very soon got into the heart of the Sable Mountain, where Sancho thought it convenient to



pass that night, and also some days, at least as long as the provisions, he had with him, lasted: so they took up their lodging between two great rocks, and amidst abundance of cork-trees. But destiny, which, according to the opinion of those, who have not the light of the true faith, guides fashions, and disposes all things its own way, so ordered it, that Gines de Passamonte, the famous cheat and robber, whom the valour and madness of Don Quixote had delivered from the chain, being justly afraid of the holy Brotherhood, took it into his head to hide himself in those very mountains; and his fortune and his fear carried him to the same place, where Don Quixote's and Sancho Panza's had carried them, just at the time he could distinguish, who they were, and at the instant they were fallen asleep. And, as the wicked are always ungrateful, and necessity puts people upon applying to shifts, and the present conveniency overcomes the consideration of the future, Gines, who had neither gratitude nor good-nature, resolved to steal Sancho Panza's ass, making no account of Rozinante, as a thing neither pawnable nor saleable. Sancho Panza slept; the varlet stole his ass; and, before it was day, he was too far off to be found.

Aurora issued forth, rejoicing the earth, and saddening Sancho Panza, who missed his Dapple, and, finding himself deprived of him, began the most doleful lamentation in the world; and so

loud it was, that Don Quixote awoke at his cries, and heard him say : “ O child of my bowels, born in my own house, the joy of my children, the entertainment of my wife, the envy of my neighbours, the relief of my burdens, and lastly, the half of my maintenance ! for, with six and twenty maravedis I earned every day by thy means, I half supported my family.” Don Quixote, hearing the lamentation, and learning the cause, comforted Sancho with the best reasons he could, and desired him to have patience, promising to give him a bill of exchange for three young asses out of five, he had left at home. Sancho was comforted herewith, wiped away his tears, moderated his sighs, and thanked his master for the kindness, he showed him. Don Quixote’s heart leaped for joy at entering into the mountains, such kind of places seeming to him the most likely to furnish him with those adventures, he was in quest of. They recalled to his memory the marvellous events, which had befallen Knights-errant in such solitudes and deserts. He went on meditating on these things, and so wrapped and transported in them, that he remembered nothing else. Nor had Sancho any other concern, now that he thought he was out of danger, than to appease his hunger with what remained of the clerical spoils : and thus, sitting sideling, as women do, upon his beast, he jogged after his master, emptying the bag, and stuffing his paunch :

and, while he was thus employed, he would not have given a farthing to have met with any new adventure whatever.

Being thus busied, he lifted up his eyes, and saw his master had stopped, and was endeavouring, with the point of his lance, to raise up some heavy bundle, that lay upon the ground: wherefore he made haste to assist him, if need were, and came up to him just as he had turned over with his lance a saddle-cushion, and a portmanteau fastened to it, half, or rather quite, rotten and torn; but so heavy, that Sancho was forced to alight, and help to take it up; and his master ordered him to see what was in it. Sancho very readily obeyed; and, though the portmanteau was secured with its chain and padlock, you might see, through the breaches, what it contained; which was, four fine holland shirts, and other linen, no less curious than clean; and, in an handkerchief, he found a good heap of gold crowns; and, as soon as he espied them, he cried: "Blessed be Heaven, which has presented us with one profitable adventure." And searching further, he found a little pocket-book, richly bound. Don Quixote desired to have it, and bid him take the money, and keep it for himself. Sancho kissed his hands for the favour; and emptying the portmanteau of the linen, he put it in the provender-bag. All which Don Quixote perceiving, he said: "I am of opinion, Sancho, nor can it pos-

sibly be otherwise, that some traveller must have lost his way in these mountains, and have fallen into the hands of robbers, who have killed him, and brought him to this remote and secret part to bury him.”—“ It cannot be so,” answered Sancho ; “ for, had they been robbers, they would not have left this money here.”—“ You say right,” replied Don Quixote ; “ and I cannot guess, nor think, what it should be : but stay, let us see whether this pocket-book has any thing written in it, by which we may trace, and discover, what we want to know. He opened it, and the first thing he found was a kind of rough draught, but very legible, of a sonnet, which he read aloud, that Sancho might hear it, to this purpose :

Know'st thou, O Love, the pangs that I sustain,  
Or cruel dost thou view those pangs unmov'd ?  
Or has some hidden cause its influence prov'd  
By all this sad variety of pain ?

Love is a God—then surely he must know,  
And knowing, pity wretchedness like mine ;  
From other hands proceeds the fatal blow—  
Is then the deed, unpitying Chloe, thine ?

Ah, no ! a form so exquisitely fair,  
A soul so merciless can ne'er enclose.  
From Heav'n's high will my fate resistless flows,  
And I, submissive, must its vengeance bear.  
Nought but a miracle my life can save,  
And snatch its destin'd victim from the grave.

“From this parcel of verses,” quoth Sancho, “nothing can be collected, unless by the clue here given you can come at the whole bottom.”—“What clue is here?” said Don Quixote. “I thought,” said Sancho, “your Worship named a Clue.”—“No, I said Chloë,” answered Don Quixote; “and doubtless that is the name of the lady, whom the author of this sonnet complains of; and, in faith, either he<sup>62</sup> is a tolerable poet, or I know but little of the art.”—“So then,” said Sancho, “your Worship understands making verses too?”—“Yes, and better than you think,” answered Don Quixote; “and you shall see I do, when you carry a letter to my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, written in verse from top to bottom: for know, Sancho, that all or most of the Knights-errant of times past were great poets, and great musicians; these two accomplishments, or rather graces, being annexed to lovers-errant. True it is, that the couplets of former Knights have more of passion than elegance in them.”—“Pray, Sir, read on farther,” said Sancho: “perhaps you may find something to satisfy us.” Don Quixote turned over the leaf, and said: “This is in prose, and seems to be a letter.”—“A letter of business, Sir?” demanded Sancho. “By the beginning, it seems rather one of love,” answered Don Quixote. “Then pray, Sir, read it aloud,” said Sancho; “for I mightily relish these love-matters.”—“With all my heart,” said Don Qui-

xote; and reading aloud, as Sancho desired, he found it to this effect.

“Your promise, and my certain hard fate, hurry me to a place, from whence you will sooner hear the news of my death, than the cause of my complaint. You have undone me, ungrateful Maid, for the sake of one, who has larger possessions, but not more merit, than I. But, if virtue were a treasure now in esteem, I should have had no reason to envy any man’s good fortune, nor to bewail my own wretchedness: what your beauty built up, your behaviour has thrown down: by that I took you for an angel, and by this I find you are a woman. Farewell, O Causer of my disquiet; and may Heaven grant, that your husband’s perfidy may never come to your knowledge, to make you repent of what you have done, and afford me that revenge, which I do not desire.”

The letter being read, Don Quixote said: “We can gather little more from this, than from the verses; only that he, who wrote it, is some slighted lover.” And, turning over most of the book, he found other verses and letters, some of which were legible, and some not: but the purport of them all was, complaints, lamentations, suspicions, desires, dislikings, favours and slights, some extolled with rapture, and others as mournfully deplored. While Don Quixote was examining the book, Sancho examined the portmanteau,

without leaving a corner in it, or in the saddle-cushion, which he did not search, scrutinize, and look into; nor seam, which he did not rip; nor lock of wool, which he did not carefully pick; that nothing might be lost for want of diligence, or through carelessness; such a greediness had the finding the gold crowns, which were more than a hundred, excited in him. And though he found no more of them, he thought himself abundantly rewarded, by the leave given him to keep, what he had found, for the tossing in the blanket, the vomitings of the balsam, the benedictions of the pack-staves, the cuffs of the carrier, the loss of the wallet, and the theft of his cloak; together with all the hunger, thirst, and weariness, he had undergone in his good master's service.

The Knight of the Sorrowful Figure was extremely desirous to know, who was the owner of the portmanteau, conjecturing, by the sonnet and the letter, by the money in gold, and by the fineness of the shirts, that it must doubtless belong to some lover of condition, whom the slights and ill treatment of his mistress had reduced to terms of despair. But, there being no one, in that uninhabitable and craggy place, to give him any information, he thought of nothing but going forward, whatever way Rozinante pleased, and that was, wherever he found the way easiest: still possessed with the imagination, that he could

not fail of meeting with some strange adventure among those briers and rocks.

As he thus went on musing, he espied, on the top of an hillock, just before him, a man skipping from crag to crag, and from bush to bush, with extraordinary agility. He seemed to be naked, his beard black and bushy, his hair long and tangled, his legs and feet bare : on his thighs he wore a pair of breeches of sad-coloured velvet, but so ragged, that his skin appeared through several parts. His head was bare ; and, though he passed with the swiftness already mentioned, the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure saw, and observed all these particulars : but, though he endeavoured to follow him, he could not ; for it was not given to Rozinante's feebleness to make way through those craggy places ; and besides he was naturally slow-footed and phlegmatic. Don Quixote immediately fancied this must be the owner of the saddle-cushion and portmanteau, and so resolved to go in search of him, though he were sure to wander a whole year among those mountains, before he should find him ; wherefore he commanded Sancho to cut short over one side of the mountain, while he coasted along the other, in hopes, that by this diligence they might light on the man, who had so suddenly vanished out of their sight. " I cannot do it," answered Sancho ; " for the moment I offer to stir from your Worship, fear is upon me, assaulting me



with a thousand kinds of terrors and apparitions : and let this serve to advertise you, that, from henceforward, I have not the power to stir a finger's breadth from your presence."—" Be it so," said he of the Sorrowful Figure, " and I am very well pleased, that you rely upon my courage, which shall never be wanting to you, though your very soul in your body should fail you : and now follow me step by step, or as you can, and make spying-glasses of your eyes : we will go round this craggy hill, and perhaps we may meet with the man we saw, who doubtless is the owner of what we have found." To which Sancho replied : " It would be much more prudent not to look after him ; for, if we should find him, and he perchance proves to be the owner of the money, it is plain I must restore it : and therefore it would be better, without this unnecessary diligence, to keep possession of it, *bona fide*, until by some way less curious and officious, its true owner shall be found ; and perhaps that may be at a time, when I shall have spent it all, and then I am free by law."—" You deceive yourself in this, Sancho," answered Don Quixote ; " for, since we have a suspicion, who the right owner is, we are obliged to seek him, and return it ; and if we should not look for him, the vehement suspicion we have, that this may be he, makes us already as guilty, as if he really were. So that, friend Sancho, you should be in no pain at searching after him,

considering the uneasiness I shall be freed from in finding him." Then he pricked Rozinante on, and Sancho followed at the usual rate: and, having gone round part of the mountain, they found a dead mule lying in a brook, saddled and bridled, and half devoured by dogs and crows. All which confirmed them the more in the suspicion that he, who fled from them, was owner of the mule and of the bundle.

While they stood looking at the mule, they heard a whistle, like that of a shepherd tending his flock; and presently, on their left hand, appeared a good number of goats, and behind them, on the top of the mountain, the goatherd, that kept them, who was an old man. Don Quixote called aloud to him, and desired him to come down to them. He answered as loudly, and demanded, who had brought them to that desolate place, seldom or never trodden, unless by the feet of goats, wolves, or other wild beasts, which frequented those mountains. Sancho replied, if he would come down, they would satisfy his curiosity in every thing. The goatherd descended, and, coming to the place, where Don Quixote was, he said: "I will lay a wager you are viewing the hackney-mule, which lies dead in this bottom: in good faith, it has lain there these six months already. Pray tell me, have you lighted on his master hereabouts?"—"We have lighted on nothing," answered Don Quixote,

“ but a saddle-cushion and a small portmanteau, which we found not far from hence.”—“ I found it too,” answered the goatherd; “ but would by no means take it up, nor come near it, for fear of some mischief, and lest I should be charged with having stolen it; for the devil is subtle, and lays stumbling-blocks and occasions of falling in our way, without our knowing how, or how not.”—“ I say so too,” answered Sancho: “ for I also found it, and would not go within a stone’s throw of it: there I left it, and there it lies as it was for me; for I will not have a dog with a bell.”—“ Tell me, honest man,” said Don Quixote, “ do you know, who is the owner of these goods?”—“ What I know,” said the goatherd, “ is, that six months ago, more or less, there arrived at the huts of certain shepherds, about three leagues from this place, a genteel and comely youth, mounted on this very mule, which lies dead here, and with the same saddle-cushion and portmanteau you say you found, and touched not. He inquired of us, which part of this hill was the most craggy, and least accessible. We told him it was this, where we now are: and so it is, truly; for if you were to go on about half a league farther, perhaps you would not easily find the way out: and I wonder how you could get even hither, since there is no road nor path that leads to this place. The youth then, I say, hearing our answer, turned about his mule, and

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made towards the place we showed him, leaving us all pleased with his goodly appearance, and in admiration at his question, and the haste he made to reach the mountain: and, from that time, we saw him not again, until, some days after, he issued out upon one of our shepherds, and, without saying a word, came up to him, and gave him several cuffs and kicks, and immediately went to our sumpter-ass, which he plundered of all the bread and cheese she carried; and, this done, he fled again to the rocks with wonderful swiftness. Some of us goatherds, knowing this, went almost two days in quest of him, through the most intricate part of this craggy hill; and at last we found him lying in the hollow of a large cork-tree. He came out to us with much gentleness, his garment torn, and his face so disfigured and scorched by the sun, that we should scarcely have known him, but that his clothes, ragged as they were, with the description given us of them, assured us he was the person we were in search after. He saluted us courteously, and, in few, but complaisant terms, bid us not wonder to see him in that condition, to which he was necessitated in order to perform a certain penance, enjoined him for his manifold sins. We entreated him to tell us, who he was, but we could get no more out of him. We desired him likewise, that, when he stood in need of food, without which he could not subsist, he

would let us know, where we might find him, and we would very freely and willingly bring him some; and, if this was not to his liking, that, at least, he would come out and ask for it, and not take it away from the shepherds by force. He thanked us for our offers, begged pardon for the violences past, and promised from thenceforth to ask it for God's sake, without giving disturbance to any body. As to the place of his abode, he said, he had no other than what chance presented him, wherever the night overtook him; and he ended his discourse with such melting tears, that we, who heard him, must have been very stones not to have borne him company in them, considering what he was the first time we saw him, and what we saw him now to be: for, as I before said, he was a very comely and graceful youth, and, by his courteous behaviour and civil discourse, showed himself to be well-born, and a courtlike person: for though we, who heard him, were country people, his genteel carriage was sufficient to discover itself even to rusticity. In the height of his discourse he stopped short, and stood silent, nailing his eyes to the ground for a considerable time, whilst we all stood still in suspense, waiting to see what that fit of distraction would end in, with no small compassion at the sight; for by his demeanour, his staring, and fixing his eyes unmoved for a long while on the ground, and then shutting them again, by

his biting his lips, and arching his brows, we easily judged, that some fit of madness was come upon him; and he quickly confirmed us in our suspicions, for he started up with great fury from the ground, on which he had just before thrown himself, and fell upon the first that stood next him with such resolution and rage, that, if we had not taken him off, he would have bit and cuffed him to death. And all this while he cried out: 'Ah traitor Fernando! here, here you shall pay for the wrong, you have done me; these hands shall tear out that heart, in which all kinds of wickedness, and especially deceit and treachery, do lurk and are harboured.' And to these he added other expressions, all tending to revile the said Fernando, and charging him with falsehood and treachery. We disengaged him from our companion at last, with no small difficulty; and he, without saying a word, left us, and plunged amidst the thickest of the bushes and briers; so that we could not possibly follow him. By this we guessed, that his madness returned by fits, and that some person, whose name is Fernando, must have done him some injury of as grievous a nature, as the condition to which it has reduced him, sufficiently declares. And this has been often confirmed to us, since that time, by his issuing out one while to beg of the shepherds part of what they had to eat, and at other times to take it from them by force; for, when the mad

fit is upon him, though the shepherds freely offer it him, he will not take it without coming to blows for it; but, when he is in his senses, he asks it for God's sake, with courtesy and civility, and is very thankful for it, not without shedding tears. And truly, Gentlemen, I must tell you," pursued the goatherd, "that yesterday I, and four young swains, two of them my servants, and two my friends, resolved to go in search of him, and, having found him, either by force, or by fair means, to carry him to the town of Almodovar, which is eight leagues off, and there to get him cured, if his distemper be curable; or at least inform ourselves who he is, when he is in his senses, and whether he has any relations, to whom we may give notice of his misfortune. This, Gentlemen, is all I can tell you, in answer to your inquiry, by which you may understand, that the owner of the goods, you found, is the same, whom you saw pass by you so swiftly and so nakedly:" for Don Quixote had already told him, how he had seen that man pass skipping over the craggy rocks.

Don Quixote was in admiration at what he heard from the goatherd; and, having now a greater desire to learn, who the unfortunate madman was, he resolved, as he had before purposed, to seek him all over the mountain, without leaving a corner or cave in it unsearched, until he should find him. But fortune managed better

for him than he thought or expected : for, in that very instant, the youth they sought appeared from between some clefts of a rock, coming toward the place, where they stood, and muttering to himself something, which could not be understood, though one were near him, much less at a distance. His dress was such as has been described : but, as he drew near, Don Quixote perceived, that a buff doublet he had on, though torn to pieces, still retained the perfume of amber; whence he positively concluded, that the person, who wore such apparel, could not be of the lowest quality. When the youth came up to them, he saluted them with an harsh unmusical accent, but with much civility. Don Quixote returned him the salute with no less complaisance, and alighting from Rozinante, with a genteel air and address, advanced to embrace him, and held him a good space very close between his arms, as if he had been acquainted with him a long time. The other, whom we may call the Ragged Knight of the Sorry Figure, as Don Quixote of the Sorrowful, after he had suffered himself to be embraced, drew back a little, and, laying both his hands on Don Quixote's shoulders, stood beholding him, as if to see, whether he knew him; in no less wonder, perhaps, at the figure, mien, and armour of Don Quixote, than Don Quixote was at the sight of him. In short, the first, who spoke after the embracing, was the



ragged Knight, and he said what shall be told in the next chapter.

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## CHAP. XXIV.

A CONTINUATION OF THE ADVENTURE OF THE SABLE MOUNTAIN.

THE history relates, that great was the attention with which Don Quixote listened to the ragged Knight of the Mountain, who began his discourse thus: "Assuredly, Signor, whoever you are, for I do not know you, I am obliged to you for your expressions of civility to me; and I wish it were in my power to serve you with more than my bare good will, for the kind reception you have given me: but my fortune allows me nothing, but good wishes, to return you for your kind intentions towards me."—"Mine," answered Don Quixote, "are to serve you, inso-much that I determined not to quit these mountains, until I had found you, and learned from your own mouth, whether the affliction which, by your leading this strange life, seems to possess you, may admit of any remedy, and, if need were, to use all possible diligence to compass it; and though your misfortune were of that sort, which keep the door locked against all kind of comfort, I intended to assist you in bewailing and bemoaning it the best I could; for it is some

relief in misfortunes, to find those, who pity them. And, if you think my intention deserves to be taken kindly, and with any degree of acknowledgment, I beseech you, Sir, by the abundance of civility I see you are possessed of, I conjure you also, by whatever in this life you have loved or do love most, to tell me, who you are, and what has brought you hither, to live and die, like a brute beast, amidst these solitudes; as you seem to intend, by frequenting them in a manner so unbecoming of yourself, if I may judge by your person, and what remains of your attire. And I swear," added Don Quixote, "by the order of Knighthood I have received, though unworthy and a sinner, and by the profession of a Knight-errant, if you gratify me in this, to serve you to the utmost of what my profession obliges me to, either in remedying your misfortune, if a remedy may be found, or in assisting you to bewail it, as I have already promised." The Knight of the Wood, hearing him of the Sorrowful Figure talk in this manner, did nothing but view him, and review him, and view him again from head to foot; and, when he had surveyed him thoroughly, he said to him: "If you have any thing to give me to eat, give it me, for God's sake, and when I have eaten, I will do all you command me, in requital for the good wishes you have expressed towards me."

Sancho immediately drew out of his wallet, and

the goatherd out of his scrip, some meat, with which the ragged Knight satisfied his hunger, eating what they gave him, like a distracted person, so fast, that he took no time between one mouthful and another; for he rather devoured than eat: and, while he was eating, neither he nor the bystanders spoke a word. When he had done, he made signs to them to follow him, which they did; and he led them to a little green meadow not far off, at the turning of a rock, a little out of the way. Where being arrived, he stretched himself along upon the grass, and the rest did the same: and all this without a word spoken, until the ragged Knight, having settled himself in his place, said: "If you desire, Gentlemen, that I should tell you in few words the immensity of my misfortunes, you must promise me not to interrupt, by asking questions or otherwise, the thread of my doleful history; for, in the instant you do so, I shall break off, and tell no more." These words brought to Don Quixote's memory the tale his squire had told him, which, by his mistaking the number of the goats, that had passed the river, remained still unfinished. But to return to our ragged Knight: he went on, saying: "I give this caution, because I would pass briefly over the account of my misfortunes; for the bringing them back to my remembrance serves only to add new ones: and though the fewer questions I am asked, the sooner I shall have

finished my story, yet will I not omit any material circumstance, designing entirely to satisfy your desire." Don Quixote promised in the name of all the rest, it should be so; and, upon this assurance he began in the following manner:

"My name is Cardenio; the place of my birth one of the best cities of all Andalusia; my family noble; my parents rich; my wretchedness so great, that my parents must have lamented it, and my relations felt it, without being able to remedy it by all their wealth; for the goods of fortune seldom avail any thing towards the relief of misfortunes sent from Heaven. In this country there lived a Heaven, wherein love had placed all the glory I could wish for. Such is the beauty of Lucinda, a damsel of as good a family and as rich as myself, but of more good fortune, and less constancy than was due to my honourable intentions. This Lucinda I loved, courted, and adored from my childhood and tender years; and she, on her part, loved me with that innocent affection, proper to her age. Our parents were they unacquainted with our inclinations, nor were they displeased at them; foreseeing that, if they went on, they could end in nothing but our marriage: a thing pointed out as it were by the equality of our birth and circumstances. Our love increased with our years, insomuch that Lucinda's father thought proper, for reasons of de-

cency, to deny me access to his house; imitating, as it were, the parents of that *Thisbe*, so celebrated by the poets. This restraint was only adding flame to flame, and desire to desire: for, though it was in their power to impose silence on our tongues, they could not on our pens, which discover to the person beloved the most hidden secrets of the soul, and that with more freedom than the tongue; for the presence of the beloved object very often disturbs and strikes mute the most determined intention, and the most resolute tongue. O Heavens! how many *billet-doux* did I write to her! What charming, what modest answers did I receive! How many sonnets did I pen! how many love verses indite, in which my soul unfolded all its passion, described its inflamed desires, cherished its remembrances, and gave a loose to its wishes! In short, finding myself at my wit's end, and my soul languishing with desire of seeing her, I resolved, at once, to put in execution, what seemed to me the most likely means to obtain my desired and deserved reward: and that was, to demand her of her father, for my lawful wife; which I accordingly did. He answered me, that he thanked me for the inclination I showed to do him honour in my proposed alliance with his family; but that, my father being alive, it belonged more properly to him to make this demand: for, without his full consent and approbation, Lucinda was not a woman to be taken or

given by stealth. I returned him thanks for his kind intention, thinking there was reason in what he said, and that my father would come into it as soon as I should break it to him. In that very instant I went to acquaint my father with my desires; and, upon entering the room where he was, I found him with a letter open in his hand, which he gave me before I spoke a word, saying to me: ‘By this letter you will see, Cardenio, the inclination Duke Ricardo has to do you service.’ This Duke Ricardo, Gentlemen, as you cannot but know, is a grandee of Spain, whose estate lies in the best part of Andalusia. I took and read the letter, which was so extremely kind, that I myself judged, it would be wrong in my father not to comply with what he requested in it; which was, that he would send me to him, very soon, being desirous to place me, not as a servant, but as a companion, to his eldest son; and that he engaged to put me into a post answerable to the opinion he had of me. I was confounded at reading the letter, and especially when I heard my father say: ‘Two days hence, Cardenio, you shall depart, to fulfil the Duke’s pleasure; and give thanks to God, who is opening you a way to that preferment, I know, you deserve.’ To these he added several other expressions, by way of fatherly admonition.

“The time fixed for my departure came: I talked the night before to Lucinda, and told her

all that had passed ; and I did the same to her father, begging of him to wait a few days, and not to dispose of her, until I knew what Duke Ricardo's pleasure was with me. He promised me all I desired ; and she, on her part, confirmed it, with a thousand vows, and a thousand faintings. I arrived at length where Duke Ricardo resided ; who received and treated me with so much kindness, that envy presently began to do her office, by possessing his old servants with an opinion, that every favour the Duke conferred upon me was prejudicial to their interest. But the person the most pleased with my being there, was a second son of the Duke's, called Fernando, a sprightly young gentleman, of a genteel, generous, and amorous disposition, who, in a short time, contracted so intimate a friendship with me, that it became the subject of every body's discourse ; and though I had a great share likewise in the favour and affection of the elder brother, yet they did not come up to that distinguishing manner, in which Don Fernando loved and treated me. Now, as there is no secret, which is not communicated between friends, and as the intimacy, I held with Don Fernando, ceased to be barely such by being converted into friendship, he revealed to me all his thoughts, and especially one, relating to his being in love, which gave him no small disquiet. He loved a country girl, a vassal of his father's : her parents were very

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rich, and she herself was so beautiful, reserved, discreet, and modest, that no one, who knew her, could determine, in which of these qualifications she most excelled, or was most accomplished. These perfections of the country maid raised Don Fernando's desires to such a pitch, that he resolved, in order to carry his point, and subdue the chastity of the maiden, to give her his promise to marry her; for otherwise it would have been to attempt an impossibility. The obligation, I was under to his friendship, put me upon using the best reasons, and the most lively examples I could think of, to divert and dissuade him from such a purpose. But, finding it was all in vain, I resolved to acquaint his father, with the affair. Don Fernando, being sharp-sighted and artful, suspected and feared no less, knowing that I was obliged, as a faithful servant, not to conceal from my lord and master the Duke a matter so prejudicial to his honour: and, therefore, to amuse and deceive me, he said, that he knew no better remedy for effacing the remembrance of the beauty, that had so captivated him, than to absent himself for some months: and this absence, he said, should be effected by our going together to my father's house, under pretence, as he would tell the Duke, of seeing and cheapening some very fine horses in our town, which produces the best in the world. Scarcely had I heard him say this,



when prompted by my own love, I approved of his proposal, as one of the best concerted imaginable, and should have done so, had it not been so plausible a one, since it afforded me so good an opportunity of returning to see my dear Lucinda. Upon this motive, I came into his opinion, and seconded his design, desiring him to put it in execution as soon as possible; since, probably, absence might have its effect in spite of the strongest inclinations. At the very time he made this proposal to me, he had already, as appeared afterwards, enjoyed the maiden, under the title of a husband, and only waited for a convenient season to divulge it, with safety to himself, being afraid of what the Duke his father might do, when he should hear of his folly. Now, as love in young men is, for the most part, nothing but appetite, and as pleasure is its ultimate end, it is terminated by enjoyment; and what seemed to be love vanishes, because it cannot pass the bounds assigned by nature; whereas true love admits of no limits. I would say, that, when Don Fernando had enjoyed the country girl, his desires grew faint, and his fondness abated; so that, in reality, by the absence, which he proposed as a remedy for his passion, he only chose to avoid, what was now no longer agreeable to him. The Duke gave him his leave, and ordered me to bear him company.

“ We came to our town; my father received

him according to his quality: I immediately visited Lucinda; my passion revived, though, in truth, it had been neither dead nor asleep; unfortunately for me, I revealed it to Don Fernando, thinking that, by the laws of friendship, I ought to conceal nothing from him. I expatiated to him, in so lively a manner, on the beauty, good humour, and discretion of Lucinda, that my praises excited in him a desire of seeing a damsel endowed with such fine accomplishments. I complied with it, to my misfortune; and showed her to him one night by the light of a taper at a window, where we two used to converse together. She appeared to him, though in an undress, so charming, as to blot out of his memory all the beauties he had ever seen before. He was struck dumb: he lost all sense; he was transported; in short, he fell in love to such a degree, as will appear by the sequel of the story of my misfortunes. And, the more to inflame his desire, which he concealed from me, and disclosed to Heaven alone, fortune so ordered it, that he one day found a letter of hers to me, desiring me to demand her of her father in marriage, so ingenuous, so modest, and so full of tenderness, that, when he had read it, he declared to me, that he thought in Lucinda alone were united all the graces of beauty and good sense, which are dispersed and divided among the rest of her sex. True it is, I confess it now, that, though I knew what just

grounds Don Fernando had to commend Lucinda, I was grieved to hear those commendations from his mouth: I began to fear and suspect him; for he was every moment putting me upon talking of Lucinda, and would begin the discourse himself, though he brought it in never so abruptly: which awakened in me I know not what jealousy; and, though I did not fear any change in the goodness and fidelity of Lucinda, yet I could not but dread the very thing, they secured me against. Don Fernando constantly procured a sight of the letters I wrote to Lucinda, and her answers, under pretence that he was mightily pleased with the wit of both. Now it fell out, that Lucinda, who was very fond of books of chivalry, having desired me to lend her that of Amadis de Gaul—

fear  
jealousy

Scarce had Don Quixote heard him mention books of chivalry, when he said: “Had you told me, Sir, at the beginning of your story, that the Lady Lucinda was fond of reading books of chivalry, there would have needed no other exaggeration to convince me of the sublimity of her understanding; for it could never have been so excellent as you have described it, had she wanted a relish for such savoury reading: so that, with respect to me, it is needless to waste more words in displaying her beauty, worth, and understanding; for, from only knowing her taste, I pronounce her to be the most beautiful and the most

taste

ingenious woman in the world. And I wish, Sir, that, together with Amadis de Gaul, you had sent her the good Don Rugel of Greece; for I know, that the Lady Lucinda will be highly delighted with Daraida and Garaya, and the witty conceits of the shepherd Darinel; also with those admirable verses of his *Bucolics*, which he sung and repeated with so much good humour, wit, and freedom: but the time may come when this fault may be amended; and the reparation may be made, as soon as ever you will be pleased, Sir, to come with me to our town; where I can furnish you with more than three hundred books, that are the delight of my soul, and the entertainment of my life; though, upon second thoughts, I have not one of them left, thanks to the malice of wicked and envious enchanters. Pardon me, Sir, the having given you this interruption, contrary to what I promised; but, when I hear of matters of chivalry and Knights-errant, I can as well forbear talking of them, as the beams of the sun can cease to give heat, or those of the moon to moisten. So that, pray excuse me, and go on; for that is of most importance to us at present."

While Don Quixote was saying all this, Cardenio hung down his head upon his breast, with all the signs of being profoundly thoughtful; and though Don Quixote twice desired him to continue his story, he neither lifted up his head,

nor answered a word. But, after some time he raised it, and said : “ I cannot get it out of my mind, nor can any one persuade me to the contrary, and he must be a blockhead, who understands or believes otherwise, but that that great villain master Elisabat lay with Queen Madasima <sup>63</sup>. ” — “ It is false, I swear,” answered Don Quixote, in great wrath ; “ it is extreme malice, or rather villany, to say so : Queen Madasima was a very noble lady, and it is not to be presumed, that so high a Princess should lie with a quack ; and whoever pretends she did, lies like a very great rascal : and I will make him know it on foot or on horseback, armed or unarmed, by night or by day, or how he pleases.” Cardenio sat looking at him very attentively ; and, the mad fit being already come upon him, he was in no condition to prosecute his story ; neither would Don Quixote have heard him, so disgusted was he at what he had heard of Madasima : and strange it was to see him take her part with as much earnestness, as if she had really been his true and natural Princess ; so far had his cursed books turned his head.

I say then, that Cardenio, being now mad, and hearing himself called liar and villain, with other such opprobrious words, did not like the jest ; and, catching up a stone, that lay close by him, he gave Don Quixote such a thump with it on the breast, that it tumbled him down backward.

Sancho Panza, seeing his master handled in this manner, attacked the madman with his clenched fist; and the ragged Knight received him in such sort, that with one blow he laid him along at his feet; and presently, getting upon him, he pounded his ribs, much to his own heart's content. The goatherd, who endeavoured to defend him, fared little better; and when he had beaten and thrashed them all, he left them, and very quietly marched off to his haunts amidst the rocks. Sancho got up in a rage to find himself so roughly handled, and so undeservedly withal; and was for taking his revenge on the goatherd, telling him, he was in fault for not having given them warning, that this man had his mad fits; for had they known as much, they should have been aware, and upon their guard. The goatherd answered, that he had already given them notice of it, and that, if he had not heard it, the fault was none of his. Sancho Panza replied, and the goatherd rejoined; and the replies and rejoinders ended in taking one another by the beard, and cuffing each other so, that, if Don Quixote had not made peace between them, they would have beaten themselves to pieces. Sancho, still keeping fast hold of the goatherd, said: "Let me alone, Sir Knight of the Sorrowful Figure; for, this fellow being a bumpkin, like myself, and not dubbed a Knight, I may very safely revenge myself on him for the injury he has done me, by fighting with him hand

to hand, like a man of honour.”—“ True,” said Don Quixote: “ but I know, that he is not to blame for what has happened.” Herewith he pacified them; and Don Quixote inquired again of the goatherd, whether it were possible to find out Cardenio; for he had a mighty desire to learn the end of his story. The goatherd told him, as at first, that he did not certainly know his haunts; but that, if he walked thereabouts pretty much, he would not fail to meet him, either in or out of his senses.

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## CHAP. XXV.

WHICH TREATS OF THE STRANGE THINGS, THAT BEFELL THE VALIANT KNIGHT OF LA MANCHA IN THE SABLE MOUNTAIN; AND HOW HE IMITATED THE PENANCE OF BELTENEBROS.

**D**ON Quixote took his leave of the goatherd, and mounting again on Rozinante, commanded Sancho to follow him; which he did with a very ill will. They jogged on softly, entering into the most craggy part of the mountain; and Sancho was ready to burst for want of some talk with his master, but would fain have had him begin the discourse, that he might not break through what he had enjoined him: but, not being able to endure so long a silence, he said to him: “ Signor Don Quixote, be pleased to give me your

Sancho  
says  
no  
more

Worship's blessing, and my dismissal; for I will get me home to my wife and children, with whom I shall, at least, have the privilege of talking, and speaking my mind; for, to desire me to bear your Worship company through these solitudes, night and day, without suffering me to talk when I list, is to bury me alive. If fate had ordered it, that beasts should talk now, as they did in the days of Guisopete, it had not been quite so bad; since I might then have communed with my ass, as I pleased, and thus have forgotten my ill fortune: for it is very hard, and not to be borne with patience, for a man to ramble about all his life in quest of adventures, and to meet with nothing but kicks and cuffs, tossings in a blanket, and brickbat bangs, and, with all this, to sew up his mouth, and not dare to utter, what he has in his heart, as if he were dumb."—"I understand you, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "you are impatient until I take off the embargo, I have laid on your tongue: suppose it taken off, and say what you will, upon condition that this revocation is to last no longer than whilst we are wandering among these craggy rocks."—"Be it so," said Sancho: "let me talk now, for God knows what will be hereafter. And so beginning to enjoy the benefit of this licence, I say: What had your Worship to do to stand up so warmly for that same Queen Magimasa, or what's her name; or, what was it to the purpose,



whether that abbot <sup>64</sup> was her gallant, or no? For, had you let that pass, seeing you were not his judge, I verily believe the madman would have gone on with his story, and you would have escaped the thump with the stone, the kicks, and above half a dozen buffets."

"In faith, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "if you did but know, as I do, how honourable and how excellent a lady Queen Madasima was, I am certain you would own I had a great deal of patience, that I did not dash to pieces that mouth, out of which such blasphemies issued. For it is very great blasphemy to say, or even to think, that a Queen should be punk to a barber-surgeon. The truth of the story is, that that same master Elisabat, whom the madman spoke of, was a very prudent man, and of a very sound judgment, and served as tutor and physician to the Queen: but, to think she was his paramour, is an impertinence, that deserves to be severely chastised. And, to show you that Cardenio did not know what he said, you may remember, that, when he said it, he was out of his wits."—"So say I," quoth Sancho; "and therefore no account should have been made of his words; for, if good fortune had not been your friend, and the flint-stone had been directed at your head, as it was at your breast, we had been in a fine condition for standing up in defence of that dear lady, whom God confound. Besides, do you think

defence  
honour

Cardenio, if he had killed you, would not have come off, as being a madman?"—"A Knight-errant," answered Don Quixote, "is obliged to defend the honour of women, be they what they will, both against men in their senses, and those out of them; how much more, then, should he stand up in defence of Queens of such high degree and worth, as was Queen Madasima, for whom I have a particular affection, on account of her good parts: for, besides her being extremely beautiful, she was very prudent, and very patient in her afflictions, of which she had many. And the counsels and company of master Elisabat were of great use and comfort to her, in helping her to bear her sufferings with prudence and patience. Hence the ignorant and evil-minded vulgar took occasion to think and talk, that she was his paramour; and I say again, they lie, and will lie two hundred times more, all, who say, or think her so."—"I neither say, nor think so," answered Sancho; "let those, who say it, eat the lie, and swallow it with their bread: whether they were guilty, or no, they have given an account to God before now: I come from my vineyard; I know nothing; I am no friend to inquiring into other men's lives; for he, that buys and lies, shall find the lie left in his purse behind: besides, naked was I born, and naked I remain; I neither win, nor lose; if they were guilty, what is that to me? Many think to find bacon,

where there is not so much as a pin to hang it on: but, who can hedge in the cuckow? Especially, do they spare God himself?"—"God be my aid," said Don Quixote, "what a parcel of impertinences are you stringing: what has the subject we are upon to do with the proverbs you are threading like beads? Pr'ythee, Sancho, hold your tongue, and henceforward mind spurring your ass, and forbear meddling with what does not concern you. And understand, with all your five senses, that whatever I have done, do, or shall do, is highly reasonable, and exactly conformable to the rules of chivalry, which I am better acquainted with than all the Knights, who have professed it in the world."—"Sir," replied Sancho, "is it a good rule of chivalry, that we go wandering through these mountains, without path or road, in quest of a madman, who, perhaps, when he is found, will have a mind to finish what he had begun, not his story, but the breaking of your head, and my ribs?"

"Peace, I say, Sancho, once again," said Don Quixote: "for know, that it is not barely the desire of finding the madman, that brings me to these parts, but the intention I have to perform an exploit in them, by which I shall acquire a perpetual name and renown over the face of the whole earth: and it shall be such an one as shall set the seal to all, that can render a Knight-errant complete and famous."—"And is this same ex-

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plait a very dangerous one?" quoth Sancho Panza. "No," answered he of the Sorrowful Figure; "though the die may chance to run so, that we may have an unlucky throw; but the whole will depend upon your diligence."—"Upon my diligence!" quoth Sancho. "Yes," said Don Quixote; "for if you return speedily from the place, whither I intend to send you, my pain will soon be over, and my glory will presently commence: and, because it is not expedient to keep you any longer in suspense, waiting to know what my discourse drives at, understand, Sancho, that the famous Amadis de Gaul was one of the most complete Knights-errant: I should not have said one of; he was the sole, the principal, the only one, in short the prince of all, that were in his time in the world. A fig for Don Belianis, and for all those, who say he equalled him in any thing! for, I swear, they are mistaken. I say also, that, if a painter would be famous in his art, he must endeavour to copy after the originals of the most excellent masters he knows. And the same rule holds good for all other arts and sciences, that serve as ornaments of the commonwealth. In like manner, whoever aspires to the character of prudent and patient, must imitate Ulysses, in whose person and toils Homer draws a lively picture of prudence and patience; as Virgil also does of a pious son and a valiant and expert captain, in the person of Æneas; not

delineating or describing them as they really were, but as they ought to be, in order to serve as patterns of virtue to succeeding generations. In this very manner was Amadis the polar, the morning star, and the sun of all valiant and enamoured Knights, and he, whom all we, who militate under the banners of love and chivalry, ought to follow. This being so, friend Sancho, the Knight-errant, who imitates him the most nearly, will, I take it, stand the fairest to arrive at the perfection of chivalry. And one circumstance, in which this Knight most eminently discovered his prudence, worth, courage, patience, constancy, and love, was his retiring, when disdained by the Lady Oriana, to do penance in the poor rock, changing his name to that of Beltenebros, or the Lovely-obscure; a name most certainly significant, and proper for the life he had voluntarily chosen. Now, it is easier for me to copy after him in this, than in cleaving giants, beheading serpents, slaying dragons, routing armies, shattering fleets, and dissolving enchantments. And, since this place is so well adapted for the purpose, there is no reason, why I should let slip the opportunity, which now so commodiously offers me its forelock."

"In effect," quoth Sancho, "what is it your Worship intends to do in so remote a place as this?" — "Have I not told you," answered Don Quixote, "that I design to imitate Amadis, acting here

imitate

the desperado, the senseless, and the madman; at the same time copying the valiant Don Orlando, when he found, by the side of a fountain, some indications that Angelica the Fair had dishonoured herself with Medoro: at grief whereof he ran mad, tore up trees by the roots, disturbed the waters of the crystal springs, slew shepherds, destroyed flocks, fired cottages, demolished houses, dragged mares on the ground, and did an hundred thousand other extravagancies, worthy to be recorded, and had in eternal remembrance. And, supposing that I do not intend to imitate Roldan, or Orlando, or Rotolando, for he had all these three names, in every point, and in all the mad things he acted, said, and thought, I will make a sketch of them the best I can, in what I judge the most essential. And, perhaps, I may satisfy myself with only copying Amadis, who, without playing any mischievous pranks, by weepings and tendernesses, arrived to as great fame as the best of them all."—"It seems to me," quoth Sancho, "that the Knights, who acted in such manner, were provoked to it, and had a reason for doing these follies and penances: but, pray, what cause has your Worship to run mad? What lady has disdained you? Or what tokens have you discovered, to convince you, that the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso has committed folly either with Moor<sup>65</sup> or Christian?"—"There lies the point," answered Don Quixote, "and in this

consists the finesse of my affair : a Knight-errant, who runs mad upon a just occasion, deserves no thanks ; but to do so without reason, is the business, giving my Lady to understand, what I should perform in the wet, if I do this in the dry. How much rather, since I have cause enough given me, by being so long absent from my ever-honoured Lady Dulcinea del Toboso ; for, as you may have heard from that whilome shepherd, Ambrosio, *The absent feel and fear every ill*. So that, friend Sancho, do not waste time in counselling me to quit so rare, so happy, and so-unheard-of an imitation. Mad I am, and mad I must be, until your return with an answer to a letter, I intend to send by you to my Lady Dulcinea : and, if it proves such as my fidelity deserves, my madness and my penance will be at an end : but, if it proves the contrary, I shall be mad in earnest ; and, being so, shall feel nothing : so that what answer soever she returns, I shall get out of the conflict and pain, wherein you leave me, either enjoying the good, you shall bring, if in my senses ; or not feeling the ill, you bring, if out of them.

“ But tell me, Sancho, have you taken care of Mambrino’s helmet, which I saw you take off the ground, when that graceless fellow would have broken it to pieces, but could not ? Whence you may perceive the excellence of its temper.” To which Sancho answered : “ As God liveth,

Sancho-pank  
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Sir Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, I cannot endure, nor bear with patience, some things your Worship says : they are enough to make me think, that all you tell me of chivalry, and of winning kingdoms and empires, of bestowing islands, and doing other favours and mighty things, according to the custom of Knights-errant, must be mere vapour, and a lie, and all friction or fiction, or whatever you call it ; for, to hear you say, that a barber's basin is Mambrino's helmet, and that you cannot be beaten out of this error in several days, what can one think, but that he, who says and affirms such a thing, must be addle-brained ? I have the basin in my wallet, all battered, and I carry it to get it mended at home, for the use of my beard, if God be so gracious to me, as to restore me one time or other to my wife and children."—" Behold, Sancho," said Don Quixote, " I swear likewise, that thou hast the shallowest brain, that any squire has, or ever had, in the world. Is it possible, that in all the time you have gone about with me, you do not perceive, that all matters relating to Knights-errant appear chimeras, follies, and extravagancies, and seem all done by the rule of contraries ? Not that they are in reality so, but because there is a crew of enchanters always about us, who alter and disguise all our matters, and turn them according to their own pleasure, and as they are inclined to favour or distress us : hence it is, that this, which appears

enchanters



to you a barber's basin, appears to me Mambrino's helmet, and to another will, perhaps, appear something else: and it was a singular foresight of the sage, my friend, to make that appear to every body to be a basin, which, really and truly, is Mambrino's helmet: because, being of so great value, all the world would persecute me, in order to take it from me; but now, that they take it for nothing but a barber's basin, they do not trouble themselves to get it; as was evident, in him, who endeavoured to break it, and left it on the ground without carrying it off; for, in faith, had he known what it was, he would never have left it. Take care of it, friend; for I have no need of it at present; I rather think of putting off all my armour, and being naked as I was born, in case I should have more mind to copy Orlando, in my penance, than Amadis."

While they were thus discoursing, they arrived at the foot of a steep rock, which stood alone among several others, that surrounded it, as if it had been hewn out from the rest. By its skirts ran a gentle stream, and it was encircled by a meadow so verdant and fertile, that it delighted the eyes of all, who beheld it. There grew about it several forest trees, and some plants and flowers, which added greatly to the pleasantness of the place. This was the scene, in which the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure chose to perform his penance; and upon viewing it, he thus broke out in a loud

voice, as if he had been beside himself: "This is the place, oh ye Heavens, which I select and appoint, for bewailing the misfortune, in which you, alas! have involved me. This is the spot, where my flowing tears shall increase the waters of this crystal rivulet, and my continual and profound sighs shall incessantly move the leaves of these lofty trees, in testimony and token of the pain my persecuted heart endures. Oh ye rural deities, whoever ye be, that inhabit these remote deserts, give ear to the complaints of an unhappy lover, whom long absence, and some pangs of jealousy, have driven to bewail himself among these craggy rocks, and to complain of the cruelty of that ungrateful fair, the utmost extent and ultimate perfection of all human beauty. Oh ye wood-nymphs and dryads, who are accustomed to inhabit the closest recesses of the mountains (so may the nimble and lascivious satyrs, by whom you are beloved in vain, never disturb your sweet repose), assist me to lament my hard fate, or at least be not weary of hearing my moan. Oh Dulcinea del Toboso, light of my darkness, glory of my pain, the north-star of my travels, and over-ruling planet of my fortune, so may Heaven prosper you in whatever you pray for; consider, I beseech you, the place and state, to which your absence has reduced me, and how well you return, what is due to my fidelity. Oh ye solitary trees, who, from henceforth, are to

be the companions of my retirement, wave gently your branches, in token of your kind acceptance of my person. And, oh thou, my squire, agreeable companion in my most prosperous and adverse fortune, carefully imprint in thy memory, what thou shalt see me here perform, that thou mayest recount and recite it to her, who is the sole cause of it all." And saying this, he alighted from Rozinante, and in an instant took off his bridle and saddle; and, giving him a slap on the buttocks, said to him: "Oh steed, as excellent for thy performances as unfortunate by thy fate, he gives thee liberty, who wants it himself. Go whither thou wilt; for thou hast it written in thy forehead, that neither Astolpho's Hippogriff, nor the famous Frontino, which cost Bradamante so dear, could match thee in speed."

Sancho, observing all this, said: "God's peace be with him, who saved us the trouble of unpannelling Dapple; for in faith he should not have wanted a slap on the buttocks, nor a speech in his praise; but if he were here, I would not consent to his being unpannelled, there being no occasion for it; for he had nothing to do with love or despair, any more than I, who was once his master, when it so pleased God. And truly, Sir Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, if it be so, that my departure and your madness go on in earnest, it will be needful to saddle Rozinante again, that he may supply the loss of my Dapple,

and save me time in going and coming; for, if I go on foot, I know not, when I shall get thither, nor when return, being in truth a sorry footman.” —“ Be it as you will,” answered Don Quixote; “ for I do not disapprove your project; and I say you shall depart within three days, for I intend in that time to show you, what I do and say for her, that you may tell it her.” —“ What have I more to see,” quoth Sancho, “ than what I have already seen?” —“ You are very far from being perfect in the story,” answered Don Quixote; “ for I have not yet torn my garments, scattered my arms about, and dashed my head against these rocks, with other things of the like sort, that will strike you with admiration.” —“ For the love of God,” said Sancho, “ have a care how you give yourself those knocks; for you may chance to light upon such an unlucky point of a rock, that at the first dash you may dissolve the whole machine of this penance: and I should think, since your Worship is of opinion, that knocks of the head are necessary, and that this work cannot be done without them, you might content yourself, since all is a fiction, a counterfeit, and a sham, I say, you might content yourself with running your head against water, or some soft thing, such as cotton; and leave it to me to tell my Lady, that you dashed your head against the point of a rock harder than that of a diamond.” —“ I thank you for your good-will, friend Sancho,” answered

Don Quixote; "but I would have you to know, that all these things, that I do, are not in jest, but very good earnest: for otherwise, it would be to transgress the rules of chivalry, which enjoin us to tell no lie at all, on pain of being punished as apostates; and the doing one thing for another is the same as lying. And, therefore, my knocks on the head must be real, substantial, and sound ones, without equivocation or mental reservation. However, it will be necessary to leave me some lint to heal me, since fortune will have it, that we have lost the balsam."—"It was worse to lose the ass," answered Sancho; "for in losing him, we lost lint and every thing else; and I beseech your Worship not to put me in mind of that cursed drench; for, in barely hearing it mentioned, my very soul is turned upside-down, not to say my stomach. As for the three days allowed me for seeing the mad pranks you are to perform, make account, I beseech you, that they are already passed; for I take them all for granted, and will tell wonders to my Lady: and write you the letter, and dispatch me quickly; for I long to come back, and release your Worship from this purgatory, wherein I leave you."—"Purgatory, do you call it, Sancho?" said Don Quixote. "Call it rather hell, or worse, if any thing can be worse."—"I have heard say," quoth Sancho, "that out of hell there is no retention."—"I know not," said Don Quixote, "what retention means."—"Re-

tention," answered Sancho, " means, that he, who is once in hell, never does, nor ever can, get out. But it will be quite the reverse with your Worship, or it shall go hard with my heels, if I have but spurs to enliven Rozinante : and let me but once get to Toboso, and into the presence of my Lady Dulcinea, and I warrant you I will tell her such a story of the foolish and mad things, for they are all no better, which your Worship has done, and is doing, that I shall bring her to be as supple as a glove, though I find her harder than a cork-tree ; with whose sweet and honeyed answer I will return through the air like a witch, and fetch your Worship out of this purgatory, which seems a hell, and is not, because there is hope to get out of it ; which, as I have said, none can have, that are in hell ; nor do I believe you will say otherwise."

" That is true," answered he of the Sorrowful Figure ; " but how shall we contrive to write the letter ?"—" And the ass-colt bill ?" added Sancho. " Nothing shall be omitted," said Don Quixote ; " and, since we have no paper, we shall do well to write it, as the ancients did, on the leaves of trees, or on tablets of wax ; though it will be as difficult to meet with these at present, as with paper. But, now I recollect, it may be as well, or rather better, to write it in Cardenio's pocket-book, and you will take care to get it fairly transcribed upon paper, in the first town you come

to, where there is a schoolmaster ; or, if there be none, any parish-clerk will transcribe it for you : but be sure you give it to no hackney-writer of the law ; for the devil himself will never be able to read their confounded court-hand.”—

“ But what must we do about the signing it with your hand ?” said Sancho. “ Billets-doux are never subscribed,” answered Don Quixote.

“ Very well,” replied Sancho ; “ but the warrant for the colts must of necessity be signed by yourself ; for, if that be copied, people will say the signing is counterfeited, and I shall be forced to go without the colts.”—“ The warrant shall be signed in the same pocket-book ; and, at sight of it, my niece will make no difficulty to comply with it. As to what concerns the love-letter, let it be subscribed thus ; *Yours, until death, the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure*. And it is no great matter, if it be in another hand ; for, by what I remember, Dulcinea can neither write nor read, nor has she ever seen a letter, or writing, of mine in her whole life ; for our loves have always been of the Platonic kind, extending no farther than to modest looks at one another ; and even those so very rarely, that I dare truly swear, in twelve years that I have loved her more than the sight of these eyes, which the earth must one day devour, I have not seen her four times ; and, perhaps, of these four times she may not have once perceived, that I looked at her. Such is the

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reserve and strictness, with which her father, Lorenzo Corchuelo, and her mother, Aldonza Nogales, have brought her up."

"Hey day!" quoth Sancho, "what, the daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo! is she the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, alias Aldonza Lorenzo?"—"It is even she," said Don Quixote; "and she, who deserves to be mistress of the universe."—"I know her well," quoth Sancho, "and I can assure you, she will pitch the bar with the lustiest swain in the parish: Long live the giver; why, she is a mettled lass, tall, straight, and vigorous, and can make her part good with any Knight-errant, that shall have her for a mistress. Oh the jade! what a pair of lungs and a voice she has! I remember she got one day upon the church-steeple, to call some young ploughmen, who were in a field of her father's; and, though they were half a league off, they heard her as plainly, as if they had stood at the foot of the tower: and the best of her is, that she is not at all coy; for she has much of the courtier in her, and makes a jest and a may-game of every body. I say then, Sir Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, that you not only may, and ought to run mad for her, but also you may justly despair and hang yourself, and nobody, that hears it, but will say you did extremely well, though the devil should carry you away. I would fain be gone, if it were only to see her; for I have not seen her



this many a day, and by this time she must needs be altered; for it mightily spoils women's faces, to be always abroad in the field, exposed to the sun and weather. And I confess to your Worship, Signor Don Quixote, that hitherto I have been in a great error; for I thought for certain, that the Lady Dulcinea was some great Princess, with whom you was in love, or at least some person of such great quality, as to deserve the rich presents, you have sent her, as well that of the Biscainer, as that of the galley-slaves; and many others there must have been, considering the many victories you must have gained, before I came to be your squire. But, all things considered, what good can it do the Lady Aldonza Lorenzo, I mean the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, to have the vanquished, whom your Worship sends, or may send, fall upon their knees before her? For who knows but, at the time they arrive, she may be carding flax, or thrashing in the barn, and they may be ashamed to see her, and she may laugh, or be disgusted at the present?"—"I have often told thee, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that thou art an eternal babbler; and, though void of wit, your bluntness often occasions smarting: but, to convince you at once of your folly, and my discretion, I will tell you a short story:

"Know then, that a certain widow, handsome, young, gay, and rich, and withal no prude, fell in love with a young, strapping, well-

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set lay-brother. His superior heard of it, and one day took occasion to say to the good widow, by way of brotherly reprehension: 'I wonder, Madam, and not without great reason, that a woman of such quality, so beautiful, and so rich, should fall in love with such a despicable, mean, silly fellow, when there are, in this house, so many graduates, dignitaries, and divines, among whom you might pick and choose, as you would among pears, and say, This I like, that I do not like.' But she answered him, with great frankness and good-humour: 'You are much mistaken, worthy Sir, and think altogether in the old-fashioned way, if you imagine that I have made an ill choice in that fellow, how silly soever he may appear, since, for the purpose I intend him, he knows as much or more philosophy than Aristotle himself.' In like manner, Sancho, Dulcinea del Toboso, for the purpose I intend her, deserves as highly as the greatest Princess on earth. The poets, who have celebrated the praises of ladies under fictitious names, imposed at pleasure, had not all of them real mistresses. Thinkest thou, that the Amaryllises, the Phyllises, the Silvias, the Dianas, the Galateas, the Alidas, and the like, of whom books, ballads, barbers' shops, and stage-plays, are full, were really mistresses of flesh and blood, and to those, who do, and have celebrated them? No, certainly, but they are for the most part feigned, on purpose to be

the subjects of their verse, and to make the authors pass for men of gallant and amorous dispositions. And, therefore, it is sufficient, that I think and believe, that the good Aldonza Lorenzo is beautiful and chaste; and as to her lineage, it matters not; for there needs no inquiry about it, as if she were to receive some order of Knighthood; and, for my part, I make account that she is the greatest Princess in the world. For you must know, Sancho, if you do not know it already, that two things, above all others, incite to love, namely, great beauty and a good name: now both these are to be found in perfection in Dulcinea; for, in beauty, none can be compared to her, and, for a good name, few can come near her. To conclude, I imagine, that every thing is exactly as I say, without addition or diminution; and I represent her to my thoughts just as I wish her to be, both in beauty and quality. Helen is not comparable to her, nor is she excelled by Lucretia, or any other of the famous women of antiquity, whether Grecian, Latin, or Barbarian. And let every one say what he pleases, for if, upon this account, I am blamed by the ignorant, I shall not be censured by the most severe judges."—"Your Worship," replied Sancho, "is always in the right, and I am an ass: but why do I mention an ass, when one ought not to talk of an halter in his house, who

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was hanged ? But give me the letter, and God be with you ; for I am upon the wing."

Don Quixote pulled out the pocket-book, and, stepping aside, began very gravely to write the letter ; and, when he had done, he called Sancho, and said, he would read it to him, that he might have it by heart, lest he should chance to lose it by the way ; for every thing was to be feared from his ill fortune. To which Sancho answered : " Write it, Sir, two or three times in the book, and give it me, and I will carry it carefully : but to think, that I can carry it in my memory, is a folly ; for mine is so bad, that I often forget my own name. Nevertheless, read it to me ; I shall be glad to hear it, for it must needs be a clever one."—" Listen then," said Don Quixote, " for it runs thus :"

DON QUIXOTE'S LETTER TO DULCINEA DEL  
TOBOSO.

" Sovereign and high Lady,

" The stabbed by the point of absence, and the pierced to the heart, oh sweetest Dulcinea del Toboso, sends that health to you, which he wants himself. If your beauty despises me, if your worth profits me nothing, and if your disdain still pursues me, though I am enured to suffering, I shall ill support an affliction, which

is not only violent, but the more durable for being so. My good squire, Sancho, will give you a full account, oh ungrateful Fair, and my beloved enemy, of the condition I am in for your sake. If it pleases you to relieve me, I am yours; and, if not, do what seems good to you: for, by my death, I shall at once satisfy your cruelty and my own passion.

“Yours, until death,

“The Knight of the Sorrowful Figure.”

“By the life of my father,” quoth Sancho, hearing the letter, “it is the toppingest thing I ever heard. Odds my life, how curiously your Worship expresses in it whatever you please! and how excellently do you close all with *the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure!* Verily, your Worship is the devil himself; and there is nothing but what you know.”—“The profession I am of,” answered Don Quixote, “requires me to understand every thing.”—“Well then,” said Sancho, “pray clap on the other side the leaf the bill for the three ass-colts, and sign it very plain, that people may know your hand at first sight.”—With all my heart,” said Don Quixote; and, having written it, he read as follows:

“Dear Niece, at sight of this, my first bill of ass-colts, give order, that three of the five I left at home in your custody be delivered to Sancho Panza, my squire: which three colts I order to be

delivered and paid for the like number received of him here in tale; and this, with his acquittance, shall be your discharge. Done in the heart of the Sable Mountain, this twenty-second of August, this present year ——”

“It is mighty well,” said Sancho; “pray sign it.”—“It wants no signing,” said Don Quixote; “I need only put my cipher to it, which is the same thing, and is sufficient, not only for three asses, but for three hundred.”—“I rely upon your Worship,” answered Sancho: “let me go and saddle Rozinante, and prepare to give me your blessing; for I intend to depart immediately, without staying to see the follies you are about to commit; and I will relate, that I saw you act so many, that she can desire no more.”—“At least, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “I would have you see, nay, it is necessary you should see, I say, I will have you see me naked, and do a dozen or two of mad pranks: for I shall dispatch them in less than half an hour: and having seen these with your own eyes, you may safely swear to those you intend to add; for assure yourself, you will not relate so many as I intend to perform.”—“For the love of God, dear Sir,” quoth Sancho, “let me not see your Worship naked; for it will move my compassion much, and I shall not be able to forbear weeping: and my head is so disordered with last night’s grief for the loss of poor

Dapple, that I am in no condition, at present, to begin new lamentations. If your Worship has a mind I should be an eye-witness of some mad pranks, pray do them clothed, and with brevity, and let them be such as will stand you in most stead: and the rather, because for me there needed nothing of all this; and, as I said before, it is but delaying my return with the news your Worship so much desires and deserves. If otherwise, let the Lady Dulcinea prepare herself; for if she does not answer as she should do, I protest solemnly, I will fetch it out of her stomach by dint of kicks and buffets; for it is not to be endured, that so famous a Knight-errant as your Worship, should run mad, without why or wherefore, for a — let not Madam provoke me to speak out; before God, I shall blab, and out with all by wholesale, though it spoil the market. I am pretty good at this sport: she does not know me: if she did, in faith she would agree with me.” — “In troth, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “to all appearance you are as mad as myself.” — “Not quite so mad,” answered Sancho, “but a little more cholerick. But, setting aside all this, what is it your Worship is to eat until my return? Are you to go upon the highway, to rob the shepherds, like Cardenio?” — “Trouble not yourself about that,” answered Don Quixote: “though I were provided, I would eat nothing but herbs and fruits, which

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this meadow and these trees will afford me ; for the finesse of my affair consists in not eating, and other austerities." — Then Sancho said : " Do you know, Sir, I fear, that I shall not be able to find the way again to this place, where I leave you, it is so concealed ?"—" Observe well the marks ; for I will endeavour to be hereabouts," said Don Quixote, " and will, moreover, take care to get to the top of some of the highest cliffs, to see if I can discover you, when you return. But the surest way not to miss me, nor lose yourself, will be to cut down some boughs off the many trees that are here, and strew them as you go on, from space to space, until you are got down into the plain ; and they will serve as land-marks and tokens to find me by, at your return, in imitation of Theseus's clue to the labyrinth."—" I will do so," answered Sancho Panza ; and having cut down several, he begged his master's blessing, and, not without many tears on both sides, took his leave of him. And mounting upon Rozinante, of whom Don Quixote gave him an especial charge, desiring him to be as careful of him as of his own proper person, he rode towards the plain, strewing broom-boughs here and there, as his master had directed him ; and so away he went, though Don Quixote still importuned him to stay, and see him perform, though it were but a couple of mad pranks. But he had not gone above a hun-



dred paces, when he turned back, and said: "Your Worship, Sir, said very well, that, in order to my being able to swear with a safe conscience, I have seen you do mad tricks, it would be proper I should, at least, see you do one; though in truth, I have seen a very great one already in your staying here."—"Did I not tell you so?" replied Don Quixote: "stay but a moment, Sancho, I will dispatch them in the repeating of a Credo<sup>66</sup>." Then stripping off his breeches in all haste, he remained naked from the waist downwards, and covered only with the tail of his shirt: and presently, without more ado, he cut a couple of <sup>upbeats, claps</sup> capers in the air, and a brace of tumbles, head down and heels up, exposing things, which made Sancho turn Rozinante about, that he might not see them a second time; and fully satisfied him, that he might safely swear his master was stark mad: and so we will leave him going on his way, until his return, which was speedy.

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## CHAP. XXVI.

A CONTINUATION OF THE REFINEMENTS PRACTISED  
BY DON QUIXOTE, AS A LOVER, IN THE SABLE  
MOUNTAIN.

THE history, turning to recount what the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure did, when he found himself alone, informs us, that Don

Quixote, having finished his tumbles and gambols, naked from the middle downward, and clothed from the middle upward, and perceiving that Sancho was gone without caring to see any more of his foolish pranks, got upon the top of an high rock, and there began to think again of what he had often thought before, without ever coming to any resolution; and that was, which of the two was best, and would stand him in most stead, to imitate Orlando in his extravagant madness, or Amadis in his melancholic moods. And, talking to himself, he said: "If Orlando was so good and valiant a Knight, as every body allows he was, what wonder is it, since, in short, he was enchanted, and nobody could kill him, but by thrusting a needle into the sole of his foot; and therefore he always wore shoes with seven soles of iron. These contrivances, however, stood him in no stead against Bernardo del Carpio, who knew the secret, and pressed him to death, between his arms, in Roncesvalles. But setting aside his valour, let us come to his losing his wits, which it is certain he did, occasioned by some tokens, he found in the forest, and by the news, brought him by the shepherd, that Angelica had slept more than two afternoons with Medoro, a little Moor with curled locks, and page to Agramante. And, if he knew this to be true, and that his Lady had played him false, he did no great matter in running mad. But how

can I imitate him in his madness, if I do not imitate him in the occasion of it? For I dare swear, my Dulcinea del Toboso never saw a Moor, in his own dress, in all her life, and that she is this day as the mother that bore her: and I should do her a manifest wrong, if, suspecting her, I should run mad of the same kind of madness, with that of Orlando Furioso. On the other side, I see that Amadis de Gaul, without losing his wits, and without acting the madman, acquired the reputation of a lover, as much as the best of them. For, as the history has it, finding himself disdained by his Lady Oriana, who commanded him not to appear in her presence, until it was her pleasure, he only retired to the Poor Rock, accompanied by an hermit, and there wept his bellyfull, until Heaven came to his relief, in the midst of his trouble and greatest anguish. And if this be true, as it really is, why should I take the pains to strip myself stark-naked, or grieve these trees, that never did me any harm? Neither have I any reason to disturb the water of these crystal streams, which are to furnish me with drink, when I want it. Live the memory of Amadis, and let him be imitated, as far as may be, by Don Quixote de la Mancha, of whom shall be said what was said of another, that, if he did not achieve great things, he died in attempting them. And if I am not rejected,

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nor disdained, by my Dulcinea, it is sufficient, as I have already said, that I am absent from her. Well then; hands, to your work: come to my memory, ye deeds of Amadis, and teach me, where I am to begin to imitate you: but I know, that the most he did was to pray; and so will I do." Whereupon he strung some large galls of a cork-tree, which served him for a rosary. But what troubled him very much was, his not having an hermit to hear his confession, and to comfort him; and so he passed the time in walking up and down the meadow, writing and gravings on the barks of trees, and in the fine sand, a great many verses, all accommodated to his melancholy, and some in praise of Dulcinea. But those, that were found entire and legible, after he was discovered in that place, were only these following.

## I.

Ye plants so green, ye flow'rs so fair,  
Ye lofty trees, this spot o'er shading,  
Oh! do not laugh to scorn my care,  
But sooth the pain my soul pervading:  
These heart-drawn sighs and sobs to you,  
To you these trickling tears, that flow so,  
Does Quixote pay, as tribute due,  
Afflicted at the sad idea  
Of absence from his Dulcinea

Del Toboso.

## II.

Hither the loyal lover flies,  
 Whom his proud mistress does not care for,  
 And, exil'd from her radiant eyes,  
 Laments—he knows not why or wherefore.  
 'T was love his wand'ring steps misled,  
 Smil'd at his grief, and mock'd his woe so,  
 Whilst he of tears a tun-full shed,  
 Afflicted at the said idea  
 Of absence from his Dulcinea  
 Del Toboso.

## III.

'Mid flinty crags and cliffs he roves,  
 Her heart, more flinty, still arraiguing,  
 For crag or cliff oft tender proves  
 (Or seems so) to the wretch complaining:  
 But Love, that harsh unfeeling God,  
 So plies his lash, repeats his blows so,  
 That Quixote still, beneath the rod,  
 Weeps loudly at the sad idea  
 Of absence from his Dulcinea  
 Del Toboso.

The addition of Del Toboso to the name of Dulcinea occasioned no small laughter in those, who found the above-recited verses: for they concluded, that Don Quixote imagined, if, in naming Dulcinea, he did not add Del Toboso, the couplet could not be understood; and it was really so, as he afterwards confessed. He wrote many others; but as is said, they could tran-

scribe no more than those three stanzas fair and entire. In this amusement, and in sighing, and invoking the fauns and sylvan deities of those woods, the nymphs of the brooks, and the mournful and humid echo, to answer, to condole, and listen to his moan, he passed the time, and in gathering herbs to sustain himself, until Sancho's return; who, if he had tarried three weeks, as he did three days, the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure would have been so disfigured, that the very mother, who bore him, could not have known him. And here it will be proper to leave him, wrapped up in his sighs and verses, to relate what befell Sancho in his embassy.

Having got into the high road, he steered towards Toboso; and the next day he came within sight of the inn, where the mishap of the blanket had befallen him; and scarcely had he discovered it at a distance, when he fancied himself again flying in the air, and therefore would not go in, though it was the hour, that he might and ought to have stopped, that is, about noon: besides, he had a mind to eat something warm, all having been cold-treat with him for many days past. This necessity forced him to draw nigh to the inn, still doubting whether he should go in or not. And, while he was in suspense, there came out of the inn two persons, who presently knew him; and one said to the other: "Pray, Signor Licentiate, is not that Sancho Panza yonder on

horseback, who, as our adventurer's House-keeper told us, was gone with her master as his squire?"—"Yes it is," said the licentiate, "and that is our Don Quixote's horse." And no wonder they knew him so well, they being the Priest and the Barber of his village, and the persons, who had made the scrutiny and gaol-delivery of the books: and being now certain it was Sancho Panza and Rozinante, and being desirous also to learn some tidings of Don Quixote, they went up to him; and the Priest, calling him by his name, said: "Friend Sancho Panza, where have you left your master?" Sancho Panza immediately knew them, and resolved to conceal the place and circumstances, in which he had left his master: so he answered, that his master was very busy in a certain place, and about a certain affair of the greatest importance to him, which he durst not discover for the eyes he had in his head. "No!" quoth the Barber. "But if you do not tell us where he is, we shall conclude, as we do already, that you have murdered and robbed him, since you come thus upon his horse; and see, that you produce the horse's owner, or woe be to you."—"There is no reason, why you should threaten me," quoth Sancho; "for I am not a man to rob or murder any body; let every man's fate kill him, or God that made him. My master is doing a certain penance, much to his liking, in the midst of yon mountain." And thereupon,

very glibly, and without hesitation, he related to them in what manner he had left him, the adventures, that had befallen him, and how he was carrying a letter to the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, who was the daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo, with whom his master was up to the ears in love.

They were both astonished at what Sancho told them; and, though they already knew Don Quixote's madness, and of what kind it was, they were always struck with fresh wonder at hearing it. They desired Sancho Panza to show them the letter he was carrying to the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso. He said, it was written in a pocket-book, and that it was his master's order he should get it copied out upon paper, at the first town he came at. The Priest said, if he would show it him, he would transcribe it in a very fair character. Sancho Panza put his hand into his bosom, to take out the book, but found it not; nor could he have found it had he searched for it until now; for it remained with Don Quixote, who had forgotten to give it him, and he to ask for it. When Sancho perceived he had not the book, he turned as pale as death; and feeling again all over his body, in a great hurry, and seeing it was not to be found, without more ado, he laid hold of his beard with both hands, and tore away half of it; and presently after he gave himself half a dozen cuffs on the nose and



mouth, and bathed them all in blood. Which the Priest and Barber seeing, they asked him what had happened to him, that he handled himself so roughly? "What should happen to me," answered Sancho, "but that I have lost, and let slip through my fingers, three ass-colts, each of them as stately as a castle?"—"How so?" replied the Barber. "I have lost the pocket-book," answered Sancho, "in which was the letter to Dulcinea, and a bill, signed by my master, by which he ordered his Niece to deliver me three colts out of four or five he had at home." And at the same time he recounted to them the loss of Dapple. The Priest bid him be of good cheer, telling him, that, when he saw his master, he would engage him to renew the order, and draw the bill over again upon paper, according to usage and custom, since those, that were written in pocket-books, were never accepted, nor complied with. Sancho was comforted by this, and said, that, since it was so, he was in no great pain for the loss of the letter to Dulcinea, for he could almost say it by heart; so that they might write it down from his mouth, where and when they pleased. "Repeat it, then, Sancho," quoth the Barber, "and we will write it down afterwards." Then Sancho began to scratch his head, to bring the letter to his remembrance; and now stood upon one foot, and then upon the other: one while he looked down upon the ground, an-

other up to the sky: and after he had bit off half a nail of one of his fingers, keeping them in suspense, and expectation of hearing him repeat it, he said, after a very long pause: "Before God, master Licentiate, let the devil take all I remember of the letter; though at the beginning it said: *High and subterrane Lady*."—"No," said the Barber, "not subterrane, but super-humane, or sovereign Lady."—"It was so," said Sancho. "Then, if I do not mistake, it went on: *the wounded, and the waking, and the smitten, kisses your Honour's hands, ungrateful and regardless Fair*, and then it said I know not what of *health and sickness*, that he sent; and so he went on, until at last he ended with *thine till death, the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure*."

They were both not a little pleased, to see how good a memory Sancho had, and commended it much, and desired him to repeat the letter twice more, that they also might get it by heart, in order to write it down in due time. Thrice Sancho repeated it again, and thrice he added three thousand other extravagancies. After this, he recounted, also, many other things concerning his master, but said not a word of the tossing in the blanket, which had happened to himself in that inn, into which he refused to enter. He said likewise, how his Lord, upon his carrying him back a kind dispatch from his Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, was to set forward to endeavour to be-

come an Emperor, or at least a King; for so it was concerted between them; and it would be a very easy matter to bring it about, considering the worth of his person, and the strength of his arm: and, when this was accomplished, his master was to marry him, for by that time he should, without doubt, be a widower, and to give him to wife one of the Empress's maids of honour, heiress to a large and rich territory on the main land; for, as to islands, he was quite out of conceit with them. Sancho said all this with so much gravity, ever and anon blowing his nose, and so much in his senses, that they were struck with fresh astonishment at the powerful influence of Don Quixote's madness, which had carried away with it this poor fellow's understanding also. They would not give themselves the trouble to convince him of his error, thinking it better, since it did not at all hurt his conscience, to let him continue in it; besides that it would afford them the more pleasure in hearing his follies: and therefore they told him, he should pray to God for his Lord's health, since it was very possible, and very feasible, for him, in process of time, to become an Emperor, as he said, or at least an Archbishop<sup>67</sup>, or something else of equal dignity. To which Sancho answered: "Gentlemen, if fortune should so order it, that my master should take it into his head not to be an Emperor, but an Archbishop, I would fain know

what Archbishops-errant usually give to their squires?"—"They usually give them," answered the Priest, "some benefice, or cure, or verger-ship, which brings them in a good penny-rent, besides the perquisites of the altar, usually valued at as much more."—"For this, it will be necessary," replied Sancho, "that the squire be not married, and that he knows, at least, the responses to the mass; and, if so, woe is me; for I am married, and do not know the first letter of A, B, C. What will become of me, if my master should have a mind to be an Archbishop, and not an Emperor, as is the fashion and custom of Knights-errant?"—"Be not uneasy, friend Sancho," said the Barber; "for we will entreat your master, and advise him, and even make it a case of conscience, that he be an Emperor and not an Archbishop; for it will be better for him also, because he is more a soldier than a scholar."—"I have thought the same," answered Sancho, "though I can affirm, that he has ability for every thing. What I intend to do, on my part, is, to pray to our Lord, that he will direct him to that, which is best for him, and will enable him to bestow most favours upon me."—"You talk like a wise man," said the Priest, "and will act therein like a good Christian. But the next thing now to be done, is, to contrive how we may bring your master off from the performance of that unprofitable penance; and, that we may concert the pro-

per measures, and get something to eat likewise, for it is high time, let us go into the inn." Sancho desired them to go in, and said, he would stay there without, and afterwards he would tell them the reason why he did not, nor was it convenient for him to go in: but he prayed them to bring him out something to eat, that was warm, and also some barley for Rozinante. They went in, and left him, and soon after the Barber brought him out some meat.

After these two had laid their heads together, how to bring about their design, the Priest bethought him of a device exactly fitted to Don Quixote's humour, and likely to effect what they desired. Which was, as he told the Barber, that he designed to put himself into the habit of a Damsel-errant, and would have him to equip himself, the best he could, so as to pass for his squire; and that in this disguise they should go to the place, where Don Quixote was; and himself, pretending to be an afflicted damsel, and in distress, would beg a boon of him, which he, as a valorous Knight-errant, could not choose but vouchsafe: and that the boon he intended to beg, was, that he would go with her, whither she should carry him, to redress an injury done her by a discourteous Knight, entreating him, at the same time, that he would not desire her to take off her mask, nor inquire any thing farther concerning her, until he had done her justice on that wicked

Knight: and he made no doubt, but that Don Quixote would, by these means, be brought to do whatever they desired of him, and so they should bring him away from that place, and carry him to his village, where they would endeavour to find some remedy for his unaccountable madness.

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## CHAP. XXVII.

HOW THE PRIEST AND THE BARBER PUT THEIR DESIGN IN EXECUTION, WITH OTHER MATTERS WORTHY TO BE RECITED IN THIS HISTORY.

THE Barber liked the Priest's contrivance so well, that it was immediately put in execution. They borrowed of the landlady a petticoat and head-dress, leaving a new cassock of the Priest's in pawn for them. The Barber made himself an huge beard of the sorrel tail of a pied ox, in which the innkeeper used to hang his comb. The hostess asked them, why they desired those things? The Priest gave them a brief account of Don Quixote's madness, and how necessary that disguise was, in order to get him from the mountain, where he then was. The host and hostess presently conjectured, that this madman was he, who had been their guest, the maker of the balsam, and master of the blankettèd squire; and they related to the Priest, what had passed

between him and them, without concealing what Sancho so industriously concealed. In short, the landlady equipped the Priest so nicely, that nothing could be better. She put him on a cloth petticoat, laid thick with stripes of black velvet, each the breadth of a span, all pinked and slashed: and a tight waistcoat of green velvet, trimmed with a border of white satin; which, together with the petticoat, must have been made in the days of King Bamba<sup>68</sup>. The Priest would not consent to wear a woman's head-dress, but put on a little white quilted cap, which he wore at night, and bound one of his garters of black taffeta about his forehead, and with the other made a kind of vizard, which covered his face and beard very neatly. Then he sunk his head into his beaver, which was so broad brimmed, that it might serve him for an umbrella; and lapping himself up in his cloak, he got upon his mule sideways, like a woman: the Barber got also upon his, with his beard, that reached to his girdle, between sorrel and white, being, as has been said, made of the tail of a pied ox. They took leave of all, and of good Maritornes, who promised, though a sinner, to pray over an entire rosary, that God might give them good success in so arduous and Christian a business, as that they had undertaken.

But, scarcely had they got out of the inn, when the Priest began to think he had done amiss in

equipping himself after that manner, it being an indecent thing for a Priest to be so accoutred, though much depended upon it: and acquainting the Barber with his scruple, he desired they might change dresses, it being fitter that he should personate the distressed damsel, and himself act the squire, as being a less profanation of his dignity: and, if he would not consent to do so, he was determined to proceed no further, though the devil should run away with Don Quixote. Upon this, Sancho came up to them, and, seeing them both tricked up in that manner, could not forbear laughing. The Barber, in short, consented to what the Priest desired; and, the scheme being thus altered, the Priest began to instruct the Barber how to act his part, and what expressions to use to Don Quixote, to prevail upon him to go with them, and to make him out of conceit with the place he had chosen for his fruitless penance. The Barber answered, that, without his instructions, he would undertake to manage that point to a tittle. He would not put on the dress, until they came near to the place where Don Quixote was; and so he folded up his habit, and the Priest adjusted his beard, and on they went, Sancho Panza being their guide: who, on the way, recounted to them what had happened in relation to the madman, they met in the mountain; but said not a word of finding the portmanteau, and what was in it: for, with all



his folly and simplicity, the spark was somewhat covetous.

The next day, they arrived at the spot, where Sancho had strewed the broom boughs, as tokens to ascertain the place, where he had left his master; and knowing it again, he told them, that was the entrance into it, and therefore they would do well to put on their disguise, if that was of any significancy toward delivering his master: for they had before told him, that their going dressed in that manner was of the utmost importance towards disengaging his master from that evil life, he had chosen; and that he must by no means let his master know, who they were, nor that he knew them: and if he should ask him, as no doubt he would, whether he had delivered the letter to Dulcinea, he should say he had, and that she, not being able to read or write, had answered by word of mouth, that she commanded him, on pain of her displeasure, to repair to her immediately, it being a matter of great consequence to him: for, with this, and what they intended to say to him themselves, they made sure account of reducing him to a better life, and managing him so, that he should presently set out, in order to become an Emperor, or a King; for, as to his being an Archbishop, there was no need to fear that. Sancho listened attentively to all this, and imprinted it well in his memory, and thanked them mightily for their de-

sign of advising his Lord to be an Emperor, and not an Archbishop; for he was of opinion, that, as to rewarding their squires, Emperors could do more than Archbishops errant. He told them also, it would be proper he should go before, to find him, and deliver him his Lady's answer; for, perhaps, that alone would be sufficient to bring him out of that place, without their putting themselves to so much trouble. They approved of what Sancho said, and so they resolved to wait for his return with the news of finding his master. Sancho entered the openings of the mountain, leaving them in a place, through which there ran a little smooth stream, cool, and pleasantly shaded by some rocks and neighbouring trees.

It was in the month of August, when the heats in those parts are very violent: the hour was three in the afternoon: all which made the situation the more agreeable, and invited them to wait there for Sancho's return, which accordingly they did. While they reposed themselves in the shade, a voice reached their ears, which, though unaccompanied by any instrument, sounded sweetly and delightfully: at which they were not a little surprised, that being no place, where they might expect to find a person, who could sing so well. For, though it is usually said, there are in the woods and fields shepherds with excellent voices, it is rather an exaggeration.

tion of the poets, than what is really true: and, especially, when they observed, that the verses, they heard sung, were not like the compositions of rustic shepherds, but like those of witty and courtlike persons. And the verses, which confirmed them in their opinion, were these following.

## I.

Oh say! what makes me thus forlorn?

What, but her scorn!

What aggravates this sad condition?

My own suspicion.

And what of all my ills is worst?

Absence accurst.

Absence, suspicion, scorn combin'd,

At once distract and rend the mind:

Alas! no sweet and healing balm

This tempest of the soul can calm.

## II.

Who could so fierce a conflict move?

No one but love.

What drives me to this wretched state?

The hand of fate.

And, who th' assenting nod has given?

Even thou, O Heaven!

Heav'n, fate, and love, their influence lend

To urge me to this doleful end:

Too sure their aim! too strong their power!

I bow to meet th' appointed hour.

## III.

What to my sorrows can give breath ?

Nothing but death.

What from its chains my mind can free ?

Inconstancy.

What makes oblivion's balm my own ?

Madness alone.

O madness, falsehood, death, if ye

Alone can sooth my misery ;

From ills like these, 't is hopeless sure,

To seek or even wish a cure.

The hour, the season, the solitude, the voice, and the skill of the person, who sung, raised both wonder and delight in the two hearers, who lay still, expecting if perchance they might hear something more : but, perceiving the silence continue a good while, they resolved to issue forth in search of the musician, who had sung so agreeably. And, just as they were about to do so, the same voice hindered them from stirring, and again reached their ears with this sonnet.

## S O N N E T.

Oh holy friendship, who on airy wing,

To those imperial halls hast ta'en thy flight,

Where souls celestial dwell ; thy semblance light

Alone remains a fleeting hope to bring.

From thence, when pleasure sparkles in thine eye,

Send down to mortals Peace, that maid so priz'd,

Beneath whose veil, Deceit, too oft disguis'd,

His poison scatters, and his dart lets fly.

Or leave, O friendship! thy ethereal seat,  
And if on earth, drest in thy gentle smile,  
And peaceful mien, thou seest his baneful guile,  
Tear off thy garment from the fiend Deceit.  
For if to forms like thine he once can change,  
Primeval discord through the world will range.

The song ended with a deep sigh, and they again listened very attentively in hopes of more; but, finding, that the music was changed into groans and laments, they agreed to go and find out the unhappy person, whose voice was as excellent, as his complaints were mournful. They had not gone far, when, at doubling the point of a rock, they perceived a man of the same stature and figure, that Sancho had described to them, when he told them the story of Cardenio. The man expressed no surprise at the sight of them, but stood still, inclining his head upon his breast, in a pensive posture, without lifting up his eyes to look at them, until just at the instant, when they came unexpectedly upon him. The Priest, who was a well-spoken man, being already acquainted with his misfortune, and knowing him by the description, went up to him, and in few, but very significant words, entreated and pressed him to forsake that miserable kind of life, lest he should lose it in that place; which, of all misfortunes, would be the greatest. Cardenio was then in his perfect senses, free from those outrageous fits, that so often drove him beside himself; and,

seeing them both in a dress not worn by any, that frequented those solitudes, he could not forbear wondering at them for some time ; and especially when he heard them speak of his affair as a thing known to them ; for, by what the Priest had said to him, he understood as much : wherefore he answered in this manner : “ I am sensible, Gentlemen, whoever you may be, that Heaven, which takes care to relieve the good, and very often even the bad, sometimes, without any desert of mine, sends into these places, so remote and distant from the commerce of human kind, persons who, setting before my eyes, with variety of lively arguments, how far the life I lead is from being reasonable, have endeavoured to draw me from hence to some better place : but not knowing, as I do, that I shall no sooner get out of this mischief, but I shall fall into a greater, they, doubtless, take me for a very weak man, and perhaps, what is worse, a fool, or a madman. And no wonder ; for I have some apprehension, that the sense of my misfortunes is so forcible and intense, and so prevalent to my destruction, that, without my being able to prevent it, I sometimes become like a stone, void of all knowledge and sensation : and I find this to be true, by people’s telling and showing me the marks of what I have done, while the terrible fit has had the mastery of me : and all I can do is, to bewail myself in vain, to load my fortune with unavailing curses,

and to excuse my follies, by telling the occasion of them to as many as will hear me; for men of sense, seeing the cause, will not wonder at the effects: and, if they administer no remedy, at least they will not throw the blame upon me, but convert their displeasure at my behaviour into compassion for my misfortune. And, Gentlemen, if you come with the same intention that others have done, before you proceed any farther in your prudent persuasions, I beseech you to hear the account of my numberless misfortunes: for, perhaps, when you have heard it, you may save yourselves the trouble of endeavouring to cure a malady, that admits of no consolation."

The two, who desired nothing more than to learn, from his own mouth, the cause of his mishery, entreated him to relate it, assuring him they would do nothing but what he desired, either by way of remedy or advice: and, upon this, the poor gentleman began his melancholy story, almost in the same words and method he had used, in relating it to Don Quixote and the goatherd, some few days before, when, on the mention of master Elisabat, and Don Quixote's punctuality, in observing the decorum of Knight-errantry, the tale was cut short, as the history left it above. But now, as good fortune would have it, Cardenio's mad fit was suspended, and afforded him leisure to rehearse it to the end: and so, coming

Don Fernando found between the leaves of the book of Amadis de Gaul, he said, he remembered it perfectly well, and that it was as follows.

## LUCINDA TO CARDENIO.

“ I every day discover such worth in you, as obliges and forces me to esteem you more and more; and therefore, if you would put it in my power to discharge my obligations to you, without prejudice to my honour, you may easily do it. I have a father, who knows you, and has an affection for me; who will never force my inclinations, and will comply with whatever you can justly desire, if you really have that value for me, which you profess, and I believe you to have.”

“ This letter made me resolve to demand Lucinda in marriage, as I have already related, and was one of those, which gave Don Fernando such an opinion of Lucinda, that he looked upon her as one of the most sensible and prudent women of her time. And it was this letter, which put him upon the design of undoing me, before mine could be effected. I told Don Fernando, what Lucinda's father expected: which was, that my father should propose the match; but that I durst not mention it to him, lest he should not come into it: not because he was unacquainted with the circumstances, goodness, virtue, and beauty of



Lucinda, and that she had qualities sufficient to adorn any other family of Spain whatever; but because I understood by him, that he was desirous I should not marry soon, but wait until we should see, what Duke Ricardo would do for me. In a word, I told him, that I durst not venture to speak to my father about it, as well for that reason, as for many others, which disheartened me, I knew not why; only I presaged, that my desires were never to take effect. To all this Don Fernando answered, that he took it upon himself to speak to my father, and to prevail upon him to speak to Lucinda's. Oh ambitious Marius! oh cruel Catiline! oh wicked Sylla! oh crafty Galalon! oh perfidious Vellido! oh vindictive Julian<sup>69</sup>! oh covetous Judas! traitor! cruel, vindictive, and crafty! what disservice had this poor wretch done you, who so frankly discovered to you the secrets and the joys of his heart? Wherein had I offended you? What word did I ever utter, or advice did I ever give, that were not all directed to the increase of your honour and your interest? But why do I complain? Miserable wretch that I am! since it is certain, that, when the strong influences of the stars pour down misfortunes upon us, they fall from on high with such violence and fury, that no human force can stop them, nor human address prevent them. Who could have thought, that Don Fernando, an illustrious cavalier, of good sense, obliged by my services,

traitor  
honour

and secure of success wherever his amorous inclinations led him, should take such cruel pains to deprive me of my single ewe-lamb, which yet was not in my possession? But, setting aside these reflections as vain and unprofitable, let us resume the broken thread of my unhappy story.

“I say then, that Don Fernando, thinking my presence an obstacle to the putting his treacherous and wicked design in execution, resolved to send me to his elder brother for money to pay for six horses, which, merely for the purpose of getting me out of the way, that he might the better succeed in his hellish intent, he had bought that very day, on which he offered to speak to my father, and on which he dispatched me for the money. Could I prevent this treachery? Could I so much as suspect it? No, certainly; on the contrary, with great pleasure I offered to depart instantly, well satisfied with the good bargain, he had made. That night I spoke with Lucinda, and told her what had been agreed upon between Don Fernando and me, bidding her not doubt the success of our just and honourable desires. She, as little suspecting Don Fernando's treachery, as I did, desired me to make haste back, since she believed the completion of our wishes would be no longer deferred, than until my father had spoken to hers. I know not whence it was, but she had no sooner said this, than her eyes stood full of tears, and some sudden obstruction in her throat would not

suffer her to utter one word of a great many she seemed endeavouring to say to me. I was astonished at this strange accident, having never seen the like in her before ; for whenever good fortune, or my assiduity, gave us an opportunity, we always conversed with the greatest pleasure and satisfaction, nor ever intermixed with our discourse tears, sighs, jealousies, suspicions, or fears. I did nothing but applaud my good fortune in having her given me by Heaven for a mistress. I magnified her beauty, and admired her merit and understanding. She returned the compliment, by commending in me what, as a lover, she thought worthy of commendation. We told one another an hundred thousand little childish stories concerning our neighbours and acquaintance : and the greatest length my presumption ran, was to seize, as it were by force, one of her fair and snowy hands, and press it to my lips, as well as the narrowness of the iron grate, which was between us, would permit. But the night, that preceded the doleful day of my departure, she wept and sighed, and withdrew abruptly, leaving me full of confusion and trepidation, and astonished at seeing such new and sad tokens of grief and tender concern in Lucinda. But, not to destroy my hopes, I ascribed it all to the violence of the love she bore me, and to the sorrow, which parting occasions in those, who love one another tenderly. In short, I went away sad and pensive, my soul

filled with imaginations and suspicions, without knowing what I imagined or suspected; all manifest presages of the dismal event reserved in store for me.

“ I arrived at the place, whither I was sent : I gave the letters to Don Fernando’s brother : I was well received : but my business was not soon dispatched ; for he ordered me to wait, much to my sorrow, eight days, and to keep out of his father’s sight ; for his brother, he said, had written to him to send him a certain sum of money, without the Duke’s knowledge. All this was a contrivance of the false Don Fernando ; for his brother did not want money to have dispatched me immediately. This injunction put me into such a condition, that I could not presently think of obeying it, it seeming to me impossible to support life under an absence of so many days from Lucinda, especially considering I had left her in so much sorrow, as I have already told you. Nevertheless, I did obey, like a good servant, though I found it was likely to be at the expense of my health. But, four days after my arrival, there came a man in quest of me, with a letter, which he gave me, and which by the superscription I knew to be Lucinda’s ; for it was her own hand. I opened it with fear and trembling, believing it must be some very extraordinary matter, that put her upon writing to me at a distance, a thing she very seldom did, when I was near her. Before

Obey  
↓  
servant

I read it, I inquired of the messenger, who gave it him, and how long he had been coming. He told me, that, passing accidentally through a street of the town about noon, a very beautiful lady, with tears in her eyes, called to him from a window, and said to him in a great hurry ; ' Friend, if you are a Christian, as you seem to be, I beg of you, for the love of God, to carry this letter, with all expedition, to the place and person it is directed to ; for both are well known ; and in so doing you will do a charity acceptable to our Lord. And that you may not want where-withal to do it, take what is tied up in this handkerchief ;' and, so saying, she threw the handkerchief out at the window ; in which were tied up a hundred reals, and this gold ring I have here, with the letter I have given you : and presently, without staying for my answer, she quitted the window ; but first she saw me take up the letter and the handkerchief ; and I assured her, by signs, that I would do what she commanded. And now, seeing myself so well paid for the pains I was to take in bringing the letter, and knowing, by the superscription, it was for you, for, Sir, I know you very well, and obliged besides by the tears of that beautiful lady, I resolved not to trust any other person, but to deliver it to you with my own hands. And, in sixteen hours, for so long it is since it was given me, I have performed the journey, which you know is eighteen

leagues.' While the kind messenger was speaking thus to me, I hung upon his words, my legs trembling so, that I could scarce stand. At length I opened the letter, and saw it contained these words.

“ ‘ The promise Don Fernando gave you, that he would desire your father to speak to mine, he has fulfilled, more for his own gratification, than your interest. Know, Sir, he has demanded me to wife; and my father, allured by the advantage he thinks Don Fernando has over you, has accepted this proposal with so much earnestness, that the marriage is to be solemnized two days hence, and with so much secrecy and privacy, that the heavens alone, and a few of our own family, are to be witnesses of it. Imagine what a condition I am in, and consider, whether it be convenient for you to return home. Whether I love you or not, the event of this business will show you. God grant this may come to your hand, before mine be reduced to the extremity of being joined with his, who keeps his promised faith so ill.’ ”

“ These were the contents of the letter, and such as made me set out immediately, without waiting for any other answer, or the money: for now I plainly saw, it was not the buying of the horses, but the indulging his own pleasure, that had moved Don Fernando to send me to his bro-

ther. The rage I conceived against Don Fernando, joined with the fear of losing the prize, I had acquired by the services and wishes of so many years, added wings to my speed; so that the next day I reached our town, at the hour and moment most convenient for me to go and talk with Lucinda. I went privately, having left the mule I rode on at the house of the honest man, who brought me the letter. And fortune, which I then found propitious, so ordered it, that Lucinda was standing at the grate<sup>70</sup>, the witness of our loves. She presently knew me, and I her: but not as she ought to have known me, and I her. But who is there in the world, that can boast of having fathomed, and thoroughly seen into, the intricate and variable nature of a woman? Nobody certainly. I say then, that as soon as Lucinda saw me, she said; 'Cardenio, I am in my bridal habit; there are now staying for me in the hall, the treacherous Don Fernando and my covetous father, with some others, who shall sooner be witnesses of my death than of my nuptials. Be not troubled, my friend; but procure the means to be present at this sacrifice, which if my arguments cannot prevent, I carry a dagger about me, which can prevent a more determined force, by putting an end to my life, and giving you a convincing proof of the affection, I have borne, and still do bear you.' I replied to her, with confusion and precipitation, fearing I

honour  
defend

should want time to answer her : ‘ Let your actions, Madam, make good your words ; if you carry a dagger to secure your honour, I carry a sword to defend you, or kill myself, if fortune proves adverse to us.’ I do not believe she heard all these words, being, as I perceived, called away hastily ; for the bridegroom waited for her. With this the night of my sorrow was fallen ; the sun of my joy was set : I remained without light in my eyes, and without judgment in my intellects. I was irresolute as to going into her house, nor did I know which way to turn me : but when I reflected on the consequence of my being present at what might happen in that case, I animated myself the best I could, and at last got into her house. And as I was perfectly acquainted with all the avenues, and the whole family was busied about the secret affair then transacting, I escaped being perceived by any body. And so, without being seen, I had leisure to place myself in the hollow of a bow-window of the hall, behind the hangings where two pieces of tapestry met ; whence, without being seen myself, I could see all that was done in the hall. Who can describe the emotions and beatings of heart I felt, while I stood there ? The thoughts that occurred to me ; the reflections I made ? Such, and so many, were they, that they neither can, nor ought to be told. Let it suffice to tell you, that the bridegroom came into the hall, with no other ornament than the



clothes he usually wore. He had with him, for  
brideman, a cousin-german of Lucinda's, and  
there was no other person in the room, but the  
servants of the house. Soon after, from a with-  
drawing-room, came out Lucinda, accompanied  
by her mother, and two of her own maids, as  
richly dressed and adorned as her quality and  
beauty deserved, and as befitted the height and  
perfection of all, that was gallant and courtlike.  
The agony and distraction I was in gave me no  
leisure to view and observe the particulars of her  
dress; I could only take notice of the colours,  
which were carnation and white, and of the  
splendour of the precious stones and jewels of her  
head-attire, and of the rest of her habit; yet these  
were exceeded in lustre by the singular beauty  
of her fair and golden tresses, which vying with  
the precious stones, and the light of four flam-  
beaux, that were in the hall, struck the eyes with  
superior brightness. O memory, thou mortal  
enemy of my repose! why dost thou represent  
to me now the incomparable beauty of that, my  
adored enemy? Were it not better, cruel memory,  
to put me in mind of, and represent to my ima-  
gination, what she then did; that, moved by so  
flagrant an injury, I may strive, since I do not  
revenge it, at least to put an end to my life? Be  
not weary, Gentlemen, of hearing these digres-  
sions I make: for my misfortune is not of that  
kind, that can, or ought to be, related succinctly

and methodically, since each circumstance seems to me to deserve a long discourse." To this the priest replied, that they were so far from being tired with hearing it, that they took great pleasure in the minutest particulars he recounted, being such as deserved not to be passed over in silence, and merited no less attention than the principal parts of the story.

"I say then," continued Cardenio, "that they being all assembled in the hall, the parish-priest entered, and having taken them both by the hand, in order to perform what is necessary on such occasions, when he came to these words, '*Will you, Madam Lucinda, take Signor Don Fernando, who is here present, for your lawful husband, as our holy mother, the church, commands?*' I thrust out my head and neck through the partings of the tapestry, and, with the utmost attention and distraction of soul, set myself to listen to what Lucinda answered; expecting, from her answer, the sentence of my death, or the confirmation of my life. Oh! that I had dared to venture out then, and to have cried aloud; 'Ah Lucinda, Lucinda! take heed what you do; consider what you owe me: behold, you are mine, and cannot be another's. Take notice, that your saying *Yes*, and the putting an end to my life, will both happen in the same moment.—Ah, traitor Don Fernando! ravisher of my glory, death of my life! what is it you would have? What is it you pretend to? Consider, you cannot, as a Christian,

arrive at the end of your desires; for Lucinda is my wife, and I am her husband.' Ah, fool that I am! now, that I am absent, and at a distance from the danger, I am saying I ought to have done what I did not do. Now, that I have suffered myself to be robbed of my soul's treasure, I am cursing the thief, on whom I might have revenged myself, if I had had as much heart to do it, as I have now to complain. In short, since I was then a coward and a fool, no wonder, if I die now ashamed, repentant, and mad. The priest stood expecting Lucinda's answer, who gave it not for a long time; and, when I thought she was pulling out the dagger in defence of her honour, or letting loose her tongue to avow some truth, which might undeceive them, and redound to my advantage, I heard her say, with a low and faint voice, *I will*. The same said Don Fernando, and, the ring being put on, they remained tied in an indissoluble band. The bridegroom came to embrace his bride; and she, laying her hand on her heart, swooned away between her mother's arms. It remains now to tell you what condition I was in, when I saw, in the *Yes* I had heard, my hopes frustrated, Lucinda's vows and promises broken, and no possibility left of my ever recovering the happiness, I in that moment lost. I was totally confounded, and thought myself abandoned of Heaven, and become an enemy to the earth, that sustained me; the air denying me

revenging

defence

honour

breath for my sighs, and the water moisture for my tears: the fire alone was so increased in me, that I was all inflamed with rage and jealousy. They were all alarmed at Lucinda's swooning; and her mother, unlacing her bosom to give her air, discovered in it a paper folded up, which Don Fernando presently seized, and read it by the light of one of the flambeaux: and, having done reading it, he sat himself down in a chair, leaning his cheek on his hand, with all the signs of a man full of thought, and without attending to the means, that were using to recover his bride from her fainting fit.

“ Perceiving the whole house in a consternation, I ventured out, not caring whether I was seen or not; and with a determined resolution, if seen, to act so desperate a part, that all the world should have known the just indignation of my breast, by the chastisement of the false Don Fernando, and of the fickle, though swooning, traitress. But my fate, which has doubtless reserved me for greater evils, if greater can possibly be, ordained, that, at that juncture, I had the use of my understanding, which has since failed me; and so, without thinking to take revenge on my greatest enemies, which might very easily have been done, when they thought so little of me, I resolved to take it on myself, and to execute on my own person that punishment, which they deserved; and perhaps with greater rigour

than I should have done on them, even in taking away their lives: for a sudden death soon puts one out of pain; but that, which is prolonged by tortures, is always killing, without putting an end to life. In a word, I got out of the house, and went to the place, where I had left the mule: I got it saddled, and, without taking any leave, I mounted and rode out of the town, not daring, like another Lot, to look behind me; and, when I found myself alone in the field, and covered by the darkness of the night, and the silence thereof inviting me to complain without regard or fear of being heard or known, I gave a loose to my voice, and untied my tongue, in a thousand exclamations on Lucinda and Don Fernando, as if that had been satisfaction for the wrong, they had done me. I called her cruel, false, and ungrateful; but above all, ~~covetous~~ *covetous*, since the wealth of my enemy had shut the eyes of her affection, and withdrawn it from me, to engage it to another, to whom fortune had shown herself more bountiful and liberal. But, in the height of these curses and reproaches, I excused her, saying, it was no wonder, that a maiden, kept up close in her father's house, and always accustomed to obey her parents, should comply with their inclination, especially since they gave her for a husband so considerable, so rich, and so accomplished a cavalier; and that to have refused him, would have made people think she had no judgment, or

her  
honour  
that her affections were engaged elsewhere ; either of which would have redounded to the prejudice of her honour and good name. But, on the other hand, supposing she had owned her engagement to me, it would have appeared that she might have been excused, since, before Don Fernando offered himself, they themselves could not, consistently with reason, have desired a better match for their daughter : and how easily might she, before she came to the last extremity of giving her hand, have said, that I had already given her mine : for I would have appeared, and have confirmed, whatever she had invented on this occasion. In short, I concluded, that little love, little judgment, much ambition, and desire of greatness, had made her forget those words, by which she had deluded, kept up, and nourished my firm hopes, and honest desires.

“ With these soliloquies, and with this disquietude, I journeyed on the rest of the night, and, at daybreak, arrived at an opening into these mountainous parts, through which I went on three days more, without any road or path, until at last I came to a certain meadow, that lies somewhere hereabouts ; and there I inquired of some shepherds, which was the most solitary part of these craggy rocks. They directed me towards this place. I presently came hither, with design to end my life here ; and, at the entering among these brakes, my mule fell down dead through

weariness and hunger, or, as I rather believe, to be rid of so useless a burden. Thus I was left on foot, quite spent and famished, without having or desiring any relief. In this manner I continued, I know not how long, extended on the ground: at length I got up, somewhat refreshed, and found near me some goatherds, who must needs be the persons, that relieved my necessity: for they told me in what condition they found me, and that I said so many senseless and extravagant things, that they wanted no farther proof of my having lost my understanding: and I am sensible I have not been perfectly right ever since, but so shattered and crazy, that I commit a thousand extravagancies, tearing my garments, howling aloud through these solitudes, cursing my fortune, and in vain repeating the beloved name of my enemy, without any other design or intent, at the time, than to end my life with outcries and exclamations. And when I come to myself, I find I am so weary, and so sore, that I can hardly stir. My usual abode is in the hollow of a cork-tree, large enough to be an habitation for this miserable carcass. The goatherds, who feed their cattle hereabouts, provide me sustenance out of charity, laying victuals on the rocks, and in places, where they think I may chance to pass and find it: and though, at such times, I happen to be out of my senses, natural necessity makes me know my nourishment, and awakens in me an

appetite to desire it, and will to take it. At other times, as they tell me, when they meet me in my senses, I come into the road, and, though the shepherds, who are bringing food from the village to their huts, willingly offer me a part of it, I rather choose to take it from them by force. Thus I pass my sad and miserable life, waiting until it shall please Heaven to bring it to a final period, or, by fixing the thoughts of that day in my mind, to erase out of it all memory of the beauty and treachery of Lucinda, and the wrongs done me by Don Fernando: for if it vouchsafes me this mercy before I die, my thoughts will take a more rational turn; if not, it remains only to beseech God to have mercy on my soul; for I feel no ability nor strength in myself to raise my body out of this strait, into which I have voluntarily brought it.

“ This, Gentleman, is the bitter story of my misfortune; tell me now, could it be borne with less concern, than what you have perceived in me? And, pray, give yourselves no trouble to persuade or advise me to follow what you may think reasonable and proper for my cure: for it will do me just as much good, as a medicine prescribed by a skilful physician will do a sick man, who refuses to take it. I will have no health without Lucinda: and since she was pleased to give herself to another, when she was, or ought to have been, mine, let me have the pleasure of



indulging myself in unhappiness, since I might have been happy, if I had pleased. She, by her mutability, would have me irretrievably undone : I, by endeavouring to destroy myself, would satisfy her will : and I shall stand as an example to posterity of having been the only unfortunate person, whom the impossibility of receiving consolation could not comfort, but plunged in still greater afflictions and misfortunes ; for I verily believe, they will not have an end even in death itself."

Here Cardenio finished his story, no less full of misfortunes than of love ; and, just as the Priest was preparing to say something to him, by way of consolation, he was prevented by a voice, which, in mournful accents, said, what will be related in the following chapter of this history : for, at this point, the wise and judicious historian, Cid Hamet Benengeli, put an end to this.



# NOTES.

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## NOTE PAGE

- 1 — 2 “**QUIXANA.**” Derived from the Spanish word *Quixas, lantern-jaws.*
- 2 — 3 “The Priest.” El Cura: the parish Priest, or Rector.
- 3 — 4 “Cid Ruydiaz.” A famous Spanish commander, of whom many fables are current with the common people of Spain.
- 4 — 5 “Galalon.” He betrayed the French army at Roncesvalles.
- 5 — 6 “Real.” This coin has an irregular angular shape.
- 6 — 7 “Rozinante.” So called from Rozin *a common drudge-horse,* and ante *before.*
- 7 — 15 “Castilian.” Castellano signifies both a *governor of a castle* and a *native of Castile.*
- 8 — 20 “The boon he requested.” It is usual, in the old romances, for some cavalier or damsel to come to a Knight upon her palfrey, and beg some boon at his hands, which the Knight, by the rules of his order, is obliged to grant, unless it be dishonourable or dishonest.
- 9 — 21 “Suburbs of Malaga,” &c. These are names of certain disreputable and infamous places in Spain.
- 10 — 21 “Fountain of Cordova.” The whipping-post was erected near this spot.
- 11 — 31 “He lies.” This adventure resembles that in Amadis de Gaul (B. x. Ch. 71.), where Daraide and Galtazire, passing near a wood, and hearing a

- loud and lamentable voice, entered it, and saw a Knight tied naked to an oak, while two damsels were whipping him with green twigs. They inquired the cause, and were told, that he was a disloyal Knight; having pretended love and promised marriage to both of them at the same time.
- 12 — 32 "A real." It is about sixpence English.
- 13 — 32 "St. Bartholomew." In Popish churches there is often a statue of a man without a skin, which is called St. Bartholomew.
- 14 — 33 "Perfumed into the bargain." This is a Spanish phrase for paying, or returning any thing with advantage, and is used here as a satire upon the effeminate custom of perfuming every thing, even the money in one's pocket.
- 15 — 38 "Some picture of this Lady." It was a common custom, and often introduced in romances, to paint the lady's face upon the shield of the Knight, who maintained in every place he went, that his mistress exceeded all others in beauty and accomplishments.
- 16 — 38 "Civet among cotton." In Spain and Italy perfumes are usually presented to persons of the first distinction, put up in small phials, or ivory boxes, surrounded with cotton, and various coloured silks, ranged in order, and enclosed in caskets of filagree or other costly work.
- 17 — 38 "Spindle of Guadarrama." This is a small town near Madrid, situated at the foot of a mountain so perpendicular, that its spiry tops are called "The Spindles." The Escorial stands near it.
- 18 — 43 "The Barber." In Spanish villages he is the surgeon also.
- 19 — 44 "Esquife." This is a mistake of the Niece. Alquife is the name of a famous enchanter in Amadis de Gaul.

- | NOTE | PAGE |  |
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| 20 — | 45   | "Urganda." This is also an enchantress in Amadis de Gaul.  |
| 21 — | 46   | "Giants in the dance." This alludes to a passage in Amadis de Gaul, B. xii. Ch. 82.  |
| 22 — | 49   | "Queen Pintiquiniestra." A fighting giantess, a most ridiculous character in Amadis de Gaul.   |
| 23 — | 49   | "Darinel." A buffoon in the same romance.  |
| 24 — | 50   | "Mateo Boyardo." He is an Italian poet, who wrote several cantos of the "Orlando Inamorato;" and from whom also Ariosto borrowed a considerable part of his "Orlando Furioso."   |
| 25 — | 55   | "Secular arm." The clergy of the Inquisition pretend to be so compassionate and averse from bloodshed, that when they have condemned an heretic to the flames, they only deliver him up to the secular arm, that is, into the hands of the civil magistrate, who is obliged to put their Christian sentence in execution.  |
| 26 — | 58   | "Knights-courtiers." The Knights-courtiers were those, who maintained the superiority of their mistresses' beauty against all opposers: the Knights-adventurers were those, who entered the lists with them, without its being known who they were, or from whence they came. Don Quixote in his dream fancies himself one of the latter, and wakes under the concern of his party being in danger of being worsted. |
| 27 — | 60   | "The serpent, on which he rode." The enchantress Urganda, in Amadis de Gaul, carries her Knights, or her prisoners, through the air, or over the sea, in a machine figured like a serpent, and wrapt in fire and smoke.  |
| 28 — | 61   | "Freston." The name of an enchanter in Don Belianis of Greece.   |
| 29 — | 68   | "The pass of Lapice." Such a passage through the mountains as they call "puerto seco," a dry   |

- port*, where the King's officers levy tolls and customs, both on passengers and merchandise.
- 30 — 73 "Wicked deeds." This is the usual style of defiance in the old romances.
- 31 — 80 "Platir." The name of a Knight in "Palmerin of England."
- 32 — 80 "Henares." A river, which runs by the University of Alcala in Old Castile.
- 33 — 88 "Holy Brotherhood." This was an institution for the protection of travellers from robbers.
- 34 — 92 "Sacripante so dear." This story is in the *Orlando Furioso*.
- 35 — 93 "Albraca." Cervantes refers here to King Marsilio, and the thirty-two Kings, his tributaries, with all their forces. Ariosto.
- 36 — 93 "Sobradisa." The name of a fictitious kingdom in *Amadis de Gaul*.
- 37 — 93 "Terra Firma." This alludes to the famous "Firm Island" in *Amadis de Gaul*. The land of promise to faithful squires.
- 38 — 101 "Rebeck." An instrument with three strings, in use among shepherds.
- 39 — 109 "The itch and Sarah." This wants explanation, it being impossible to give the force of it in an English translation. "*Viejo como la Sarna*," is a Spanish proverb, signifying *as old as the itch*, which is of great antiquity; though it is agreed, that this is only a corruption of ignorant people, saying *Sarna* for *Sarra*: which last is usually taken to signify Sarah, Abraham's wife, either in regard she lived one hundred and ten years, or because of the long time it is, since she lived; though some say, that *Sarra*, in the Biscaine language, signifies old age, and so the proverb will be, "As old as old age itself."
- 40 — 126 "Strewed with flowers." It is the custom in Spain

NOTE PAGE

- and Italy to strew flowers on the dead, when placed on the biers.
- 41 — 135 "Basilisk of these mountains." The little Fortunia's beauty in *Amadis de Gaul* (B. xiii. Ch. 43.), was so surpassing, that she was called the "basilisk of human kind."
- 42 — 142 "Yangueses." The name of the carriers of Galicia.
- 43 — 150 "Whinyard." In Spanish "Tizona:" a romantic name given to the sword of Roderick Diaz de Bivar, the famous Spanish General against the Moors.
- 44 — 164 "Holy Brotherhood of Toledo." These patrol in troops to apprehend robbers and disorderly persons.
- 45 — 176 "Horse fountain of Cordova." "El potro de Cordova," is the name of a square, where a fountain gushes from a horse's mouth. The whipping-post is also placed near it.
- 46 — 177 "He would have laughed." The adventure of the blanket is in imitation of a similar one, in respect to the manner, in which the Knight views it, in the romance of Don Florando of England, Part iii. Ch. 8.
- 47 — 180 "Ceca to Mecca." Ceca was a place of devotion among the Moors, in the city of Cordova, to which they used to go in pilgrimage from other places; as Mecca is among the Turks: whence the proverb comes to signify "sauntering about to no purpose."
- 48 — 184 "The Knights." This review is in ridicule of similar descriptions so common in romances; particularly of that in *Amadis de Gaul*, B. xvii. Ch. 59.
- 49 — 200 "In the litter." This adventure is founded on a similar one in *Amadis de Gaul* (B. ix. ch. 21.),

where Don Florisel, by night, meets a litter, with two flambeaux, and a cavalier in it, making dolorous complaints.

50 — 204 “Globe of the earth.” So Prince Amadis d’Astre, upon an angry message from the Princess Rosaliana, daughter of the Emperor of Parthia, to appear no more in her presence, puts himself and his armour into deep mourning, and calls himself the “Knight of Sadness.” Amadis de Gaul, B. xvii. Ch. 81.

51 — 208 “Where they were.” This adventure is borrowed from that of Amadis of Greece, who, with his companions, finding themselves in a pleasant meadow, resolve to pass the night in so delectable a place. The night was so dark, they could see nothing. But they had not been long there, before they heard a noise as of people fighting and clashing in mortal battle. So lacing on their helmets, they draw towards the place, from whence they thought the noise proceeded; but still they see nothing. Thus they are busied until the morning, when they come to a rock, in which is a cavern. There they hear the same noise they have been pursuing all night. Then Amadis, whose heart fear never assailed, followed by his companions, resolves to try the adventure, and in they go, where they are all enchanted by Astrodorus a famous magician. Amadis de Gaul, B. xiv. Ch. 15.

52 — 221 “Old Christian.” In contradistinction to the Jewish or Moorish families, of which there were many in Spain.

53 — 228 “Mambrino’s helmet.” Mambrino was the name of a Saracen in the “Orlando Furioso” of Ariosto. His helmet was of gold, which Rinaldo took from him. Canto i.



NOTE PAGE

- 54 — 235 “Rozinaute’s will led him.” In the same manner Don Fortunian, being met by a dwarf, and asked which way he is travelling, replies, “I am a stranger, and go wherever my horse leads me, without knowing whither.” See *Amadis de Gaul*, B. xv. Ch. 9.
- 55 — 238 “In ermines.” See *Amadis de Gaul*, B. x. Ch. 11.
- 56 — 238 “Discreet damsel.” Thus also Don Belianis of Greece, being seated opposite the Princess Florisbella, passes his time in the interchange of amorous looks with her, instead of eating.
- 57 — 240 “Grave subject.” See *Amadis de Gaul*, B. i. Ch. 26.; and also Don Florando of England, Part ii. Ch. 25.
- 58 — 250 “Apparelled and mounted.” Such malefactors as in England are set in the pillory, in Spain are carried about in a particular habit, mounted on an ass with their face to the tail; the crier going before, and proclaiming their crime.
- 59 — 260 “Whither you list.” This extravagant order of our Knight’s to the galley-slaves, is copied from the like in *Amadis de Gaul*, B. v. Ch. 25. where Esplandian asks the captives he had delivered from the giant Bramato’s castle, what they intended to do with themselves: they all answer, What he pleases to command. “Then,” replied he, “you shall only take a trip to Constantinople, to thank the Princess Leoniana for the mercy God has bestowed on you, through the means of a Knight, who is hers; and to surrender yourselves, and be at her disposal.”
- 60 — 263 “I hear their arrows.” The troopers of the Holy Brotherhood were armed with bows and arrows.
- 61 — 264 “Sable Mountain.” Sierra Morena. A great

mountain (or rather chain of mountains, for so Sierra signifies), which divides the kingdom of Castile from the province of Andaluzia, and remarkable for being (morena) of a Moorish or swarthy colour.

- 62 — 269 “He is a tolerable poet.” Cervantes here means himself.
- 63 — 293 “Queen Madasima.” Elisabat is a skilful surgeon in Amadis de Gaul, who performs wonderful cures : and Queen Madasima is wife to Gantasi, and makes a great figure in the aforesaid romance. They travel and lie together in woods and deserts, without any imputation on her honour.
- 64 — 297 “That Abbot.” Abad. Sancho remembering only the latter part of master Elisabat’s name, pleasantly calls him an Abbot.
- 65 — 302 “With Moor.” Sancho seems here to mistake Medoro, the name of Angelica’s supposed gallant, for Moro, which signifies a Moor.
- 66 — 321 “Of a Credo.” The Creed, in Catholic countries, is so soon run over, that the repeating it is used proverbially.
- 67 — 331 “An Archbishop.” The Archbishops of Toledo and Seville make as great a figure as most Kings, having an annual revenue of little less than an hundred thousand pistoles.
- 68 — 335 “King Bamba.” Bamba was an ancient Gothic King of Spain.
- 69 — 345 “Vindictive Julian.” Every body knows Marius, Catiline, Sylla, and Judas. Galalon betrayed the army, that came into Spain under Charlemagne ; Vellido murdered King Sancho ; and Count Julian brought in the Moors, because King Roderigo had ravished his daughter.

## NOTES.

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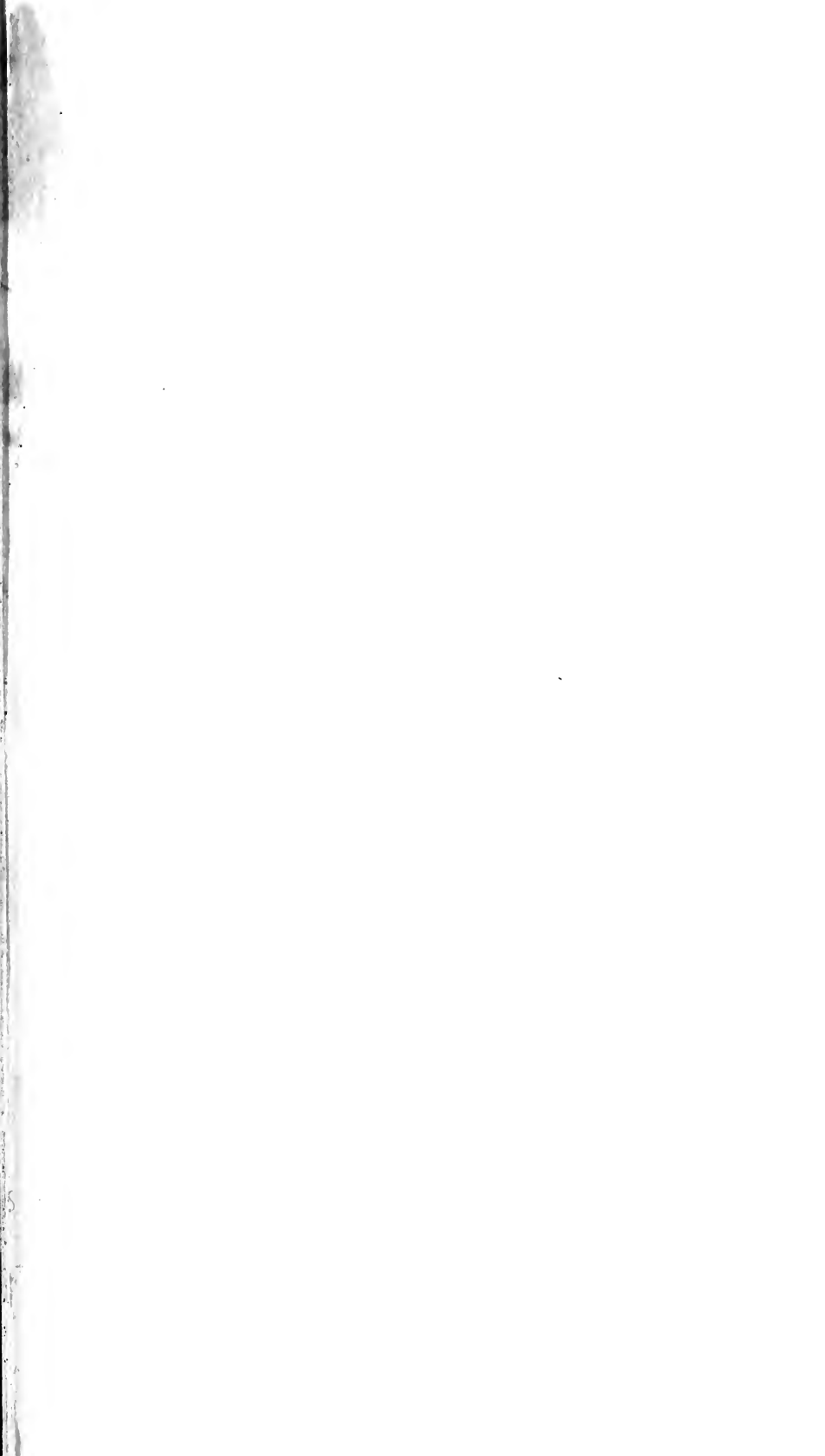
NOTE PAGE

70 — 351 “Standing at the grate.” In Spain, lovers carry on their courtship at a low window, with a grate before it, being seldom admitted into the house, until the parents on both sides are agreed.

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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